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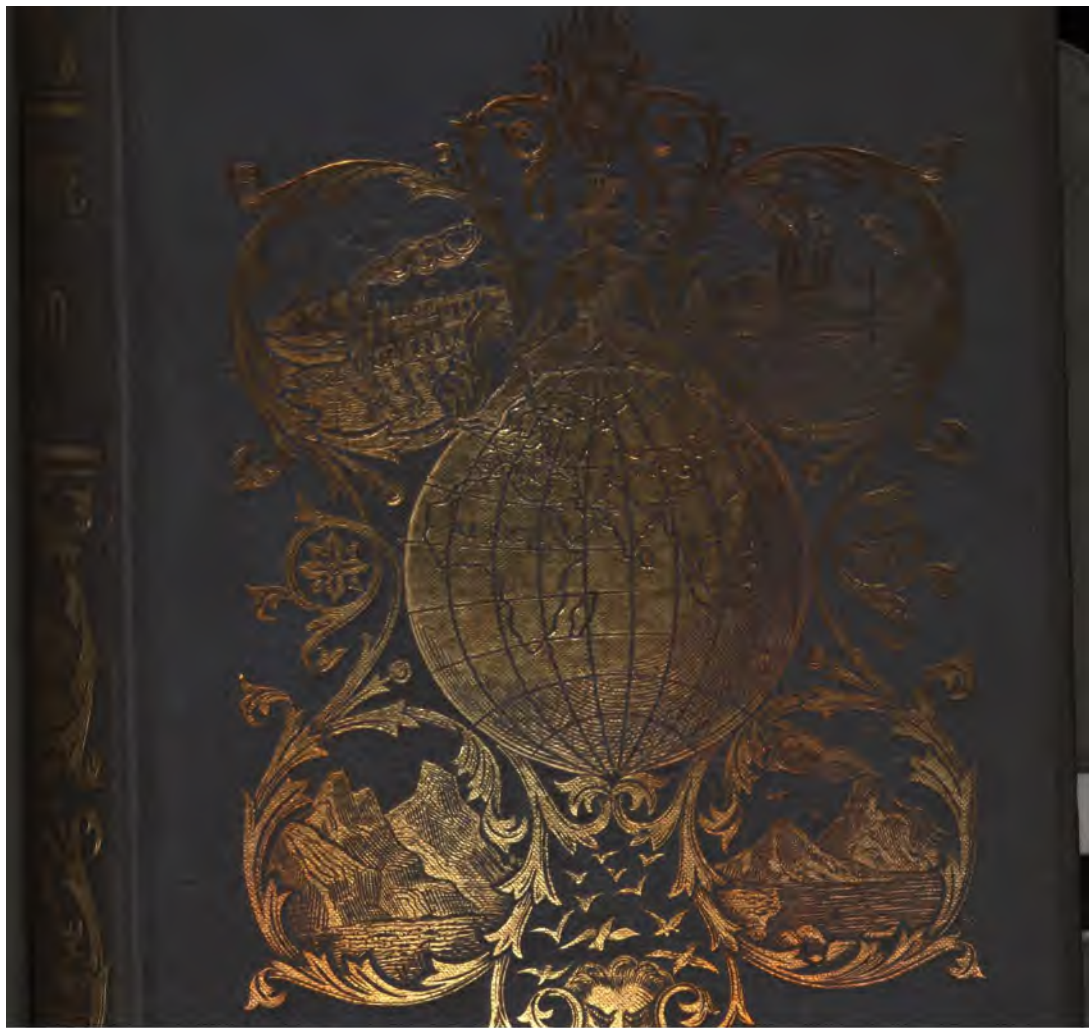
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# ROUND EUROPE WITH THE CROWD

BY

J. MAGGS



London

W. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

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1880

203. 9. 405.

WITHERBY & CO., PRINTERS,  
74, CORNHILL; NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL; AND 325A, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

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# ROUND EUROPE WITH THE CROWD.

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## FIRST STAGE.

INTRODUCTION—INVITATION—BRIGANDS AT HOME—UPS AND DOWNS  
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BRIGANDS AGAIN.

"GOING to see the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy—Jack, and then write a book about it? Why, all that has been done before, overdone, done to death!"

"Has it? Well, then I'll try a resurrection. The old body shall rise again, infused with a fresh spirit, and invested with a new light shroud woven out of my own head!"

"Whose guide book will you take—Black's, or nobody's?"

"I'll get my light without Black."

"Nonsense; you'll travel in darkness without a guide."

"Not so. One of my nursery proverbs, invented by a careful mother for a careless son, 'What you don't understand inquire about until you do,' will light my way. That proverb, practically followed in my early days, puzzled more brains than my own; but when I was able to put clearer questions it was the means of clearing up many puzzles. 'What's this?'—'What's that?'—'Who are they?'—'Please tell me,' are a portion of my small capital, and bring large returns. What I accumulate therefrom in my wanderings shall be added up correctly, errors (as the lawyers say) excepted."

I once heard a physician say to the nurse of a patient who had been overdosed with physic—suffering from, what

Hippocrates and the faculty to this day call it, *Hyper-catharsis*, or over cleansing—"Let him now rest; we will see what change and nature will do." I never heard the sequel, but have no doubt it cured the man. Let all the overdosed arise at once, and follow me! We will unwind the canvas of nature as it appears to-day, note the performers in the various scenes, and rest between the acts.

Life in our stages will be considered as a conglomerate, a kind of upper crust, and we will only describe the stones found in *situ*, without penetrating the lower beds. There's enough for us on the surface to select from or stumble over.

If a man is worried in business, tortured in politics, soured by losses, daunted by crosses, or otherwise overdosed, let him arise and follow me. If a man be a "little king" in his own city, or the centre of a faction and their authority, upon whose words and opinions his disciples rest, overdosed with the good opinion of himself and others, let *him* rest and follow me. If a man be a household god, surrounded by sons and daughters who "worship him," and who behold in him perfection (very right they should), of which he is morbidly sensible, let *him* arise and follow me.

A man in any condition of life, whether like a steam roller travelling backwards and forwards day after day, or like a stationary engine whose fly-wheel revolves regularly in one limited space, let *him*, overdosed with one thing, follow me, and I will show him many things.

Come, then, let us wander forth together, and we shall see what "change and nature will do," the best of all physic, and very pleasant to take.

The train waits at Charing Cross; jump in, all right, now we're off!

Are you comfortable, Annie? Now, remember, you have promised to faithfully and patiently follow your liege lord whithersoever he goeth without querulousness. That your tongue will have a good rest I fully believe, for the strange scenes in nature will make you dumb with wonderment; and, to ensure your obedience, give me the purse.

Having companions, I will hereafter record our mean-

derings in the first person plural—the editorial screen—*We*, that bland substitute for the long, lean, mean, intrusive *I*—a letter that has a fat meaning too, and upon which the conceited and selfish fatten. From this *our* beginning *I* shall be isolated from ourselves.

A home-sick traveller sat opposite to us, lamenting the necessity which called him from his home. He was only going to Tunbridge for the day; "Quite long enough," he said; but when we told him that our destination was, first Switzerland, then Italy, his eyes and mouth opened to their widest. After a time the latter contracted, and he was enabled to deliver an oration somewhat as follows:—

"I have been a traveller, and am surfeited. I hav'n't any need to carry a pair of bellows to clear away the dust from before my eyes, or to blow away fogs. I can see through March dust or a thunder-cloud. It's a selfish part of the world you are going into. The poet says, the proper study of mankind is man, but you will find the greatest study of mankind will be to clean out your pockets. I don't wish to dispirit you, but (in a whisper) 'look out for the brigands; don't be trapped.'"

"But we are not going to Sicily to tempt the brigands."

"Ah, I see! you don't understand. There are brigands who are not outlaws, and who continue to live within the laws as ingeniously as the others live outside of them."


"We understand. They shall have a wide berth when we see them."

"That won't be long," he said, in a whisper, as the train stopped at Tunbridge, and he bid us good morning. A fat lady the next moment sidled into his place.

Two decently-dressed men sat opposite to each other on our right; hitherto silent, they now began to converse.

"That's a suspicious sort of a gentleman, that 'ere one just got out. I don't like them suspicious ones, I fancies they must be a very bad sort themselves. I always likes, myself, to consider a man a gentleman, and that he means what's right, just like I does myself."

"That's my way," said the other, addressing the one who had broken silence, "just my way."



After a pause he continued—

"Do you think now, that if I offered to sell you one of these diamond rings, and you didn't happen to have all the money in your pocket, I wouldn't trust you? Why, of course I would, and take your word as a gentleman, of course I would. There! that ring's a beauty—first water! and if I says I'll take £30 for it, and you hav'n't more than £15 in your pocket, why, I'd take your word for the rest, of course I would."

"Let me see it," said the other. "It's a real beauty!—I wish I had the money."

Searching his pockets he produced £15 0s. 4d. altogether.

"Fifteen pound fourpence. Let me think. I can't do with less than £5 until I get home, but if you'll trust me £20, here's my card and £10, and I'll take the ring."

"Trust you! Why, of course I will. I can see you're a gentleman, and means what's right. There's no suspicion about me."

The money was tendered, and the ring glistened on the finger of the buyer, who eyed it with such admiration that he was continually flashing it before the eyes of one or the other of the passengers to excite admiration rather than to gratify his own. A young fellow said to us, in a whisper—"If that ring's genuine it is worth three times as much—perhaps stolen."

Again the ring flashed across our eyes, and the wearer, addressing us, said, "It's a real beauty! I don't want it myself, but when a man treats me with such confidence, I likes to show that I am a gentleman likewise. I always had a good opinion of human nature. You're a gentleman, too, I can see you are, and I'll trust you if you like to have the ring and give me £10 and your card, just for me to call for the other £20. I am not afraid to trust you."

"Take it," said the young man, in a whisper. "I'd have it if I had the money. Worth £90 or nothing."

"Very likely," we replied, and involuntarily ejaculated "Brigands!" We excused ourselves upon the ground that what can be done without is dear at any price, and

although our finger might look better for the ring, we wanted the money for our journey worse.

Another tack was tried to catch the wind, and cards were produced. Two commenced playing, and the young man looked on, occasionally betting small sums on the game. A fourth party had become interested, and a heavy bet was invited. The cards were so placed that it appeared to us the fourth man must win, for without some sleight of hand it seemed impossible that he could lose.

The stout lady looked nervously at the fourth man, and said to us, "I hope he is not going to bet; he is a very respectable man, and a member of an independent chapel."

Religious scruples did not appear to affect him when there was a chance of gain. The bet was made, and he was about to produce the money, when there was an unexpected check, a blow so sudden that if we had met with a spent cannon ball and fallen stunned by its contact, or had been shocked by an electric battery, or a flash of lightning, motion could not have been brought more suddenly to rest. No rifle ball, stopped in its whizzing career by a target, ever sunk into rest and silence more suddenly.

It was a collision, and we had collided with the fat lady opposite, whose well-clad frame had yielded like a spring mattress, and saved us, while it preserved her. Releasing ourselves from her arms, the first enquiry was, "Are you hurt?"

"No; are you? I am frightened and shaken."

Annie was pale, but unhurt. The gamesters were struggling to disentangle themselves; they had been thrown altogether, and lay twisting on the floor of the carriage like a lot of worms. Nobody was much hurt; the gamesters cursed, and swore that the company should "pay for this." Voices outside were shouting, "Is there a doctor here?" "Brandy flasks this way." "Everyone get out."

Helping Annie out, and then our deliverer, the fat lady, with every care, we administered a little brandy, and all felt revived; but there remained a sensation as if an attempt had been made to take out our brains by force, failing which they had been whisked up like an egg instead.

The engine was not off the line, but the one we had run into was more unfortunate, being the weaker of the two, perhaps.

After the fainting people had revived, and the shaken pulled themselves together, we took seats again in the train, which was backed and run on to a siding, or rather dragged by another engine; backed again, shunted, and run backwards and forwards many times; at last we started for Dover, which was reached not any too soon for the tide.

We saw no more of the gamesters, but another class of brigands sprung up and attacked everything portable, and rushed away heavily laden to the boat. The heavy luggage was next attacked and hurried off, and we believe the passengers would have been carried off also if they had only been labelled. Watching the transit of our heavy trunk on the back of an overgrown, slender brigand, struggling along the plank, almost overbalanced by the weight, we felt relieved when he reached the side of the boat, and we considered our trunk safe—when, ho!—a splash—brigand and box had vanished. A crowd of sailors at the side of the steamer were lowering a rope; the brigand came up wet, the box went down wetter, and our temper became proportionately whetted.

We expected to see our trouble reflected in the face of the captain. Not a bit of it! No effort to reach our trunk. We appealed.

“Can’t help you; must stop till ebb tide, when your trunk will be fished up and sent by next boat.”

We thought of our brand-new tourist’s suit, our linen and books, and then we thought of the patience of Job. What a comfort in trial to know that some one has been more miserable! but then Job was not a traveller, although he travailed much, and that goes a long way.

No sympathising face was near; the captain’s bore the lines of indifference to us; the passengers looked anxious and uneasy, for there was a heavy sea on.

The horrors of a channel passage have been more often felt than described; people, as a rule, would rather forget than bring the subject all up again. We never saw so

many jaundiced people crowded together into so brief a time and small a space before.

As our feet were perfectly useless we laid upon the deck, and as the vessel pitched, the waves rose with their mouths wide open, and looked hungrily at us. A poor wretch lay near us, he had fainted; upon recovery he feebly breathed his thanks for the cold water we had dashed in his face. Poor innocent! that which had restored him had wetted us to the skin, almost to the marrow, as we had formed a sort of breakwater between him and the spray.

A little child said to its mamma, "I wonder if Noah was ill when he was tossed about so long upon the water."

The poor mother's "heart was in her mouth" on hearing her child's precocity; or it might have been more, for she could only faintly reply with a long-sounding oo-oo-OOH.

Alongside the harbour at Calais another crowd of brigands seized the baggage again; but, alas! not ours, we thought. Our trunk is on the bottom of the harbour at Dover.

"Hallo! what's that?—that label!—our box; yes—no—it i——s; and the other?"


"Is mine," said the grateful invalid, "it is the picter of yourn, and I must wait twelve hours for'n to come over."

"Poor man, we pity you from the soles of our boots to our uppermost capillaries."

A very grateful heart beat joyfully, nevertheless, as we walked with a light step to the station, the mournful procession of passengers, looking as if they had been "making a night of it"; but it was astonishing how quickly their countenances changed and brightened when they saw the buffet and the tables laden with good things, the bare mention of which an hour before would have been as nauseous as a dose of castor oil to a sick child.

The grateful invalid had found a baker's shop, where he had purchased a yard of bread, which he attacked, as he said, "with an appetite I hav'n't known for years." What a loafer!

A poor lady was mourning the loss of her purse; another





was crying and limping along from the effects of a fall; another—but so many sorrows overpowered us, and we were glad to escape from the weeping pilgrims and seek our train for Brussels, which started two hours late.

Leaving the town of eggs and lace, for Calais, like Boulogne, is a great *depôt* for eggs, waiting export to England, and it has also become a manufacturing place, factories for lace having sprung up, chiefly in the suburb S. Pierre, to compete with English manufacturers; but, as in every other place, great murmurings were heard about the badness of trade, and ever will, periodically, as long as manufacturers over-produce and glut the markets.

We sped on our way to Brussels through a flat country, past dirty towns, fine corn-fields and hop-gardens preparing the bitter for the pale ale of the future. Reaching Lille, we found that the Brussels train had departed, and we had three hours to wait for the next. Such travail have all passengers when there is a row in the channel; very annoying to those who reach Paris late and find all the trains for the south gone, and also annoying to those in the south, who are disappointed in the receipt of their letters next morning.

Lille has the appearance of being in a state of preparation for a siege, squeezed within walls, forts, and earth-works, and it looks to us as if an invading force would have a bad time of it, for they have the means of flooding the country for a considerable distance round the town, so that those who escaped *baptême de feu*, might have the alternative of *baptême de l'eau*.

The large manufacturing town has few attractions; the railway station being, perhaps, the largest building, and a new wide boulevard contrasts with the old narrow streets. Unsavoury smells arise everywhere, our neighbours civilization being at present concentrated in military defence, whilst the safeguards of health and decency are disregarded.

A few thin slices of ham and tea for two at the buffet resulted in the abstraction of eight and a-half francs from a purse already attenuated. Two wiser travellers obtained the same at a *café* outside for two and a-half francs. This

enraged us, and we were about to ask the *maitre du buffet* to take ours back, but remembering that—well, never mind, discretion restored us, and we bore our “tea with ham” indigestibly.

Every man must have revenge of some kind for an injury. We had ours, which took the following form, and which we pinned to the door of the refreshment room unperceived, as a warning to the stray English—

Adieu, fair Lille—we mean unfair,  
Thy narrow streets and sniffy air,  
Thy buffet and its dainty cheer  
Dear to gourmands; alas! too dear.


As we steamed out of the station a crowd, under the generalship of the superintendent, had collected to translate the mysterious *affiche*, which was evidently regarded as political, for in France they strain everything through a political sieve. It was clear that they regarded these four wretched lines as the work of some political agent, for they crowded round the man who acted as interpreter, but who, like the same class of men on French railways, although they speak a few words of English, sufficient to answer a simple inquiry, have no idea how those sounds are represented by characters, hence he was over-weighted.

A few stations more and the frontier was reached, where the luggage was searched, ours being simply marked with the conventional chalk on the outside, signifying that it had passed scrutiny, which in our case applied to the *outside* only, the circumstance of our nationality being sufficient to pass a ton weight. It is a singular fact that, however England as a nation is disliked by foreigners, John Bull abroad is believed and trusted, while he is looked upon with suspicion by his own countrymen.

We asked a German how it was that they regarded the English with so much confidence in money matters, to which he replied—

“Vy ve know zat zee Engleesh have plenty of zee money, and ve trust him and make him pay vell too.”

Not a very clear reply, but the latter part is clear



enough; they do make us pay, too well, and it requires some initiation to know how to resist the assaults upon one's pocket, and to combat the efforts made to carry out the full intent and meaning of the motto, "Make the English pay well."

Tournay is the first Belgian town of consequence, having a manufacturing population clustering round a large cathedral with five towers, all very old, very curious, and full of internal adornments, amongst which are a finely-carved gallery and pulpit, some good statuary, a gold shrine, and pictures by Rubens and Jordaens.

This town was captured by Henry VIII. in the "good old times," given to Wolsey, afterwards restored to the French, and subsequently annexed to Belgium. Near is the battle-field of Fontenoy. For this historical sketch we were indebted to a fellow traveller, in reply to our habit of inquiring, engendered by the early teaching we have before named.

Be it understood now and hereafter that all the deep learning which might be recorded in our various stages—assuming that there might be some curious and patient enough to dive very deep to find any, in which case we wish them heartily every success—that the said learning, whether geological, physiological, historical, archæological, or any other branch of knowledge represented by an equally long word, we say it emphatically (because we do not wish to have to say it over again), that such learning will be *learned* in reply to our long and much-used questions, "What's this?" "What's that?" "Pray tell me."

These questions have not only elicited information, but puzzled philosophers. In our childhood we saw a most profound philosopher taking snuff, and we asked him, "What's that?"

"Snuff," he replied.

"What do you put it up your nose for?"

"To clear my head."

"Pray tell me what makes your head so thick?"

That question remains unanswered.

About twenty miles farther on is Ath, which must

have been under the evil influence of the planets, looking at the travail it has borne. Once destroyed by fire, again by a hurricane, and lastly, by an earthquake, with a few sharp sieges intervening, and, as the oldest inhabitant observed, "As soon as we were out of the frying pan we were into the fire."

The views on the way to Brussels were not of sufficient interest to merit much notice; the country appeared to be well cultivated, flax for the Brussels lace, and mulberry trees for the silk worm, receiving the attention of farmers.


Small towns spot the landscape with the almost dazzling whiteness of whitewash, and homesteads, struggling to pop their white faces above the foliage that surrounds, are thinly scattered about, whilst a mansion and park here and there indicate that the land has still a lordly owner, and that the problem of equal distribution has not yet been solved.

Approaching Brussels, the small town Hal might attract the visitor for an hour to examine the church, where there is a remarkably fine altar of marble, beautifully sculptured with reliefs and figures illustrating the Seven Sacraments, a fine brass font of the fifteenth century, and other works of old art.

But all these works subside before a block of wood cut and shaped into the form of a female figure to represent the Virgin, dressed, jewelled, and crowned with gold and precious stones, to which a miraculous power is said to be attached. Kings, emperors, popes, priests, and people have from time to time lavished wealth upon this church in honour of this figure, a breathless, inanimate block of wood. The wealth of the church thus created is said to be enormous.

Some cannon balls were shown, which they said the Virgin caught in her robe during a siege, and thus saved the town from catching fire.

Fearing a block in our own brains, and that we might be catching cannon balls, without even exercising our usual stock phrases to inquire if the robe was of the ordinary female texture, or a robe of mail, we fled, overdosed, to the



"rail," and soon afterwards found ourselves at the South Station, Brussels, where we had to wait fifteen to twenty minutes for our luggage, amongst a number of weary pilgrims clustering round the closed doors of the large hall, like a crowd at the pit entrance on a benefit night.

At last they were opened, and a terrific struggle for our trunk ensued between two brigands, which ended, as usual, in the defeat of the weaker, and it was soon pitched on a cab by the stronger, when we rolled away. What followed, however, must be left to be duly recorded in the next Stage.

## SECOND STAGE.

BRUSSELS—THE BOIS DE CAMBRE—THE PARK—BRUSSELS OUT OF TOWN—A CHEAP DINNER—BAD TIMES—BOULEVARDS AND NEW BUILDINGS—OLD SPANISH HOUSES AND HOTEL DE VILLE—CHURCHES—ST. GUDULES, THE TE DEUM—THE GREAT FLEMISH FAIR—WATERLOO—ANTWERP—A NARROW ESCAPE.

NEXT to Paris, Brussels is the most ornate and improved of Continental cities.

Only a few years ago it was as repulsive to an Englishman's sense of smell as Boulogne or Cologne at the present time.


It is now tolerably well drained, and with the recent improvements in fine buildings, new boulevards, and the splendid Avenue Louise, leading to the Bois de Cambre, it is a charming rival, although on a small scale, of the "fairest city in the world."

The Bois de Cambre, like the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, skirts the fashionable side of the city, and is, as its name implies, a wood, with drives and walks under the foliage by mossy banks and shady dells. A large and ornamented lake for boating varies the scene, rendering it, with its varied and winding walks, altogether a charming place either for exercise or retirement.

The park of Brussels adjoins the Boulevards, and is close to the palace of the king, and to that of the Prince of Orange, which occupy a central situation, surrounded by gardens and luxurious foliage.

The Houses of Representatives stand at the end of the centre avenue, and form an agreeable termination to the vista.

The park is rich in shrubs and fine old trees, shading



broad avenues, and serpentine walks, studded with statuary. The principal avenue has a fountain at one end, which plays only for a few hours in the afternoon, the only fountain we saw playing in Brussels, except the Mannikin, of which the less said the better.

A military band plays in the park every afternoon in summer, and there are also some enclosed gardens called "Waux Hall," where a fine band performs every night. The grounds being illuminated, the residents sit under the trees and sip their beverages, chiefly coffee, chatting, or staring at one another, as quietly and demurely as the English.

In the two dells of this park, the Dutch were sheltered, and afterwards driven out in defeat during the revolution of 1830. The history, however, of a city, so full of interest and painful memories, belongs to the historian and not to this tourist, who only intends sketching what he hears, observes, and thinks by the way.

Farther down the wide Boulevards, under fine trees, forming three and, in some parts, four avenues, delightfully umbrageous in summer, are the Botanical Gardens, with their handsome conservatories, terraced grounds, and ornamental flower beds, decked with many rich plants and gay colours. The grounds are open free to the public, and form part of the beautiful park-like district amidst which this side of Brussels is situated.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when we left the *Gare du Midi* (South Station) and drove off to our lodgings. We thought that we must have been driving through a deserted city, or, that we had mistaken ten o'clock for one in the morning. Everything was thoroughly still; the atmosphere of the still, faint starlight night breathed a perfect calm; no air circulated to disturb even a hair. A small group of loungers appeared here and there, and a few pedestrians were making their way home noiselessly, and the sound of our cab wheels was all that disturbed the profound stillness of the night. Every house was closed, and not the faintest glimmer of light peeped through blind or shutter to give us a hope that there


existed one living occupier of the human habitations through which we were passing.

The cause was soon explained, for, upon inquiry, we were told that Brussels was "out of season," and everybody out of town, at Ostend, Spa, or anywhere but at home; and, as we strolled through the fashionable quarter the next morning, passing street after street of fine mansions, with the blinds drawn and the shutters closed, we thought that this might be a blind for the inmates, some of whom might be taking change of air, not at Spa, but in the Spa parlours at the backs of the houses, like the west end of London when "out of season."

Such fine houses, too, such portals of solid oak, with carving and heavy mouldings, doors big enough for giants, awing one for the moment, and leading to the impression that somebody great must live within. Something like doors which, with their architraves and casings, would cost as much in England as the entire joiners' work of a ten-roomed house. Not like our doors, which are only big enough for one to creep in and close quickly, as though a dun was at his heels.

The clearness and brightness of the atmosphere and the dazzling whiteness of the houses are at first oppressive to those who have been accustomed to cloudy skies and smoky towns; here not a curl of smoke was to be seen, and it was a relief to seek the shade of the trees under which, as in Paris, seats are plentiful.

Strolling on, we observed a great deal of building in progress, a good many of the houses built and building being arranged in flats, and we had an opportunity of looking over some of the best of the occupied ones, the interiors of which were substantially fitted up and furnished with great taste, every colour employed being well balanced, giving an air of comfort and luxury we are now beginning to appreciate in England. We were struck with the fine chimney-pieces, inlaid with coloured marbles, some of which were handsomely sculptured, and reached to the cornices of rooms, the panels being filled with mirrors of large dimensions.





Cafés abound, some being very fine, those near the Bourse particularly so, outside of which are forests of chairs and tables, where refreshments are served; in fact, people this side of the channel appear to live in the open air more than half the year.

We ordered *déjeuner* for two at one of these fine places, which consisted of a tender beefsteak and sliced fried potatoes for first course; stewed kidneys, green peas, and young potatoes, second course; beer and bread, for which we paid four francs, with twenty centimes to the waiter—not a dear dinner for two!


During the meal, we overheard some people complaining of the badness of the times, attributing much blame to the landlords for keeping up the rents, in consequence of which hundreds of houses were empty.

Before the Franco-German war Brussels was a cheap place to live in, but so many fled into Belgium at that time; as the Germans advanced towards Paris the Belgian capital became so full that everything was advanced in price, people believing that the good time never would cease; but it seemed that it had; and yet the landlords obstinately refused to lower the rents, and in consequence the houses were without tenants.

It is now an expensive place; still it is said there are about 6000 English residing there, supporting three English churches.

There are plenty of soldiers about, mostly undersized, like the French, except *Les Guides*, who are a fine body of men. The *Carabiniers*, with grey trousers, green coats, and Rubens' hats with cocks' feathers, are slovenly looking, and not to be compared in smartness with English soldiers; but we have no doubt they would give a good account of themselves if called upon.

The Boulevards run all round the city, and the new Boulevards strike across from north to south, cutting the circle in two, so to say, forming a fine avenue, flanked with handsome buildings, some in course of erection, the new Bourse being one of the chief—a very florid Italian design, rich in carved detail and statuary.



Farther on is the *Place des Martyrs*, in the centre of which is a fine mausoleum, where the gallant fellows who fell in the struggle of 1830 were buried.

A short walk and we reach the *Passage de St. Hulbert*, a fine arcade, and thence to the *Grande Place*, one of the most interesting squares in Europe, full of historical interest.

The old Spanish houses and palaces, rich in ornament and gilding, all varying in design, yet harmonious in style, give an unique and picturesque character to the *Place*. The *Hotel de Ville* occupies nearly the whole of one side of the square, and is one of the finest municipal buildings in Europe. The tower is of open work, nearly 400 feet high, surmounted by a gilt figure of St. Michael. There are some remarkable tapestries on the walls in the interior. The room where the Duchess of Richmond's ball was held, a few nights before Waterloo, is not a large or a fine room, but of painful interest, when we remember "The Dance of Death," "fair women and brave men" whirled together in the waltz for the last time, many of the poor fellows being sent into eternity before the close of the next few days.

The business part of the city is very hilly, where there are some fine shops, displaying everything to decoy the traveller, from Brussels lace to penny cigars.

The churches of Belgium are so well known from frequent illustrations that it would be only repetition to notice them ; but we must still have a word to say. As a whole the churches of Brussels well represent the country, enriched with noble sculptures and Flemish paintings. Many of the latter are by Crayer, Otto Venius, Rubens, by the last-mentioned of whom one or two altar pieces have been designed. The carved pulpits of the *Beguinae* and *St. Gudule* are particularly fine, as representing the wood carving.

The collegiate church of St. Gudule stands upon the slope of a hill about the centre of the city. It is approached by an imposing flight of steps from the west to a terrace, which is continued round the north and south sides.

The west front is flanked by two towers of open work, reminding one somewhat of *Notre Dame de Paris*. It is a Gothic building of the mixed style, developed during the periods of Gothic progression—might we not well say, *retrogression*?

The interior is striking. The nave is divided from the aisles by columns, upon which are large sculptured figures of the twelve Apostles.

The finely carved pulpit by Henry Vanbruggen occupies the centre, and represents, with life-sized figures, the Avenging Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise. Trees, birds, and animals form part of the composition, gradually rising upwards and surrounding the pulpit.

The canopy is supported by cherubs, and surrounded by large figures, representing the Virgin bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, with her foot resting upon the *new moon*; but by what strain of imagination this group is brought into the composition we are at a loss to find, unless it is intended to represent the new Ultramontane dispensation.

The choir and side chapels have some fine altars and monuments of different kinds of marbles, beautifully sculptured; and the windows, filled with the celebrated stained glass of John Haeck, Frank Floss, and others, shed soft, but harmonious coloured rays upon the columned aisles and sculptured sanctuary.

The altar in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament is from a design by Rubens.

Upon the 15th of July, the St. Gudule is handsomely decorated for the festival of the *Sacrament des Miracles*, the origin of which is as follows—

In 1370 the Host is said to have been stolen from this church by some Jews, who stabbed it in their synagogue, and for which five of them were burnt alive. The Host was restored, when it is said that blood issued from it, and the festival of the superstition dates from that day to this, our matter-of-fact, common-sense times, notwithstanding.

Upon the anniversary of this festival the celebrated tapestries illustrating the history of the Holy Sacrament

are hung up on each side of the choir, where they remain for a few days; and upon this day commences the "*Kermesse*," or great Flemish Fair, lasting for about three weeks, and which was inaugurated by festivities and gatherings on the Sunday, the previous night being made brilliant or hideous, according to fancy, by torchlight processions organised to receive the representatives of the different societies arriving by rail to contest in the International Gymnastic Fête. The procession was received at the Hotel de Ville by the burgomaster, who afterwards delivered an address of welcome.

On Sunday, in addition to the gymnastic fête in the Zoological Gardens, towards which many processions marched with screaming bands, there were banquets, a charity concert in the park, and the immense fair at the other side of the town, where the people were packed in like wedges.

We went a few days afterwards, and were astonished to see a fair of such magnitude, and with such substantial erections of different kinds.

There was one wide centre avenue, about a mile in length, from which many others diverged on both sides, all laid out in substantial stalls, cafés, shooting galleries, shows, and roundabouts.

The stalls were most elaborately fitted with drapery, gilding, and floral decorations, and were abundantly supplied with every conceivable temptation for the "people," from baby upwards, and downwards to "ripe old age"; but the cafés surprised us more than all the other objects together. These substantial and handsome structures looked more like permanent than temporary buildings. They were open in front, and in the centre stood a large square cooking stove, presided over by a *chef* with assistants, dressed in the conventional white casings, where the luxuries for the Flemish appetite were prepared. Ranged on both sides were alcoves, with chairs and tables, and draped with muslin curtains, where many a cosy party were engaged in disposing of composition soup, hard beefsteak, and lager beer. The smell was beyond question

savoury, and the taste appeared to be good enough for the consumer. At the far end was the bar, presided over by a Flemish beauty, surrounded by mirrors reflecting the many-coloured glasses and bottles.

The shooting stalls were fitted up with shelves about two yards from the fronts of the counters; these shelves were fitted with small plaster casts, to destroy which was the ambition of the sportsmen, with small air guns and real bullets. Some had small doors, which enclosed wax figures, and the object was to hit the handle with the bullet, when the door opened and a fancy figure came forth.

There was one of these places fitted up with ordinary doors, and stuffed balls were supplied, five for a penny, about the size of a skittle-ball, and it required some practice to strike the handle in the right place with one of these, when the door opened, and "Lulu," as large as life, ran suddenly down the incline to within an inch of the aspirant's nose.

The centre avenue of the fair was spanned with arches, which were illuminated at night, but dimmed at intervals by the limelight which shone forth from the extreme end.

The part devoted to shows, roundabouts, &c., was of great extent, where could be seen the legitimate drama, in all its glory of paint and buskin, wax works, a model of the catacombs of Paris, with figures representing the horrors that happily belong to the Dark Ages, although in some countries horrors as great are perpetrated even in these latter days of righteousness and enlightenment—a scene far down in the mines of Siberia, an Irish famine, or certain spots, with their groupings, in the east end of London by moonlight. There were fat women in numbers and abundance of fat; an electric lady who attracted gentlemen against their wills, and shocked the ladies. How many of the latter sex would give their eyes for the same power of attraction? But the roundabouts were the most elaborate things one could conceive, from three to four stories high, with regular staircases to ascend, and of great circumference. Some of these were worked by

steam, and some by horses. Miniature broughams, hondas, open carriages, and horses four abreast were the means of circumgyration, all of which were well occupied, and then the excursionists started, accompanied by a brass band, revolving also, and, to judge by the tunes they played, revolution must have got into their instruments. The fittings of these *affaires* were mostly of gilt hangings, lace, mirrors, glass prisms and drops, and when lit up at night the effect was outrageously gorgeous. Some, indeed, we were told, cost 20,000 francs, which, no doubt, paid the owners good interest.

Trials of strength had many votaries. One novelty consisted in striking a kind of anvil with a sledge hammer, and, with the momentum of the blow, a kind of finger ran up a pole, twelve feet high, and marked the weight of pressure on the spring. Like many other things, knack, more than strength, was required to reach the highest number.

A shrill whistle and a puff drew our attention to a circular railway—yes, and with real rails, engine, tender, and carriages, which had just started, filled with first, second, and third class passengers for a ten minutes' tour round the pole. A tunnel and a bridge had to be cleared in each round, and as the whistle ceased not to scream during the entire journey, we left with the impression that the whole thing was a "screaming farce" with a vengeance.

We found ourselves next amongst some large booths, with the word "Bal" over the entrance in large letters, where music and dancing were going on in the true Flemish style, something after the Teniers and Ostade fashion.

Flemish was the only language spoken, for the working classes in Belgium do not know any French, which is only spoken by the middle and upper classes. Some of the streets of the city are labelled with the two languages, and at the railway stations especially, everything is labelled in Flemish and French.

Returning to the town we reached the *Place Royale*, an attractive centre, where the best hotels are situated, close to the park and royal palaces. On the north side is

the magnificent avenue of the *Rue Royale*, and on the east side, the fine portico of the church of *St. Jacques*, with the interesting fresco in the tympanum of pediment. Opposite are the streets to the town, and on the other side, opposite to the entrance to the *Rue Royale*, is the fine new street terminating with the new *Palais de Justice*, in course of erection, which will be another florid Italian building, and a grand addition to the place. The new Academy of Music is in this street, and is in the same style, with reliefs illustrating music and its leading illustrators, interspersed amongst the enrichments. Close by is the church of the *Sablon*, an early Gothic building, fine of its kind, in course of restoration.

To return to the church of St. Gudule, towards which we made our way, on the 21st of July, 1877, through streets decorated with flags, chiefly the Belgian tricolour, and through troops of cavalry, which lined the thoroughfares where great crowds had assembled; we had a sight of the royal procession on its way to the church to attend the *Te Deum*, in commemoration of King Leopold's accession to the throne.

Among the royal visitors were the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia.

After the tedium of edging our way through the crowds, we managed to get into the church, and obtained a good place, close to the choir, and opposite the royal entrance, where stood the heralds, who blew a loud *fan-far* as each illustrious visitor arrived. It was curious to watch these people of distinction when they first met the gaze of the assembled multitude of eager eyes, as they walked along the reserved space to the choir, in richly gilt brocaded dresses.

How such a position will often develop character to an observer at a glance. Some walked in with a self-important air, meeting the gaze of thousands, as though public admiration was a part of their birthright; some shuffling along, evidently nervous, but proud of their position, nevertheless; some pale, apparently feeling that, but for a public duty, they would decline the honour, and

prefer being in their studies; while others walked along, appearing utterly distracted, like somnambulists.

The choir at last became very full of ministers, officers of state, ambassadors, &c., when a louder flourish of trumpets, and an excitement amongst the crowd, proclaimed the approach of the royal party.

First came the King and the Crown Princess of Prussia, followed by the Crown Prince and the Queen. The Princes of Belgium and other illustrious visitors followed.

The *Te Deum* commenced at once, the music having been expressly composed, in which were some good solos, sung by fine voices. Looking, however, at the whole in the light of a religious ceremony, a thanksgiving to God, it struck us, like all such public exhibitions, as all outward display, and no heart; the spirit of prayer, as far as we could observe, entered not into the royal dramatic celebration.

Leaving the church, we went over to science, like a good many more in these days of bewildering speculation, not content with the spirit to seek solution in the substance: and going in for science in the abstract, we entered the Museum, and began with old bones, under the head of natural history and zoology, thence to geology, mineralogy, and ornithology, all well represented and classified.

Satisfied with the substance, we ascended to inspect the shadows on the walls of the picture galleries, where there were some good pictures, and a good deal of rubbish. The Flemish school is not so well represented as we expected to find it.

The "Adam and Eve," by Van Eyck, is, to our mind, the finest thing in the gallery; retaining, after five hundred years, a freshness, with all the minutiae of wonderfully executed detail, as though it had only recently left the painter's easel. Rubens is well represented in number and size of pictures, one of the best being "The Assumption of the Virgin."

Remembering the hundreds of pictures we have seen ascribed to Rubens, we often wonder if he ever slept, for it would require many lives to produce such an amount of work under the ordinary conditions of labour and rest.



Who knows, perhaps, he might be working on still in the spirit, and the productions by natural selection find their way into material form. Whoever will find the missing link to prove this will surround himself with a golden chain, by furnishing certificates to all owners of veritable Rubens.

Jean Massey's "Chaste Nymph," and some fine pictures by Koeberger and Phillips de Champagne, next claim attention.

Works by Pynacker, Poelemburg, Teniers, and other well-known painters, are dotted about here and there. Another gallery is devoted to portraits of the present and late King and Queen, and portraits of our own most gracious Queen and Prince Albert, by Winterhatter. Another small gallery is there also, which has some very fair pictures of the modern school.

The Burgundian Library adjoins, where there are some very rare works and illustrated manuscripts of very early date.

Passing on to the Houses of Representatives, there is nothing much to note in them; a few portraits, and some battle pieces, by De Keyser, are scarce worth the trouble of going to see.

The Zoological Gardens, near the Luxembourg Railway Station, are large and well laid out; but there are very few animals, the chief attraction being the band, which plays every night in summer.

The *Port de Hal* is a kind of armoury and museum on the Boulevards.

The Cathedral of Lacken and the suburban palace are not worth the trouble of a visit, the former being modern and unfinished, and the latter uninteresting.

The *Weirtz* Gallery, near the "Zoo," contains the pictures of a painter of that name, of the Haydon school, who, it appears, thought that the larger his canvas the greater the merit of his works, and he must have had giants and fat women for his models. Like poor Haydon, too, he seems to have over-estimated his abilities, and considered himself neglected.

Determined to perpetuate his name, however, he built

a gallery, and filled it with his works, died, and left it and its contents to the nation. Query, is the nation, in an artistic sense, much richer?

Some of his subjects are behind screens, and viewed through lenses in the peep-show style, mostly nude subjects from his favourite model, "*La Belle Anglaise*," a fair English girl, who, for euphony's sake, we will say was his wife. We were told by a person who knew him intimately, that he had once sent a picture to the French Academy Exhibition, but it was not hung, and he revenged himself next year by sending a *veritable* Rubens, to which he had put his own name; this was also declined, and then his revenge triumphed, for he made the circumstance known far and wide.

Few go to Brussels without visiting Waterloo, although there is not much to see. There are two ways, one by four-horse coach, the other by rail to Braine l'Alleud; we chose the latter, walking from the station along the dusty road, and crossing the rich brown-corn fields to the Lion Monument, close to which is the hotel, about one and a-half miles from the station.

Beset by beggars and guides, we were glad to seek shelter in the hotel, where a moderate lunch was served at a moderate price, after which the landlady, a niece of Sergeant-Major Cotton, the former proprietor and survivor of Waterloo, took us into the "Museum," a side room full of relics of the fight, and which, together with a plan of the battle, she described with all the volubility of long practice over the same keys, using the pedal occasionally for stirring effect. The monument is a pyramid, about one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a colossal Belgian lion.

The ascent to the top is guarded by a soldier, who levies black mail, an exaction to which he has no right, a notice in the hotel cautioning visitors on that point. We were much amused by a cockney, who had been to the top, and had given the man sixpence, but, when he saw the notice, swore that he would have it back. His wife tried to dissuade him, and said that he would not get it, which was

quite enough for the little man, who bounced out, and soon returned triumphantly with the sixpence. "You said I shouldn't get it, did ye? Did ye think I, an Englishman, was going to be beat on my own battle-ground: no, no, I am not the man to be done."

We heard them say that they were going up the Rhine, and we thought quietly, if the little man does not get "done" more by the time he gets to Basle, he will be sharper than we take him to be.

From the top of the monument, a good view of the whole field is obtained, and a pretty good idea of the different positions, one's ordinary recollections of the memorable event rendering a guide unnecessary. The farm of *Mont St. Jean*, the rear of the British army, is about half a mile down the road, and in front of it are the ridges where the troops were posted, forming a line of about a mile and a-half.

Turning back we come to the *La Haye Sainte* Farm, which the French held nearly all the day; but, as it was so fearfully knocked about, very little of the old building remains. On one side of this is the monument to the memory of Sir Thomas Picton, where it is supposed he fell while leading his gallant charge, and opposite is the monument to the memory of the German Legion.

Near this spot stood Wellington's tree, where he took his first position.

We inquired of a passer-by for *La Belle Alliance*, pronouncing the words, as we thought, intelligibly, but to no purpose; however, after repeated trials, a light spread over his face, and was gradually let inwards, when he uttered a long drawn out, "A—h, *labe-allay, labe-allay!*" and he pointed to the small inn about a mile along the road, so for *labe-allay* we started and reached the small building, with the cannon balls on the front ingeniously plastered round, about which we reserved our doubts. Entering the little parlour, once honoured by the presence of Wellington and Blucher, we were served with some new milk, which appeared to be the favourite beverage. A little beyond is the Prussian Monument.

Striking across the field at a right angle from *La Belle Alliance*, at a distance of about half a-mile, is *Hougemont*. All that remains now of the period of the fierce conflict that took place within its boundaries are the old walls of a barn, and the small barn-like chapel, the rest being entirely new. The guides point out various parts of the field as the positions of Napoleon or Wellington at particular times, and other incidents of the battle, but little reliance, we should think, is to be placed in what they say.


The best plan is to read a good account, and then find out for oneself. This is very easy; for at one angle is *Mont St. Jean* and *La Haye Sainte*; at the other, *La Belle Alliance*; at the next, *Hougemont*; and at the last angle of the square, the Lion Monument. To the right of this, and some little distance in advance, is the ridge where the last charge of the guards took place, when it was said that "Wellington used the words, "Up, guards, and at them!" which, by-the-way, he afterwards said that he had no recollection of; so this might, therefore, be put down as a bit of garnishing by "our own correspondent" of that time.

From this point follow the road to *Braine*, where the reserves were posted; we did not go to the village of Waterloo, as there is nothing to see but the church, and monuments to the memory of some of those who fell in this, one of the most stubbornly-contested actions recorded in history.

About thirty miles from Brussels is Antwerp, with its famed cathedral, one of the most remarkable Gothic buildings in Europe—we might say, in the world. It is situated in the very flat country, through which creeps the "lazy Scheldt," navigable for large ships at low water.

The cathedral treasures within its walls, "The Raising" and the "Descent from the Cross," the well-known *chef-d'œuvres* of Rubens. The beauty of the tower, its lightness and proportion, strikes one, and leaves a regret that the country cannot find the means to finish the other tower, and complete the original design.

Upon entering the building, the repose of the whole



produces a softening-of-the-brain effect upon the feelings; the chapels, with their fine pictures, the dark oak finely-carved confessionals, the painted ceiling, the rich monuments—some with pictures inserted in the panels—the marble altar designed by Rubens, and enclosing one of his finest works, “The Assumption”—the two grand *chef-d’œuvres* before named, besides other famed pictures, all contribute to surround one with a halo of art, within whose magic circle days could be spent in admiration.

Proceeding to the Museum, we entered a fine hall, the walls of which are covered with paintings, and where is preserved the chair of Rubens, an uncomfortable-looking perch to us latter-day luxuriants; comforts, however, in Rubens’ times were undeveloped.

Ascending the staircase we entered the galleries, where a good many of the pictures strike one directly as having once formed part of altar screens or reredos, by Van Eyck, Quentin Matsys, and many others, for which, by all accounts, they received very small sums. One of Van Dyck’s masterpieces, for example, in the village church of Saventhein, twelve miles from Brussels, which represents St. Martin on his horse, giving a portion of his cloak to a poor man, for which he was paid 200 florins, about £10. What would it realise now?

The well-known pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools are treasured in this gallery, and have been often engraved. To particularise these, and some not so well known, would be a great work, and as we never engage in such, we will leave them, and proceed to Rubens’ house without further delay.

The historical building has a large frontage to the main street, with some renaissance carving to the window casings, and a porch, with columns, cornice, and pediment; but it all looked so new, as if it had recently undergone restoration; perhaps like Kenilworth Castle, which has been repaired so often that very little of the original remains.

The interior, for some reason, was not shown, and hence we lost that which might, most probably, have interested us.

All the churches of Antwerp are of interest, but time would not permit us to examine them.

The town is very large, and not very clean, full of narrow streets, with quaint old houses here and there, not yet destroyed by the improver (?) At nearly every angle of each street, and attached to the corner, on a line with the first floor, stands a coloured and gilt figure of the Virgin, or some saint, something after the style of the Chinese figures which we sometimes see over grocers' shops.

Modern improvement is making inroad, as evidenced by the new streets, new town hall, theatre, &c., which, contrasted with the old buildings, we think, suffer by comparison. The monuments of Rubens, Jordaens, Teniers, and others, variously treated, ornament the different open spaces; while avenues and streets are christened with the cherished names.

The Zoological Gardens, near the station, are prettily laid out, and well-stocked with animals.

In Antwerp, as in Brussels, large dogs are used to drag about the milk cans and other necessities, doing the work of donkeys; and it astonished us to see what loads they would drag along, poor things! fretting, struggling, and over-anxiously wearing themselves out. But are there not a good many bipeds doing the same? Quentin Matsys' well is near the cathedral, and still retains the hammered iron-work of the smith, made before he had discovered that he possessed the elements of a great painter, whose works were to immortalise his name.

The few hours we spent in this town made us regret that we had ever been, because so much was left unseen, where weeks could be spent in examining its many treasures of art.

Returning to Brussels, we jumped out of the railway carriage, and were very near falling into the arms of the king; but a stout gentleman popped between, whose hand the king grasped, and we thought they never would finish bowing, shaking hands, and exchanging compliments.

As we could not move, we began to wonder what



should be mistaken for members of the royal party; and, fearing that we might get the next grasp, our digits dropped into our pockets, for honour by mistake is confusing.

Upon enquiry, we found that the little stout man with the round hat and stiff walking stick, was the Duc d'Aumale, whom the king had come down to the station to welcome.

### THIRD STAGE.


A WARM JOURNEY—LOUVAIN, AND THE STORY OF MARGARET, THE  
SERVANT GIRL'S PATRONESS—THE VERY STRIKING CITY, LIEGE—  
SPA — VEVIERES — AIX-LA-CHAPELLE — ENGLISHMEN ABROAD —  
COLOGNE AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

A JOURNEY of six hours to Cologne on a hot day, with the thermometer registering ninety-six degrees in the shade, shut up in a crowded railway carriage, is enough, not only to remind one of Sydney Smith's words, but to set about doing as they suggest, for every one felt on that exceptional day the burden of the flesh. The thin passenger congratulated himself that his cremation would not be very tedious, and his suffering shorter than that of his stout neighbour; and the stout, bulky passenger retorted, "There's no chance for you, you'll soon become a *hash*; but there *is* a chance for me, as I shan't be half gone when the sun sets, and then I'll look after your ashes, and send 'em home to comfort your wife."

There is not much to notice before reaching Louvain, the Burton of Belgium, where most of the *pal-al* (pale ale) sold in Paris is brewed, and for which they charge from one to two francs a bottle, worth thirty centimes (threepence); but the French must have an idol, and so they have set up Mammon in the place of their old "Eagle," which every visitor to their capital feels in the depths of his heart, and to the very bottom of his pocket.

Louvain has a very beautiful town-hall of exquisite Gothic work (fifteenth century), and is a remarkably perfect example of a period so rich in carved details and sculptures.

The cathedral once had a spire 533 feet high, but the





wind was too high for it one night, and it fell, humiliated, too often the fate of lofty spires, and the townspeople have not since aspired to rebuild it.

Fine pictures by Crayer, Quentin Matsys, and others, adorn the altars; there is also some fine wrought iron-work by the latter master, the blacksmith painter.

As in all Belgian cathedrals, there are a great number of fine works in the various branches of art adorning the interior of this edifice; but the finest is the oak pulpit brought here from some old abbey. What a country this is for finely-carved oak pulpits! We never see a bit of good carving but we associate it with Belgian pulpits and compare; but the pulpits always have the best of it, and the modern Belgian pulpits in the last Paris Exhibition had very much the worst of it by comparison.

This pulpit of Louvain is the monarch, and some say the finest example of wood carving in the world; but there are so many works of this kind that claim to be the finest, that even Mr. Ruskin might have a difficulty to decide upon which to hang the wreath.

Amongst shrines, that of "Margaret of Louvain" is the most interesting, where the dust of this patron saint of servant girls is supposed to rest. And why should not servant girls have their special saint to fly to and unfold their complaints of the hard treatment of "missuses," "bad place," "over-work," "Sundays out," "followers," and all the other ills they groan under in their underground life? How this poor servant girl, Margaret, became a saint in the church, and the patroness of servant girls is curious, for who could know so well how to redress a maid-servant's grievance as one of her own class?

The story, as near as we could glean, is this:—About the year 1304, Margaret was servant at an inn, and, with her master and mistress, determined to give up the drink traffic, and sign the pledge to enter a convent. The night previous to their intended retirement from public life, some pilgrims arrived and ordered some wine; but these visitors had another thirst to quench, which they assuaged by murdering the landlord and landlady. History does not

say what the wretches did with the body of the landlady; but the servant's they cast into a canal, when, instead of going to the bottom, it stood upright, and floated away against the stream, singing sweet music, and surrounded by a halo of heavenly light.

Passing at the time was one Henry, Duke of Louvain, who saw the "miracle," and reported it. Why this cowardly duke, however, did not pursue and run his sword through the murderers has never been accounted for. Upon *his* testimony the body was recovered, which, we suppose, after the report of the miracle had gone down, went down to the bottom also, only, however, to be recovered shortly afterwards, when it was embalmed and enshrined. Enshrined with her also was Margaret's wooden pitcher, in which she drew the wine for her murderers: an edifying lesson to servant girls, that should they ever become promoted and rich (it's a miracle of itself when they do) they are not to forget having once carried a pitcher.

There are several interesting places in Louvain, but we must go on through the pretty and well-wooded country to Liege; nearing which, as a passenger observed, "the effect is very striking," and, indeed, Liege is a very *striking* place; any number of hammers are continually going in the factories, "great *strikes*" being also very frequent.

As we approached, the train appeared as though suspended in the air for a short time, and flying over to the town, over to the towers and spires, over tall chimneys to the hills and valleys beyond, stretching miles away with the river running in and out like the joints of a child's picture puzzle; but we soon descended and reached the station, with the fine view we just had photographed upon our memories.

This large manufacturing town is beautifully situated in a valley, surrounded by hills, on the banks of a river or rivers, for several meet here (how they are separated is a study for an African explorer), and wind about, dividing portions of the town into islands, in various directions.

The principal attractions are the cathedral, dating from

the thirteenth century, which contains some rare works of art, amongst them another of Belgium's fine pulpits, and the church of St. Jacques; the latter is the most interesting, dating from about the year 1000, and in it displaying specimens of styles from that period upward, as well as some beautiful examples of stone and wood carving.

We were off again, over a fine bridge, through beautiful valleys, over, under, and through rocks of many-coloured marbles to the junction for Spa, where people, who were not Spartans in health and vigour, changed for that interesting little watering-place, in the hope of becoming so by the use of Spa water. Many people, too, visit the place for the sake of change of scene, and because it is a fashionable summer lounge.

Passing the large cloth manufacturing town Veviers, where Cobden's admirers have set up a memorial of the great free-trader, we soon reached Herbesthal, the first Prussian town, where the baggage was examined, or rather, as in our case, looked at, and the first indications of Germany met the eye and the ear, over every door, upon every label, and from every pair of official lips; a change from the French and Flemish, to which the eye and the ear had become accustomed on the Belgian lines. Here everything had to be studied again; but with a little trouble it soon comes, and the English blunder on and get through somehow.

Aix-la-Chapelle, where the German emperors were formerly crowned, is the first important town, with some 70,000 to 80,000 inhabitants, celebrated, like Bath, for its hot springs, and as a fashionable resort.

In the cathedral rest the remains of Charlemagne, if the 1000 years which have passed have left any remains at all to rest there.

The relics of various saints, and bones, perhaps, of sinners, polished, capped, and jewelled, are shown, and so numerous, that one might think there had been amongst them a consignment from the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne.

A meteoric stone, 7000lbs. weight, is said to be somewhere in the town; but we did not see it. We were in

truth detained amongst a motley crowd of perspiring tourists, stretching their stiff limbs up and down the platform whilst waiting for the train; they were chiefly English, many of whom were crowding round a refreshment-stall, where an attendant was serving a bright amber fluid to the overheated and thirsty, who received their first fleecing in Germany, as a kind of initiation, being charged eightpence each for a glass of stuff not worth the quarter of the money. But Englishmen who travel without any knowledge of foreign languages soon get used to this sort of thing, and expect it; indeed, we believe they like it, for it flatters their small vanity to be taken for men of wealth. They are out for a holiday; they are freshmen, pleased with everything, it is all so nice, that they don't mind spending an extra pound or two.

They meander with their eyes wide, and their mouths wider, open, an opera glass slung over their shoulders, and their guide books in their hands, quite open. Realise this, and then wonder not that Englishmen are so easily detected. They are always taking in new ideas wholesale, to turn to good account, and storing the memory for retail purposes at their domestic hearths afterwards. They do not understand foreign money, and so Herr helps himself to the amount of the bill, fair enough, on his own side, or he dips his hand into a drawer and submits coins, which he signifies are to be duplicated from the tourist's purse.

If the English neglect the study of foreign languages, which, as a nation, they do, they'll find the study of foreign money abstruse. Travelling about in ignorance, they must expect to pay over value for everything, as they deserve. Foreigners do not study our language for our accommodation, without making us pay well for it. But there are some who have had more experience, and who know how to bargain, and so forth.

This class, to which we will give the name of experienced tourists, are generally communicative, and ready to display their wisdom and knowledge.

"No getting over me, sir; up to everything." He is everlastingly bargaining, haggling, grumbling; he has a slight

knowledge of the language, and has been "over the ground many times," is quite a book of reference, knows every point of interest; experience and suspicion are so carefully blended, that he gets through for about half that the inexperienced does, and receives about half as many curses in equitable compensation.

Between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne there are several stations, with names unpronounceable to an Englishman, which we remarked to a German lady sitting opposite, who spoke a little English. "Zay ares better zan zee Engleesh. I don't like zee Engleesh; it is zo ugly," she replied.

"And so we think of German, madam," we answered, modestly. She said no more; but we observed certain erratic tosses of the head at intervals—a curious indication of woman's contempt for an inferior being.

Arriving at Cologne, about four p.m., we had a long July evening to look around the town, the cathedral being the chief attraction.

This magnificent Gothic work was still unfinished; piles of scaffolding enveloped the slowly rising towers, like cages, and shedding for the stone-masons occupied the south side of the square. We were told that the number of workmen employed on the works were 2000, by another 1000, and by another 500. These numbers are submitted for any enquirer curious enough to solve the problem, and work out the exact number. We were also told that there was not any great desire to finish the work, as it gave employment to so many people—a very charitable way of spending the public money.

The interior of the building appears to be finished, and we found it, upon entering, so much cooler than the external air that it nearly chilled one, like the first summer dip in the sea, or like quitting a hothouse, and stepping out into the cool air of winter.

We entered by the west centre porch, and the beautifully-proportioned interior was before us, with its grand nave and double aisles, fading away into the choir, the whole in such perfect repose that one's mind rested for the time in harmony—that kind of rest one feels when

there is nothing to be desired, and nothing to grumble about.

Long rows of tall clustered columns, connected by pointed arches, support the clerestory — so high that where it meets the groined and bossed ceiling cannot be traced. Statues of the twelve apostles occupy the piers, under light Gothic canopies.

The handsome choir, or, as we heard a visitor observe, the “heavenly choir,” has an apsidal east-end, like Canterbury choir, and through the openings the stained glass of the chapel behind sheds soft chromatic rays.

Wherever the eye rests in this magnificent building the mind follows reverently; and if the art that can produce such a condition is not divine, it must be bordering so near that even an angel might believe in it.

The reredos and high altar struck us as being inadequate, and the pulpit, a specimen of carpenter’s Gothic, was only a temporary one. Much remains to be done to *furnish* the interior, as we are accustomed to see Roman Catholic churches adorned (?) on the continent. We prefer, however, the pale light and grey shadows softening in the perspective, unencumbered by grotesque statuary, melancholy-visaged saints, gilding and colour, in a pure Gothic building.

For a small fee the treasures of the cathedral are shown. They consist of large quantities of gold and silver antique plate, jewelled shrines and altar adornments, ivory carvings and relics; the chief and most revered of these are the skulls of the three wise men of the east, exhibited under glass. Each one is labelled with a proper name; but how distinguished their history does not unfold. It is only a passing thought: we wonder if phrenology solved the problem. Any ordinary distinguishing mark, such as a “soft place,” “a crack,” we could not detect.

Canon Farrar, in his “Life of Christ,” has written a note as follows:—

“The skulls of these three kings, each encircled with its crown of jewelled gold, are still exhibited among the relics in the cathedral of Cologne.” Now, if Canon Farrar

believes in the genuineness of these wise old heads, intellectual atoms have no right to doubt. The crowns of jewelled gold, the originals crowns, were stolen or lost, and those now worn by these ghastly relics are mere imitations.

Bones of St. Sebastian and St. Matthew, and one link of Peter's chain, are also shown. We wonder if they have discovered that a link is missing from the one in Rome!

The shrine of St. Engelbert, founder of the cathedral, is among the sights; and the great bell, weighing nearly twelve tons, which, when we saw it, was being prepared for raising to its place in the south-west tower.

The crane used by the old builders is still in the same old place, where it lifted the stone hundreds of years ago.

The exterior of the building is as remarkable for elaboration as the interior is for simplicity and beautiful proportions. The west front is crowded with carving and sculpture, and the south transept is also very rich—gabled and buttressed, pinnaced, and traceried all over. The south porch is very full of carving; it has three doorways, deeply sunk and moulded, in *one* of which we counted about a hundred marble statues.

The town of Cologne is interesting, and contains some good streets and fine shops, an arcade, museum, and a few interesting churches; but we had only time to visit one, the church of the legendary "St. Ursula," with its walls lined with bones, said to be the remains of her eleven thousand virgins, but which no one believes to be virgin truth, as the legend is unsupported by history.

The church is architecturally uninteresting, except, perhaps, for some of its eccentricities.

The "golden chamber" is near the entrance, into which the visitor is shown, for a fee, of course, and here ghastly objects meet the eye everywhere, in the shape of human bones arranged in all kinds of devices. The silver coffins, which contain the dust of St. Ursula, and some of her favourite virgins, rest under the altar, and upon the altar stands erect, with the finger pointing upwards, the right-arm bones of somebody honoured with the name of this

fabled lady, to whom also belongs the skull which rests contiguous.

Bones of St. Stephen, a shrine enclosing bones of St. Hypolytus, and a number of others of equally notable descent are scattered about—bones which should in the process of decay be now mingling with the earth, and distributing their elements for resurrection in living matter again.

A stone-ware wine jar was next shown, and said to be one of the jars used at the marriage feast of Canaan.

An elderly lady, who had been eagerly listening, with the faith of one who believes everything that is related, here interrupted the verger, with strong expressions of denial.

Perhaps she was the sailor boy's grandmother who disbelieved all the lad's yarns, except that relating to his discovery of one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels in the Red Sea.

"It is quite impossible," she said, "for I have seen the originals in Cana."

The verger appeared confused at his story being doubted, and explained that this jar was brought to Cologne by a Crusader, and presented to Godfrey de Boullion, who gave it to the church, and a piece of parchment existed somewhere in the tower, duly signed by donor and recipient, recording the circumstance.

We left them to argue the question, and to trace the descent of this jar from the time of the marriage feast down to Godfrey's time, some eleven hundred or twelve hundred years, which question they might be discussing to this day, and going on jarring to the end of their lives, even then the gate of knowledge would be only ajar.

Cologne has a large page of history in the time of the Romans, and some painful ones of mediæval times, when it was a great commercial city, with nearly half a million of inhabitants, and when the bells rung out from more churches than there are days in the year.

It affords also some interesting records; for here Caxton learned his art of printing; and within its precincts the house where Rubens was born still exists. The brass font in St. Peter's church was used at the christening of the



great painter, and in after years he painted the picture for the altar, representing Peter's crucifixion, head downwards.

Cologne is now noted for seventy-two distinct smells ; we did not test the correctness of the number, there might be seventy-three or seventy-four, neither do we know whether the "Eau-de-Cologne" manufactured there is included ; we should think not, for it appeared to us that there were more than seventy-two *original* manufacturers.

Well satisfied with our day's work, we retired to dream of the morrow, and the sail up the "storied Rhine," which has begotten more legends and stories than any other river.

## FOURTH STAGE.

OVERWEIGHTED—UP THE RHINE—HOW GERMAN BARONS ARE MADE—  
THE CAPTAIN'S MODERATE BREAKFAST—BONN—THE NEW LEGEND  
OF DRACHENFELS—ANDERNACH—COBLENTZ—A STORM—THE FOR-  
TRESS OF MARKSBURG—PASSENGERS ABOVE RECEIVE A HINT  
FROM BELOW—OBERWEISEL—THE WHIRLPOOLS, AND HOW  
STOPPED—CAUB TO MAYENCE.

WE could not have believed it possible for one man to haul away a large hand-truck, with such a load of luggage, as one poor wretch struggled off with from Hotel du Dome; it must have weighed at least a ton and a-half; and when he reached the pier, he looked like a strawberry ice rapidly melting.

The Rhine boats are of fine build, upon the American model, with a long deck, over the *salons*, sheltered from the sun's rays by an awning, plentifully supplied with seats and tables, leaving ample room for promenading; and there is no more enjoyable trip that we know than "Up the Rhine" on one of these splendid boats.

For some distance after leaving Cologne the country on both sides of the river is flat and uninteresting. The retrospect gives only Cologne in the distance, which, as the river winds, appears now on one side, now on the other, as if it did not know which side was the better.

Gradually, as we neared Bonn, the soft outlines of the seven mountains appeared, and the Rhine scenery, so well known in our childhood, from engravings and illustrated books, was realised.

At each turn of the river it was like turning another leaf of the old picture book, with the old castles perched about on such impossible-looking places, on points so peaked that we wondered—first, how they got there; next,

how they balanced themselves to maintain their positions; and finally, how access to them was obtained; the last suggesting all kinds of devices, from flying machines and Rigi railways down to the old-fashioned pulley; and then how to penetrate the thick woods that surround them, with their dense shades, was a problem a shade or two too deep for us. But another problem was solved—viz., how German barons are made; for it once appeared to us that all Germans were barons. Listen.

“Do you see that castle?”

“Yes.”

“Perched up there like a piebald pigeon on the topmost branch of a tree?”

“Yes.”

“Looking newish in parts like a turned coat?”

“Yes.”

“With a pennant on the top, curling round and round like ten yards of sausage on a *charcutier's* stall?”

“Yes, yes; well?”

“That place was in the market a few years ago, and sold for a few hundred pounds. *You* might have bought it, and become a German baron, for the title went with the property.”

“What a chance lost! Well, who bought it?”

“A *charcutier*, sir, a retired sausage-maker. The rinderpest having been stamped out, his occupation failed, and sausages could no more be made to pay a great profit, and so he bought this property, had it repaired, and retired there to enjoy the fruits of honest labour; and it is said that he lives upon chops—chops his own firewood, and has chopped his name for a new one, for he is now known as Baron Choppz.”

Bonn is a town of some importance, with a very heavy-looking cathedral and university, where Prince Albert pursued some of his earlier studies.

Here, as in most Rhenish towns, there is an English church, and, it follows, an English colony.

The seven mountains were yet some distance away, and we descended with others into the *salon* to slake our thirst

with lager beer at fivepence a bottle, which tasted to us very much like sweet table ale, with a spermaceti flavour; but thirst must be quenched, and the native element (such water!) should be avoided on a hot day.

A huge breakfast had been prepared for somebody; it soon became known that it was for the captain, who, when he had piloted the boat into safe waters, descended from the bridge into the *salon*, and commenced the attack—first upon a yard and a-half of sausage, followed by a large dish of sliced potatoes, fried in oil. The repast was accompanied by half a yard of bread, and moistened by a couple of bottles of wine.

To his credit, he dispatched the whole in a brief space of time, and then returned to his duty on the bridge, where he sat with a long “weed” in his mouth, which never appeared to grow less, immovable as the funnel, which it rivalled, in its emission of smoke.

We were close to the seven mountains, and the “castled crag of Drachenfels” looked down upon us complacently and sleepily, as though half forgetting its legendary importance; and the dragon’s cave yawned below in idleness and utter uselessness; for the days when dragons and horned men inhabited the earth have passed away, and so have the times when robbers used to dwell in caves, and were less refined and sanatorial.

“Have you ever heard the legend of that dragon’s cave, I mean the *true* one?” said an experienced traveller.

“Well, I have heard one, but it’s many years ago.”

A party gathered round, and he began—

“A very long time ago there dwelt a dragon in that cave, who was guilty of all kinds of dragonian atrocities, which, with laudable courage and patriotism, a young German resolved to put a stop to, or retire disgraced if he failed. He besieged the cavern, and attacked the dragon. The balance of victory inclined to either side alternately, and the combat was renewed again and again, with undaunted courage; the man never turning tail, nor the dragon showing his for an instant. If the dragon spat fire through his jaws, his assailant struck fire with his sword

on the flinty head of the beast. If the dragon came up to the attack, the man tacked, and got out of his way. At last the man made a 'palpable hit,' when the dragon roared out in agony, 'the day is yours—the night is mine—I die!' Flushed with success and dragon's blood, he was about to rush off to the village in triumph, but he thought that he must carry a trophy with him to confirm his tale. He tried, seizing the beast by the gills, to drag his whole body along; but the monster, not being quite dead, spat out the last embers of expiring fire, and burnt the conqueror's fingers. A sad *contretemps* this, when the young man found he could scarcely use his hands; but although it was not possible for him to carry all, he determined, like a prudent man, to have as large a slice to take home with him as he could. So, remembering that a baited bull and a coursed hare are the tenderest, he considered that it would be best to get as large a piece from the fleshy part of the tail as possible, which, as he waggishly observed, had been wagging all its life, and in constant agitation, he drew his *couteau de chasse*, and carved out the *bonne bouche*, or *tit-bit*, which leading zoologists declare to have been at the top of the tail, and which he found from actual experience to be the easiest end of the beast to operate upon. At all events, he felt that a steak from the monster's tail, like Hercules' trophies, would be the best thing to confirm his tale about it. This was easily secured, and, having skewered it on his sword, he started for the village. It was late when he arrived, a feeble light glimmered through his cottage window; all was still save the pig—no, it was his aged mother, who awoke with a snort as her son entered.

" 'My son, thou'rt late.'

" 'Mother, I hunger.'

" 'Alas, my son, there is only black bread in the cottage, and little of that; but what is this? meat—meat which has not spluttered in our frying-pan for months—meat enough for a feast.'

" Her lips smacked as though she already had a good mouthful, and then, looking enquiringly at her son, as she perceived the dragon's blood, she trembled.

"His tale was soon told, and the tenderest part of the dragon's tail soon cooked.

"The news spread abroad next day, how he had laid siege to the dragon in his den, and fried his flesh for supper.

"So they gave him the name of Siege-fried."

"Oh! oh!" passed from one and the other of the listeners.

"Not a good story," said several.

"I assure you, gentlemen, that this is the oldest and most correct version to be found in the archives at Bonn, and the story of the horned siege fried must be spurious."

A Dutchman, who had been a silent listener, said, "But how can that be? *siege* and *fried* have not the same meaning in German as in English."

The story-teller was confused for a moment, but recovering, he replied—

"Don't you see, Anglo-Saxon was mostly spoken over here in those very remote days, and even now a great deal of German is nothing but very primitive and very bad English."

The Dutchman, looking thoughtful, sighed forth, "Yaw," and walked away.

We were approaching some of the finest scenery of the Rhine, and at every turn a new panorama unfolded new beauties. Every peak has its castle, and every castle its history; every crag has its legend, and every town is famous for something or other, whether it be Roman history or mineral waters, an extinct volcano, or where some famous general crossed to create one for the extinction of his enemies. Every village has its story, and every available spot its vines—on the slopes near and far away, peeping out of the crevasses or perched upon the tops of the fine basaltic rocks—vines everywhere, about the size of currant or raspberry bushes, planted in rows, and not so pretty looking as one expects. In the distance the vineyards are often mistaken at first for potatoe fields by strangers—the poetic, classic vine for a vulgar prose potatoe. But wait till we get to the country

of some of the classic poets, and there we shall see *the* classic vine clambering over the houses, luxuriant in leaf and fruit, spreading their branches over avenues and bowers.

Who does not remember that curious old circular building, with a cover like a bread pan, close to the river's edge, with the jib of a crane sticking out of the roof, like a spoon in a mustard cup, and which forms so prominent an object in the foregrounds of so many pictures? We were just passing it—the round tower of Andernach, bringing back recollections of the pictures of old, and all their associations in our wondering childhood.

Here were the boats loading the famous volcanic stone for transport to the works of Cologne cathedral, or with the famous mill-stones, which for ages and ages have been sent to all parts of the world to grind corn.

Coblentz, where the Moselle joins the Rhine, has a population of about 50,000; some churches and buildings of interest, and some fine modern buildings.

Many tourists break their journey at this point to inspect the town, with its formidable fortifications, and some for an excursion up the "blue Moselle."

But what cared we for towns, archæology, and all that sort of thing? We were out to see the "castled-storied Rhine" upon whose shores lovers triumphed, and in whose waters demons perished; some of the best scenery of the river, and of its legends, was before us. As we proceeded perpendicular rocks appeared to start up from the stream, capped with ruins of castles that may once have been strong, but looked ailing and dissatisfied, as if contemplating a descent to rejoin the fallen portions.

The river narrows and becomes more rapid, as if it had put on a spurt to clear the dark channel. A low growl was heard through the atmosphere, accompanied by a furious and fearful hissing, and a darkness spread over us, like a green baize curtain falling to shut out the prettiest scene of the play; evidence of discontent among the "gods" as the growling and hissing increased, and the dark-

ness became more intense, or like Milton's "darkness visible."

The passengers now began to unfold their waterproofs and wraps, and everyone appeared to be moved except the captain. Like the old smoking funnel, on the bridge he sat as unmoved as ever, even when a flash of lightning zig-zagged along the iron rail in front of him. There he sat quite undisturbed; and if the electric flash had not been in such a hurry, he looked as if he might have lit up another cigar by its aid. Nothing but a thunder-bolt falling direct upon his devoted head would unsettle him.

A stunning peal of thunder rattled close by our ears, and then the rain-cloud burst, soaking the steamboat's awning, and all beneath it, in a few seconds. Indeed, it was thought that the river must have risen from its bed on a visit to the clouds, giving us a passing call, for wherever we looked there was only water; water, through which was refracted almost our only light, the lightning; the thunder occupied all the sound waves, for there was not one left to convey either the sound of the engine, or the captain's trombone voice to our ears.

"That storm," said the Dutchman, "will satisfy me for the rest of my life."

"That's nothing to what I have seen in these parts," said the experienced traveller. "I have seen the lightning shave a man as close as any barber could, and the thunder that followed rolled up all the luggage, and wheeled it overboard. The rain, sir, was so heavy, that it bore our outer garments away, and would have cleared off the rest, and possibly skinned us, but fortunately it ceased just in time to spare us such a miserable catastrophe. My own and my wife's Ulsters got entangled with a life belt, and were found folded in each others arms twenty miles from Rotterdam next day. Fortunately they were restored, to the great joy of the owners."

"That's another to him," growled somebody.

"He must be 'our own correspondent,'" said another.

The Dutchman disappeared with a "Yaw, yaw," having had enough yarn to wind up for that day at least.



The storm had ceased, and the curtain rose for another act of our journey, revealing a much wider river, side scenes of wooded hills, and little promontories bathing their feet in the stream, terraced vineyards, and deliciously-wooded hollows. Back scene, showing the fine curve of the river and its picturesque banks, luxuriant with vine and foliage, and cut up with bold rocks rising to a cloudless sky. A set piece of bold rock, crowned by the fortress of Marksburg, with the small town of Braubach, looking all humility at its foot, occupied the foreground. We have little desire to dwell upon this fortress, and still less to dwell in it. Indeed, we quite think, if we were a German, that we should be chary of our ancestral pride; and, at all events, we would not claim any family connection with the ancient ogres by whom the poor wretches were consigned to the "dog-hole," "torture chamber," and other barbarous dungeons of this hideous place.

"Ah, sir," said an elderly, nervous lady, "it's dreadful to think of; but this is only one of the very many dungeons read of many centuries ago. Prisons now-a-days are more like palaces of the olden time, and the treatment is humane. Modern criminals, sir," she continued, "don't know how much they have to be thankful for."

"Shu'd think not, mum," said an engineer (an Englishman), who had just popped his black face above the grating of the engine-room; "let some of 'em come into my prison for a week or two in July, and they'd go back with a very good hidea of a tortur chamber and a dog-hole jined in one! If you are a prison mish-e-nary, mum, please to send me over a few stokers on trial, and they'll soon want to get back again to do their three pounds of oakum a day, and no shirking. Prison! aint mine a prison? always below in the dungeon, excepts when I come up like a fish to get a breath of air. Very thirsty work ours is, too, mum; a little lager beer in the engine-room has a wonderful effect upon the machinery; regelates the safety-valve, and keeps the biler from busting."

Cunning man! he touched the nervous chord of the lady, and not in vain.

The scene continued to shift as we proceeded; sometimes fertile banks, with an expanding landscape; sometimes walls of rocks contracting the river, and now enclosing a lake-like bend without any apparent outlet.

Small towns and villages here and about, with Gothic towers, square towers, round towers, castles in ruins, castles restored, and castles new; one was said to be called "mouse," and another "cat"; no doubt there is some "cock and bull" story about both, if one troubled to enquire.

Oberweisel, with a Gothic church and a round tower, close to the river's edge, and a castled height, of course, is very picturesque, with its surroundings; it is, to our mind, as pretty as any part of the Rhine.

We had just passed it, when the elderly lady appeared to get very fidgety as well as nervous.

Some guide-book which she had been studying told of fearful whirlpools thereabouts, and of boats with crews and passengers being sucked in. Though averring to disbelieve all about the traditional goblins of the Rhine, she had some faith in its gobbling powers, and didn't mean to be gobbled up if she knew it, keeping near to the man at the wheel, and her eye upon him, ready to give the alarm if she saw the dreadful gulf. Twice she had spoken to him, but in vain, for he neither looked nor answered, when the experienced tourist came upon the scene.

"What's the matter—what do you want, madam?" said he.

"Oh, I wished to tell him, sir, to be careful, as the—the—whirlpools are near."

"Ah, yes; but they—they—are stopped."

"Oh, joyful; I am grateful. And pray how were they stopped, sir?"

An expression passed over his face as though he was saying inwardly, "Well, that's a poser"; but it soon recovered, and impudence posed itself again.

"Well, you see, madam, there were two thirsty giants, of

immense bulk, inhabiting mighty caverns under the Rhine, and just about this spot they used to tap the bed of the river for a drink when they were thirsty, which they always were, and it was the water running into their great mouths which caused the whirlpools, for it ran down with a whizz like a shot from a hundred-ton gun. When the rafts and the boats came along and went down, they were always wide awake, and turned their heads aside to avoid them; but the cunningest get caught sometimes, which some of us mites on the surface know to our sorrow. Well, madam, just over there lived an old maiden lady, with a large St. Bernard dog, her only companion; and, they say, she hated everybody, and spoke to nobody, not even to her dog, for whom she had no love, only keeping him for protection, as she was a great coward, and lived in the fear of death. One night at dusk she went to dip for a pail of water from the river, when the stone on which she stood gave way, and she fell into the stream. Her faithful dog sprang in after her, and both were carried away by the current. Now, just at this moment the giants had come up for a drink, being very thirsty, having fasted five minutes, which was very unusual for them. Tremendous whirlpools followed each suck, as at that time in the evening they did not expect anything bigger than a trout or a jack, when along came the old lady and popped into the mouth of one and choked him."

"And the dog, sir?"

"Oh!—he—he—he choked the other."

"That is the story, madam; and true or not, certain it is that since the old lady and her dog disappeared the whirlpools have ceased."

This atrocious lie, evidently invented, was too much for the nerves of the lady, and so she retired to find a moral, if there is one.

Caub is another charming and romantic place, with the ruined Gutenfels on a rock above, and that quaint old castle, "Pfäz," standing on an island in the centre of the river, which has had the honour of more frequent illustration than any other castle in the world, not excepting

Chillon. Whether the word "Pflaz" is German or Welsh, we will not pretend to say, but in our youth we used to associate it with phthisic, both appearing to our young mind equally unpronounceable.

A few more little places, with great histories and traditions, and we reached Bingen, when the shades of night began to close around us, deepening until Mayence was reached. No matter, for there was not much to see after Bingen.

## FIFTH STAGE.

MAYENCE — GERMAN SOLDIERS — FINE RAILWAY BRIDGE — ROMAN  
RUINS — GUTTENBERG'S MONUMENT — THE TABLE D'HÔTE —  
ANALYSIS — IMITATORS AT HOME — GERMAN GRACE.

MAYENCE is a strongly fortified town, with some 60,000 inhabitants, forty-six miles from Metz, and a short excursion to either Frankfort or Wiesbaden.

New lines of fortifications were being constructed, and at the same time that we were engaged in our visit of inspection some high military dignitaries had arrived for the same purpose.

All the troops turned out, and everything military was in motion, as though the French had recaptured Metz, and were at hand, prepared to take their much-dreaded revenge; but, looking at the physique of the beef-eating, beer-drinking German, and comparing him with the soup fed *vin-ordinaire* drinking French trooper, it appeared to us that the comparison of "a bloated aristocrat with a lean beggar" was not at all inappropriate.

We happened to express our opinion after this manner to an elderly gentleman who stood by our side when a regiment of fine-looking men was marching past.

"A very common remark," he replied; "but in these days of long range the little man stands the best chance."

"Indeed; how so?"

"Why, you see, a small man is a small target, and not so liable to be hit."

"If that reasoning is correct, what chance would our splendid creatures, the guards, stand in an engagement?"

"They would be a centre or a bull's-eye for every shot in open field."

"But suppose they manage to get up to close quarters?"

"Oh, then!—ah!—but how are they to get there under the new system?"

We said no more, presuming that we had a military authority to deal with, and he might be too tough for us to argue with; we found out soon after that we had presumed correctly, our military friend was a captain of volunteers.

The great military establishments and the strengthening of the Rhine fortresses betray the dread of another struggle with the French; and the Germans know, to use their own words, which one frequently hears, that "France is preparing for it every day." It is talked of seriously and soberly, but always with a shudder. They are satisfied with their laurels, and would wear them undisturbed.

We have said to Germans occasionally, that we believed France had had enough, and though she groaned inwardly with mortified pride, she would not in our generation break out into open war, but chafe and threaten as she did after Waterloo.

A shake of the head and a deep drawn sigh was the only answer.

The usual drive round Mayence skirts the Rhine for a short distance, then to the public gardens, and on to the fine railway bridge over the river. The bridge is a grand structure, upon the trellis girder principle, and a great improvement upon Brunel's ugly creations at Chepstow and Saltash; and one wonders, when looking down from the giddy height of the footway upon the rushing stream below, how the difficulties of foundations for the piers were overcome. Thence we were taken through the fortifications, and over a down to the ruins of a Roman town and aqueduct, back through the heavy-looking, unattractive town, stopping to inspect the statue of Gutenberg, inventor of movable printers' type, who is well "set up," and appears almost to breathe again in Thorwaldsen's figure, although his dust has been scattered 400 years.

The cathedral is of very early work and character, or rather what is left of the original; for it has seen so much trouble in its day, and has been cobbled and patched so

much, that little of the old work remains. It is now under restoration.

Some of the best hotels face the river, and in front, almost close to their doors, runs the railway, without any fence to divide it from road or pavement. The continual noise and shrieking of the passing trains, day and night, renders a night in Mayence quite enough for one *who can* indulge in sleep under ordinary circumstances. We entered the hotel as the bell was ringing for *table d'hôte*, for the Germans dine in the middle of the day. The large dining-room was full, one of the tables being occupied by the military dignitaries before-named and about twenty officers, who looked as if their work had stimulated appetite, and needed not the lively tunes played by a band, stationed in the next room to assist digestion. About one hundred civilian guests, chiefly English tourists, were also assembled, including a fair proportion of ladies. All kinds of costumes met the eye, reminding one of a harlequin tea set. The captain of volunteers sat next to us, and opposite were some Birmingham people, to whom everything was new, and "all so jolly."

"A good dinner," said one, passing the *menu*.

Now we believe that he did not understand a word of it, but, while pretending to know, was really seeking information.

Let us see what this good dinner was to consist of—ah! all French dishes, and no sour-kROUT; how considerate.

#### MENU.

Reine de l'argot.

Poisson.

Saumon fumé.

Salade aux pommes de terre.

Relevés.

Rosbœuf à l'Anglaise.

Pommes frites.

Entrées.

Salmis de gibier, truffés et champignons.

Légumes.

Haricots verts en beurre.

Rotis.  
Chapons aux cressons.  
Salade.  
De saison.  
Entremets.  
Glacés panachés.  
Pâtisserie.  
Dessert—divers  
Fruits.

We passed the *menu* to our neighbour, the captain, who we heard after, was a retired hotel-keeper.

"Humph! *Reine de l'argot*—weak gruel, with a few, green peas to mislead 'the appetite.'"

The soup was served, and he was not far out.

During the waits between the courses he treated us to a dissertation upon the several dishes, revealing secrets so profound, that one lady remarked, "He must have been at a school for French cookery all his life." His criticism of the *menu* continued.

"*Poissons, saumon fumé, salade aux pommes de terre*—uncooked dried salmon cut thin, and half-cooked potatoes, cut up into dice, floating in oil, and sprinkled with the green of chopped onions.

"That's rather a slippery foundation, sir, for the roast beef to follow, and I will leave it. *Rosbœuf à l'Anglaise*—wish it might be—no—no, my friends; the name is all right, and that's all; if you expect this to be anything like the roast beef of old England, I pity your disappointment. This is a piece of beef with all the fat and bone taken away, rolled up like a German sausage, and well boiled, the liquor providing the soup for next day; then it is baked or roasted, cut up into thin slices, covered with brown gravy, and submitted to your approving taste. It's tender? Yes; and so would you be if you had been boiling so long."

"Can you tell whether it is beef, mutton, or veal by the taste?"

"No; all you can taste is the gravy. Now, about the gravy; all brown gravy is a stock, and does for everything. No cook that I ever met could give the analysis of a



stock-pot. It's the sewer of the kitchen, and how many living things beside mice fall victims to its alluring odour, I never guessed. Macbeth's witches were candid enough to give the proportions of their compound; but I'd defy any witchcraft to give me the constituents of a stock-pot."

These remarks were rattled off, but his knowledge did not appear to affect the captain's appetite, for he partook freely of everything.

The Birmingham people cautiously scraped their beef before consumption; the story of the brown gravy looked too probable for them.

"Let me see what is down for the next course," continued the captain.

"*Salmis de gibier*—hashed game. Never! It's goat's flesh, hung till tasty, or I'll be hung myself. Here it comes.

"Yes, it is goat's flesh, pretty high, too; it might be *chevreau*—kid; at any rate it's gamy.

"Don't take any *champignons*, sir; fungus! no more like our mushrooms than an old leather book cover is like a floury potatoe.

"Don't touch them, madam; you'll get no sleep for the next week if you do."

His analysis proceeded between the courses, anticipating each dish by a description of its preparation.

"*Haricots verts en beurre*; well, that's a very innocent dish—French beans with butter; but so tasteless, that if you had to eat them often it would make you regret that you ever knew the taste of a scarlet runner. *Chapons aux cressons*—fowls and watercresses. Notice the dish when it comes round, and tell me if you think the anatomy different to our birds."

"Really, I think it must be, for I could never divide a fowl into so many pieces."

"*Salade*—ah, a lettuce torn to shreds with forks, and covered with oil. What's next? *Glacés panachés*—ah, penny ices, water-flavoured and frozen. The rest is before you, gentlemen—a few biscuits, and some dishes of cherries; but, remember, every cherry has a tenant to dispute pos-

session. Here, look, there's a fine fat one nestling close to the stone."

That maggot preserved the cherries at our end of the table.

"Now, gentlemen, you know your dinner. Physiologists say that we should always leave the table with an appetite. When you have gone through the ceremony of this dinner, if you don't feel that your stomach has been made a fool of, instead of being replenished, I am no prophet. I should not be surprised to see you enter the first cake shop for a penny bun, just to stay your stomach till tea time."

"What about the wine?" said the Birmingham man, who had evidently had all the anticipated pleasure of a good dinner destroyed, and began to think longingly of home. "Is the wine all right?"

He had just ordered a bottle at three shillings.

"Right enough, if you pay a long price for it, sir; all the best wine is exported. A good deal of cheap wine is made in the cellar; a few drops of acetic acid, and a teaspoonful of syrup, fill up the bottle with water, and you have it. If you want a glass of pure wine you must go to the farmer."

"*Pharmacie*, all *pharmacie*, yaw," said the Dutchman, who had been a quiet listener.

The captain continued—

"You can buy a better wine for sixteen or eighteen shillings a dozen in London than you pay three shillings a bottle for to-day."

"Why, a gentleman on the boat told us as we came down, that there was not any pure wine in London," replied the Birmingham man.

"Did he offer to sell you any?"

"Oh, yes, and here's his card: sparkling hock forty-eight shillings a dozen."

"And you ordered some?"

"Not likely; us Birmingham people don't do business in such a hurry."

The warning, "take care of your pockets," at starting occurred to us, not for the first time, and visions

of brigands past, present, and to come floated before us.

We had taken up the wine *carte*, and were running over the list, wondering at the high prices, when the captain interposed—

"It's like fish at the sea-side, sir, always dearer than in town, so is wine, *to the stranger*, dearer in the countries where it is grown. It's a paradox, sir. French living would never do our side of the channel, madam," said he, addressing a lady on the other side; "the honour of old England could not exist on it; beef and mutton and strong beer are our bulwarks. I know a few little men in London who come abroad and go into ecstasies over foreign dishes; fellows, sir, who once on a time used to regard hashed mutton and a chop for a change as luxuries. Promoted from a three-legged stool to an office chair, they affect late dinners and foreign dishes. Sharp fellows, too, for it costs so little and makes a display. I was induced to go through the form of one of these purgatorial displays the other day. I think I have the *menu* in my pocket; yes, here it is. There, what do you think of that?" handing it to the Birmingham man.


"A lot of it."

"A lot of writing," said the captain; "plenty on the table, but nothing to eat.

"First there was a centre piece of wax fruits and paper flowers, by the hostess, raised on a glass dish, stuck on a celery glass turned upside down. Then there were some more glass dishes containing a few biscuits; a pound of cherries equally distributed on two other dishes bordered with flowers—a pretty idea, no doubt, and helps to fill up. The table was laid for eight, and there were so many glasses, water-bottles, vases, with flowers, d'oyleys, and so on, that the knives and forks were lost in the labyrinth, and where the plates were to squeeze in looked mysterious.

"I am a widower, sir, and a spinster of suitable and ripe age was invited to meet me, or to mate me. I said she was of ripe age, second thought, over-ripe, and ought to have been plucked long ago. She told of her garden at Forest Hill,

and the lovely flowers, pointing out each gem of the table, and giving it a name. They were from her choice beds; she came early and brought a good many, and helped to dress the table. Bless her, the flowers were the best part of the display. Kindly pass the *menu*, sir, and I will translate it. '*Potage, sagou*'—that was flour and water, with sago well boiled; and I thought I detected the broth from the scrag of mutton boiled for the children's dinner. '*Poisson, soles frites*'—a couple of soles fried brown, and cut into ten parts; no melted butter or sauce: anchovy, or Lea and Perrin's, never seen on a French table—nothing to stimulate appetite. All left to nature, and nature needs to be very kind sometimes. '*Gigot de mouton garni, pommes de terre au naturel*'—this was the knuckle-end of a leg of mutton, baked, cut up into thin slices, and garnished with two or three carrots and turnips cut up into dice, the whole suffocated with a brownish gravy. '*Chouxfleur au fromage*'—a large cauliflower boiled, with American cheese grated over it, and put into the oven to brown. This course is very good, if you can get enough of it; but when one flower is divided among eight, you just get enough to give an appetite for more. '*Pigeons rotis*'—these were a few pigeons; might have been rooks—they were lean enough. '*Petits pois en beurre*'—a ninepenny tin of peas warmed, with butter. '*Pouding au pain*'—a bread pudding prevents accumulation of stale bread in the kitchen. '*Dessert, biscuits.*' There, sir, that was the bill of fare of the swell French dinner, irrigated with water and claret at one shilling a bottle. The whole thing cost about fifteen shillings, wine included. How many dinners the remnants made for the family after, I would not reckon. The French never sit after dinner; so after the ceremony was over, their disciples were led to the drawing room, more hungry than when they left it an hour and a-half before, at least, I can answer for one. Coffee and the remains of the biscuits, were handed round soon after, but I excused myself, and left with a slight bilious attack, as a compliment to the hostess, which, of course, she attributed to the rich dinner, the spinster expressing, at the same



time, the greatest sympathy, I departed overcome, and repaired to satisfy the cravings of hunger at the next café, where a chop and a pint of bitter restored me. Why, sir, the plainest English dinner for eight often repeated would ruin some of these little men ; but a French dinner half a dozen times a year does not strain the purse, and they can fancy themselves great men, which does not require a very great effort of their little minds. When I used to invite a few friends to dinner, sir, in my poor Sarah's time, the wine alone used to cost me as much as half a dozen French dinners, not to mention the salmon, turkey, haunch of mutton, and bit of game. Wheugh ! foreign living, sir, would starve me. I begin to waste as soon as I leave England. We don't value English comfort till we travel. A fortnight's absence is all I can endure: when I return, my housekeeper says I look as if I was going into a consumption, and I make her words come true when she puts the dinner on the table, ha—ha."

He had all the joke to himself, if there was any, for every one was on the move. The Germans rose first, and, after bowing to each other, shook hands, and said, "God bless our good dinner," or "God bless the meal time," and departed, with a true military, self-important tread, which might have made an impression on the floor, but we are afraid if they intended anything else, that it failed.

The omnibus was announced, and many of the tourists departed for the rail to take them on their journey, ourselves, amongst the number, booking for Heidelberg.

## SIXTH STAGE.

WIESBADEN AND FRANKFORT—A SLIPPERY SUBJECT—FAST TRAVELING—WORMS—MANNHEIM—HEIDELBERG AND ITS CASTLE—A LADY'S LECTURE—MUCH CRY AND LITTLE WOOL—BADEN-BADEN AND ITS GAIETY—THE CASTLE, AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD OGRES.

SOME tourists on leaving Mayence include Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Frankfort, in their route, all being good towns, with English colonies. The watering places—Homburg with its saline, and Wiesbaden with its boiling springs—are most favoured, where the English faculty send troublesome patients, as the London doctors send consumptive patients in the last stage to Bournemouth, for the change—alas! a great change to many.

Since the gaming tables have been suppressed in the Rhine towns, visitors go for the legitimate use of the waters, though not so many as of old, when going to Homburg or Wiesbaden for the waters meant play. There is not so much difference either between the present and the past. People go now to get rid of their ailments by the use of the hot water, and many, no doubt, are relieved. In former times they used to get into "hot water" at the tables, and were very much relieved—after another fashion. Indeed we might say, utterly "cleaned out."

Frankfort is a large town with a quaint cathedral and town-hall, which preside over a group of buildings as quaint and venerable, called the old town, hemmed in all round by modern streets of fine houses, like the Irishman's coat, which had been patched so often that only a small portion remained to betray its antiquity.

In the museum a pair of Luther's slippers are preserved

to show, perhaps, that if we cannot step into his shoes, we might at least examine the way he trod.

One is apt to get speculative and mercenary, and we are led to calculate how much might be made by letting these slippers out for use at fashionable weddings in conjunction with the rice. We never could understand the witchcraft of old slippers, but there would be some meaning in pitching this venerable pair at a modern happy couple, who had just undertaken reformation from their very souls, seeing also that these very soles had once been Luther's foundation.

Frankfort rejoices, too, in having been the birthplace of G  the and the elder Rothschild: two greater names could not easily be found to represent wealth of mind and matter.

The majority of travellers leave these towns out of their programme, and go direct to Heidelberg, for which we will now start, over the Rhine by the magnificent iron bridge before named, out into the country, through cultivated grounds and vineyards, with a peep at the Rhine occasionally, which seems to have a little more its own way than farther down, and sweeps along with a rejoicing roar like the distant huzzas of a mob. On the other side of the river is Nierstein, which we remember with respect, as the wine that bears that name is very good; but you must see that you get it.

Farther on, also on the opposite bank, stands Worms, a town with a history so long that if one were to poise himself in the centre, with Ross's telescope to aid, he could not reach either end.

One small traveller, who sat quietly reading a red covered book, which crimsoned his face with enthusiasm, said, "Worms had once been a Roman settlement, and the Druids had a castle there!"

"What's that you say?" said an American. "I guess that's wrong, anyhow"—sideways to us.

The book was passed, and with a knowing wink he read, in an undertone, "The castle was erected by Drusus." Another wink at us, and he returned the book.

"Quite right. It's as true, what you said, as it is that ivory-backed hair brushes are made from the skins of white elephants."

On we rush—no, we don't; there's no hurry on foreign lines. It's a fussy sort of getting along. A spurt, then an easy, a spurt and a rest, and then a crawl, as though something was in the way; a stop at a station for a chat; fussing off again to make one believe they are doing fifty miles an hour where they only average twelve or fifteen.

Passing Darmstadt, which looked pretty, though flat, we sighted Mannheim in the distance, a large town on the Rhine, with a population of 30,000 or 40,000, including, as we were informed, about 2000 English. The same authority added, "It's a cheap place to live in, but not so cheap as it was."

In these days of failures and defaulting governments, of bonds that have paid no dividends for years, it is a consolation that the poor victims have some place of refuge where they can live, as it appears that diminished incomes and high prices prevent them doing so in their own country.

The American had been quietly taking a survey of the town from the carriage window, whilst the little man was reading it up by the aid of his red-covered book.

"That town," said the latter, confidently, "has been battered and burnt down by bombardment twice"—pulling up a little, as the American turned his eyes upon him—"so—so history tells us."

"And what else does history tell?" answered the American. "Does it prophecy what figure this town will cut, or whether it will be included in the strategy of the coming general in the coming struggle? Can't say? Waal, they grow plenty of tobacco round these parts, so there will be some smoke, anyhow."

Fifteen miles more, and we reach the university town of Heidelberg, which, like its neighbour Mannheim, has gone through many troubles; has been bombarded, burnt, sacked, starved, murdered, and worse. One wonders, when looking over its eventful history, that any forefathers were



left to hand down the present inhabitants, of whom it may be said that their hatred of the French is fully as intense as that of their progenitors—a disagreeable fact, not improbably that which keeps French visitors away. We asked a descendant of one of the ancient families if he had seen a Frenchman in the town. His teeth went together with a sound like cracking a nut, and remained like a vice well screwed up, as he answered with his lips, "Not one."

The old inn in the market-place is nearly all that remains of ancient Heidelberg (the castle excepted) a very interesting building, with a façade decorated with figures and heraldic devices.

The church opposite is curious only for the circumstance that the Roman Catholic and the reformed religions hold services under the same roof. It appears that the professors of these faiths are about equal in the town; and as each claimed the church, they, like sensible men, agreed to divide it, and built a wall in the centre. The two services are held, one at the east and the other at the west end, the party wall being well exorcised, we suppose; but we heard a cynic observe that, if a party of Ritualists were to occupy the centre, the extreme ends might be brought together. There is another celebrated church, about which one has read that while Roman Catholic doctrines were being preached inside, Jerome of Prague was expounding those of the reformation outside. In those days religious disputants, however, were not so conciliatory, or Jerome might have been "asked in," and some such arrangement made as that in the Heidelberg church of the present day. The stern reformer retaliated for the want of politeness on the part of the Roman Catholic worshippers, by nailing his expositions to the church door.

The fussy man and his red book now came to our aid, and reminded us of a name little known—Olympia Moreta, the young and beautiful philosopher and brilliant lecturer, who, flying from martyrdom in Italy for her reformed faith, settled in Heidelberg, where she taught and lectured in this the town of her adoption. Her advanced opinions, combined with rare natural gifts and polished attainments,

were here appreciated. A simple monument marks the spot where they laid the body once animated by Olympia's exalted mind.

The castle, which had been bombarded, stormed, and burnt so many times, and as persistently restored, received its final judgment in 1784, when, struck by lightning, it was burnt to cinders, except the old red sand-stone walls which now remain—a truly picturesque study for architects and picture makers, many of whom, with different degrees of ability, we noticed at work on “the ruined tower,” consecrated by the muse of Coleridge in one of the most beautiful love poems (“Genevieve”) of modern times.

The great extent of the building, and the rich and varied styles, realise greatness in ruins, for wherever the eye rests there is the evidence of former grandeur. One renaissance elevation struck us as being particularly rich, and full of elaborate details, the figures and ornaments appearing to be as sharp as when they left the sculptor's chisel at which we were surprised, as the stone is not one of the best for the art. The situation is the finest that could be selected, as it rests on a hill immediately above the town, like a king upon a dais, commanding the respect of all, for everyone looks up to it; and the old building looks down right regally upon its courtiers.

The gardens retain traces of former beauty, and the views from the terraces are charming. At the back are the richly-wooded heights, like a green curtain, reaching to the clouds; in the front is seen a lengthening vale, with the Neckar silvering the plain on its way to the Rhine. Vine terraces and richly-wooded uplands border the river in the foreground. The smoke from a passing train, like a whiff of tobacco, feebly traced the vein of the great civiliser over the long plain, stretching away as far as eye could see. The Vosges Mountains keep guard on one side, and the Bergstrasse on the other; for which sheltering care the plain is very grateful, and bears abundantly.

A conductor takes the visitors through the ruined chambers of the castle, and points out the ashes of former greatness and beauty. The round tower, where dwelt

Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England, and wife of the Elector Palatine Frederick the Fifth, afterwards King of Bohemia, is pointed out, about which a lady of the party volunteered a small lecture, which might be styled the Rise, Progress, Fall, &c. She observed that Elizabeth vindicated "women's rights" by forcing her husband to accept the throne and make her a queen; then she dwelt tenderly upon her fall, and heroically, when she spoke of the ex-queen's determination to beg her bread rather than degrade herself by work.

"I wonder if she was the inventor of that sort of thing," said the American, who, with the little man, had followed us up. "There's a pretty many of that sort about now, who would rather use the sponge than fill the pail."

We suppose he meant would rather sponge on others than work for themselves.

A room in the castle is fitted up with an indifferent lot of pictures, and some glass cases filled with relics, amongst which is Elizabeth's prayer book and Luther's ring—so it is said; but the whole thing is not worth the time or the charge for admission.

The cellar where the famous wine tun rests in the glory of its carving, ornamentation, emptiness, and bulkiness, is worth a visit. The conductor assured us it had been filled three times, but the little man's guide book differed, and said only once, and then it held 800 hogsheads.

Wandering for an hour in the town, we were surprised to see so many students (of whom there are altogether nearly 1000) with cut faces, healed, battered, in every stage of healing, plastered, bound up, and some so disfigured and covered up that only a small space was left to peep out. This was the result of modern chivalry, called "students' duels," one of which we were very near witnessing, for quite by accident we had wandered to the *rendezvous* just as a party were leaving after having vindicated their honour by damaging each other's complexions; for the face, it appears, is the target. It is said that they are proud of their scars, some of which must be marks of recognition for life; and if the honour of a Heidelberg

student requires that to such sad complexion he must come, we are thankful that we have not graduated at the university on the Neckar.

We questioned a townsman upon the subject. He said, "It is not allowed, but still they do it:" betraying a weak kind of government; and we think that a week's exercise on the centrifugal, for breaking the rules, would soon put a stop to this snobbish heroism.

A barber's shop next attracted our attention, with a label in the window—"Hair cutt, Engleesh spokn"—so we entered for a cutting. The operation was slow, interspersed with remarks in English so obscure that we thought we must be losing the memory of our own tongue as well as our hair. At last, after brushing the collar of our coat, with a gust of perfumed breath down our backbone, we were placed before a glass, when an involuntary scream escaped at our cropped appearance, and the barber yelled forth another, but in a different tone, saying, "Much cry and leetle vool, sare." He had learnt that proverb by heart. We acknowledged its appropriateness, for never since our first respiration had we been cropped so short before. He had cut our hair literally to the roots, in the German fashion. There was no redress, for he could not put it back again; and so we bore our loss quietly, asking how much there was to pay.

This question involved very complex calculation and profound thought. Looking at the number of figures, we supposed he must have divided our head phrenologically, charging a separate item, *pro ratâ*, for each development. He had an Englishman for a customer, and he did not know how to fleece him sufficiently. Looking at the fleece he had taken from us, we thought a large balance was in our favour.

A necktie was sought for at another shop, but as three times its value was demanded we demurred, when the man said, "Vill you have it for notink?"

We were equal to the occasion, and replied, "Oh, yes, if it will oblige you; but you must send it to our hotel, and include a pair of gloves with your thanks."

These are insignificant samples of the manner English people, tourists or residents, are dealt with in Germany. Even in the best shops, where one would suppose they would have some regard for respectability and fair dealing, there is one price (generally *double*) for the English and another for the Germans.

English and Scotch church services are held in the town, implying a colony of our people here, too; and where are they not?

Enough of Heidelberg. We will now proceed to Baden-Baden, which we found nestling in a valley amongst trees and shrubs, flowers and vines, luxuriating over a hot bed of mineral waters, some of high temperature, fanned by avenues of fine trees, between which fountains spluttered; laved by a river with carefully trimmed banks, bordered with flowers and plants; the stream flowing through park and town, seeking rest, and finding none, like the crowds of all sorts from all parts on the promenade, who are walking, sitting, chatting, drinking, smoking, listening to the bands, and passing away time in restless unoccupation. These crowds are chiefly English and Americans out for a holiday, with a good many Germans, and not any French. A few titled people, some genteel people, and a good many "retired" people, some so distinguished as to be one remove from trade, and who air themselves accordingly.

These are the recognised "visitors," but the thorough tourists are the best game. They fill the hotels, coming and going all day, and paying what they are *charged*. They thirst for knowledge, and get it from—a guide book, which helps them over the ground like grasshoppers. Book in hand they begin:—"Oh, that's the conversation house and promenade—used to be gaming rooms, you know." Book again. "That's the oak avenue over there." Book again. "The pump room is over there." Book again. "Oh, there's the castle of the grand duke, where those horrid dungeons are; and that's the old castle on the top of the hill."

"Shall we go up? Too far. Well, there, we have seen it all. Come on, it's time for *table d'hôte*."

Off early the next morning, they hop away, resting only to bestow the same patient and intelligent investigation upon all objects of interest that come in their way.

Truly it is a gay scene, that promenade at Baden—only to be compared with Scarborough—particularly at night, when the conversation rooms are illuminated, and every seat and table on the wide balcony occupied; the restless promenaders flowing like two streams in opposite directions. And the shops all amongst the trees, bright and glowing with all kinds of glittering uselessness, reflecting the gas-lights in the many hues of their tawdry brilliancy. But *souvenirs* must be bought, and buyers “sold.”

The richly-wooded sheltering hills all round, and the hot earth, must make it a very relaxing place; but then there are the lovely walks and drives in the woods, under the trees for miles and miles, up to the heights, to look down upon a panorama rich in everything that bountiful Nature bestows to clothe and envelop the land with beauty.

Then there are the excursions to so many charming spots, that a season at Baden is not a bad thing for change from the seaside; and, it appears, a good many think so, for the population is more than doubled in the season. The English church overflowed on Sunday morning with a fashionably-dressed congregation, and the promenade in the evening exhibited every class of Sunday clothing, the bands playing the while the gayest and liveliest of modern compositions.

We could not, like the grasshopper tourists, leave Baden without going up to the castles. The new Schloss, under which are the abominable dungeons of the former buildings, has some handsomely-furnished state apartments, but not of sufficient interest to impress one's memory, or ours is feeble just now; but the dungeons no one could forget. Indeed, we believe they will be carried upon ours into eternity.

Guided by the candle-light and the castellan, we descended into these chambers of horrors, hewn, apparently, out of the rock, where man condemned man to such savage bodily torture that we cannot believe the so-called

mind of the human brutes could have been developed from anything bordering upon Christian instruction, or progressed beyond the instinct of the wild beast of our own times.

Without light, and almost without food or air, the poor wretches lingered, enclosed by doors of stone a foot thick, and so heavy that it required all our power to move one upon its hinges. Close to the dungeon of torture, and within sound of the piercing cries of the victims, is the vault where the wretched tribunal sat to pass their barbarous sentences, and not many yards from the awful pit, recently discovered, it is said, by accident, into which the victims fell to be torn to pieces by knives attached to wheels revolving in opposite directions. The hell-hole, as the castellan assured us, still contained remnants of wheels, knives, and victims. The condemned was forced to walk towards a figure of the Virgin, which he was told to kiss; but before he could perform that act of superstitious reverence he was on the fatal trap, and with a shriek, at which the imagination shudders, fell writhing in agony upon the death wheels far below.

A thrill of horror freezes one's blood when thinking and wondering whether such diabolical torture could have been devised by beings responsible for their acts to the Great Power; and if so, what is their condition now?

## SEVENTH STAGE.

TO STRASBURG — GERMAN PREJUDICE — CATHEDRAL — ASTRONOMICAL  
CLOCK — QUAIN BUILDINGS — CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS — MUMMIES —  
FREIBURG SPIRE — BASLE — INTELLIGENT TOURISTS — FALLS OF THE  
RHINE — SCHAFFHOUSEN.

STRASBURG is about two hours from Baden, and those who intend to visit this interesting town and get on to Basle for the night, leave by an early train, which enables them to see the town "as tourists," and reach Basle about seven or eight in the evening. But to visit the arsenal, the old and new fortifications, and the positions during the siege, would require several days.

Changing at Apperweiner, the junction nine miles from Strasburg, one's thoughts naturally recurred to the time when the armed crowds of poor fellows were hastening on over this very ground, shouting as with one voice, "To Paris!" in response to the foolish shout which came from the other side, "To Berlin!" How far distant they were from either place the map indicates; but there is not any map to show the long, long route taken by so many, so very soon after, leaving behind broken hearts, widowed and fatherless homes, and such sad grief that no words could describe; broken hearts which "brokenly live on," and to which the roots of love still cling; memories desolate with the bleak shade of the past, and the fatal remembrance of the loved ones, but budding green as ever in lone and sad desolation.

"Ah!" said a German with whom we had been conversing; "you English know nothing of the horrors of war; your wars have been a long way from home, and your soldiers have not been called from the middle and well-to-do classes. Call out your volunteers, and send every man to



fight against Russia, and you will know something; but even if you go over to take London you will know more."

This joke provoked a laugh.

"I know better now," he continued; "but there was a time I did not. The desire is still cherished by a large class in Germany to humiliate England." In a whisper, "Almost to a man they are for Russia."

He need not to have told us that, a short time in Germany is long enough to measure the public feelings. It is not, however, the Germans alone who "hate England." That is the phrase; and there appears to be the same feeling, go where one may.

Questioning an English lady, who had married a German, upon the subject, she replied—

"It is not the English individually, but England as a nation, they so dislike, and I believe that I know the reason."

"May we ask what that is, madam?"

"Jealousy. The national pride is now very great, and it is heresy to hint even that Germany is only one of and not the first power in Europe, or that England has any pretensions to rank with Germany as a first-rate power."

"They know England's power, madam, if they will not admit it, and that begets jealousy. They see thousands of English touring every year, supporting their fine hotels, pensions, and schools, and helping to support their pleasure resorts—Baden, for example, which is visited by so many English in the season, and who patiently submit to high charges. This begets jealousy. They have thousands of English, supporting English churches, living amongst them, apparently in easy circumstances, which they mistake for wealth, and with a refinement of manner and delicacy of taste and feeling not yet reached, as far as we have seen, in Germany. This begets jealousy also."

The word "jealousy"—how many qualities of meaning it has, with ramifications so insidious and minute, that there is not a microscopic nerve in the human economy that does not partake of it.

"Jealousy is the word, madam; you have hit it," said a



stranger, who had been lounging in the corner, listening to our dialogue, nevertheless ; " and it's not in Europe only, there's a pretty deal of it the other side of the Atlantic. You see, England's an old aristocratic country, and the pride of birth exists there more than in any other country, may be ; it's a rich country, too, and has been successful in the world's affairs. A well-bred schoolboy, with plenty of pocket-money and an aptitude for learning, goes ahead of his fellows and creates jealousy. It's very natural. An actor or actress who can bring down the house, and a good salary at the same time, is a mark for slander and detraction. Jealousy's the word, madam. Oh ! it's all very natural, very."

We were approaching the splendid iron-bridge over the Rhine, which had been blown up at the beginning of the war, and our German friend observed, with a shudder, as we were passing over it—

" I hope the French von't blow it up next war."

We could only reply, as we had done before to similar remarks, we thought the French had had enough to last for a generation or two, when all would be forgotten.

" I wish I could believe it ; but we know how they are preparing."

He said that he had taken up his abode in England, and was just returning from a visit to his sons in Germany.

" I wish I could get them to England," he continued ; " but they have businesses, and it's not easy. Our system makes me feel as if I had no free will, and I am always glad when I reach free England again. My sons are liable to be called at any moment to serve in the army ; one was before Paris. Try to realise my feelings, sir, and my anxiety at that time ; you couldn't do it. Happy English, you know nothing about war."

We thought we saw tears in his eyes.

A poor German governess returning to a school was sitting opposite ; she had heard our conversation, and was trying to conceal her emotion.

" She lost her sweetheart in the war," the German whispered in our ear.

"There's a piece of her heart in every tear, and very natural," said the stranger quietly to us.

Yes; and hid away there, a sorrow deeper and more pathetic than ever fiction portrayed, we thought.

Many tourists alight at the first station, and walk along the dusty road to the cathedral; but it is better to remain seated for another few minutes, while the train winds round through the fortifications to the other side of the town, where the fine station is within a few minutes of everything to be seen within a limited time.

The cathedral is the first attraction, so finely-proportioned, and so full of rich and beautiful detail; but, like Antwerp, wanting one tower, which some say never was intended, and yet in the back ground of the relief, to the memory of the architects, Erwin, father and son, and the daughter, who carved some of the statues, the cathedral is shown with two towers, and in the centre, over the rose window, a kind of pediment, since destroyed. The new roof has been put on, and the damages of the siege repaired, so that the old building does not look any worse for the awful trials it has passed through—fire, lightning, earthquake, revolution, and siege. Tradition says, that the early works were performed by vassals and workmen for the salvation of their souls; a cheap way of getting work done, but, like many other early methods, the secret how to reproduce men to work for the good of their souls is lost. The moderns work for the body and its necessities; many of us won't work for either body or soul; and most of us, according to Holy Writ, work for the destruction of our souls altogether.

The interior is disappointing when compared with Cologne; the Byzantine columns and arches give it a heavy and crowded appearance. The wonderful astronomical clock appears to be a great attraction, round which in the south transept about 150 people had assembled, waiting for noon, when the mechanical figures perform. The first stroke of each quarter is struck by the Genii. The first quarter is finished by a figure representing Childhood; the second, by Youth; the third, by Manhood; and the

fourth, by Old Age. Death strikes the hours, and one of the Genii turns the hour-glass. Above these, a small figure, representing Christ, advances; figures of the twelve Apostles wind round, and as each in its turn reaches the centre figure, it jerks round about thirty degrees; then the head jerks, and then the arm of the figure of Christ jerks up. The obeisance and blessing being complete, they jerk out of sight altogether.

The next part of the performance is the most ludicrous: a cock, about the size of a bantam, is perched on a pinnacle, and an uneasy motion is noticed; then the wings flap lazily, and the bird proceeds to crow, which it does three times, in one of the most mirth-provoking chanticleer strains we ever heard, evidently taken from a young cochinchina, with bronchial accompaniments. Every one laughs, and every one suggests a remedy, from tallow plaster to Locock's lozenges, but the verger suggests black mail, which he proceeds to levy upon the English. The dials appear to depict everything horological and sidereal for all time. Eclipses and movable feasts eclipse and move on for ever; the end of the world is not considered, as everything is calculated for ever by no end of signs and figures.

The town has a large population, living in high houses and narrow streets. Some of the buildings are very quaint, all roof and windows, with four or five floors under the tiles in the high-pitched roofs, pigeon-holed with dormer windows, upon the crests of some of which cranes were perched—some like pigeons on stilts, others had sought a higher elevation, and were balancing themselves on one leg, on the chimneys. Some of the wider streets are arcaded, shading the shops underneath after the style of Chester.

The theatre and museum are rebuilt and refurnished, and altogether the town looks quite recovered from the punishment it received, except that all the streets have now German names again, after the lapse of 200 years, which the French do not consider a resuscitation or an improvement.

There is a very strong feeling existing among the old French inhabitants; but with the young, the change of government is a matter of history, and they intermarry,

without caring for the political situation. Perhaps, as the old die off, the old feeling will pass away.

The church of St. Thomas is hardly worth a visit, except to see the fine monument by Pagelle to Marshal Saxe; but the morbid desire to look at the mummies is the object of many. The two coffins with glass lids, said to contain the remains of a count of Nassau and his daughter, are placed in a kind of vestry. The features are well preserved, and the bodies, or what is left, have been redressed, the new garments only serving to make the exhibition more ghastly.

Strasburg, as all the world knows, besides its cathedral and astronomical clock, is also noted for beer, bacon, and fat geese. The beer and the bacon are innocent enough, but the torture to which the poor geese are subjected is a disgrace to humanity. The wretched birds are kept in heated rooms, and stuffed until their livers become enlarged, suffering towards the end of the process great agony. The "*foies gras*"—fat livers, potted and sent all over Europe—make a dish more rich than wholesome, and the geese have their posthumous revenge, the exaggerated luxury generally disagreeing with the gourmand.

Returning to Appenweiner Junction, we book for Basle, and creep off at the old pace, at which there is not much to complain, as we get a good retrospect of Strasburg and its beautiful spire. The scenery *en route* is very fine, skirting the Black Forest and its mountains, bristling with dark foliage, like the ostrich plumes of a mourning-coach. Opposite are the mountains of Alsace, grey, and soft as clouds on the blue horizon.

Friburg, in Breisgau, is the only town on our way to attract much attention, as the fine scenery is all absorbing, with its exceptional and very elegant Minster Spire, 380 feet high (Strasburg is 463 feet), the beautiful open tracery of which tapering upwards, with all the lightness of a piece of crochet-work, challenges attention, and cannot be passed without notice and admiration.

Many alight here and proceed to Switzerland, through the Black Forest, or through that part of it called Hölle-

thal—Valley of Hell. We preferred, however, proceeding by Bale, for we thought if we got into that Valley we might want bail in vain.

After this we soon reached German Switzerland, and anon found ourselves in our hotel on the banks of the rapid Rhine, Basle. Here some problems presented themselves for solution.

Some gentlemen, with guide books, read that the pension at the best hotels was from six to eight francs—whereas ten to fifteen francs were demanded. The solution is that low prices were current a few years ago, at the time the guide books were written, but a change has come over Switzerland, as it has over other countries, and everything is dearer. There has been an hotel mania besides, and the rush of visitors, for whose reception these palaces have been built, has not, even at double prices, been sufficient to pay for large capital and expenses. Hence, some of the more ambitious have wound up, and been unwound again by another company, often only to wind up again, until the capital is so reduced that the last comers are just enabled to make the majority of the hotels pay. But still there are some fine hotels in the more frequented parts that pay well.

The poorer class of Swiss, who suffer most, lament the advent of foreigners, forgetting in their ignorance that their romantic land is a show country, which people pay dearly to see, and which helps to fill their pockets. Even firewood is double the price it was a few years ago; and this is an item in a poor man's family, who depends upon wood for heat during often very severe winters.

But the beer question puzzled us most, which had been rising in price since our first bottle on the Rhine at five-pence. Gradually it had increased to one shilling, and here it was priced fifteenpence for a tallow-flavoured compound not worth twopence. We consequently gave up the problem and the beer, for we could neither solve the one nor afford the other.

We had our small brandy flask filled with inferior brandy, which we can get filled in England for a shilling

with good brandy. There we were charged four shillings and twopence—five francs; we expostulated, the stuff was "*champagne fin*," and must be paid for—a shame, and all very fine. Why brandy should be dearer in a country where there is scarce any duty we could not understand; it is cheap enough at the spirit stores; the hotels alone exact an exaggerated price for it. Even in France they charge double at hotels for a glass of grog to what they do in English hotels, the spirit is bad besides; indeed, altogether too bad. Not having spiritualistic tendencies we are not affected, but we note the facts as curious.

Basle or Bale, is said to be the richest town in Switzerland, the most convenient route from France to South Germany and Austria. A Swiss tour usually commences here, being convenient for the falls of the Rhine, Constance, &c.

There are numerous silk factories in the town and neighbourhood, ribbon being the chief production. The city of the Reformation since Luther, although about one-fourth of the population are now Roman Catholics. No new comer, whether he be Romanist or Protestant, is entitled to the rights of citizenship, unless he educates his children in the Protestant faith—a singular instance this of civil and religious liberty. We used to hear that only Roman Catholics were intolerant, and that Protestants protested above all things against intolerance.

The Minster is a Gothic building, with two towers, overlooking the Rhine from an elevated position.

The interior is interesting, containing a collection of antiquities displayed in the Council Hall, where the council of Five Hundred sat, from 1431 to 1448, to try and arrange a reformation; but perhaps they did not begin with themselves, and hence disagreed, which was the cause of their failure.

The university building contains a fine library, with some choice manuscripts by Luther; a museum and picture gallery, in which are some very fine pictures by Holbein, who resided in the town some time. Amongst the latter are some good portraits, retaining wonderful freshness of

colour after more than 300 years, and his very remarkable picture of a dead Christ, said to have been painted from a drowned Jew, an overwhelmed model for an overwhelming subject—result, repose. A “Last Supper,” and the series representing the Passion, are by the same master. Some of the more moderate works in the gallery are of doubtful origin, particularly those of the Italian school.

The banks of the Rhine, which is very rapid just here, are connected by a bridge, half on timber piers and half on stone—a kind of material compromise, and two swinging ferries, one above, and one below the bridge. Whether the word swinging is properly applied, read and judge—we cannot find another word, and so retain it. A rope is suspended from side to side, and by its own weight forms a graceful curve, upon which two wheels in a frame balance themselves, to which frame a rope is attached connected with the ferry boat. A man with one oar keeps the boat straight, and the current drives it; the guy rope holds it fast to the frame, and the wheels run after it along the main-rope, across the rushing torrent, when, in the strong sweep of the stream, it swings along as though shooting a rapid; but as the wheels ascend the incline, the boat eases, and swings round at the landing stage as quietly as though controlled by the skipper and engine of a Thames boat. The return is effected in the same manner.

Change the scene, please, to the railway station—time 9 a.m. Tourists arriving, and porters busy with luggage. Two intelligent gentlemen, having just made each other's acquaintance, arrange proceedings.

First tourist: “Going to Neuhausen?”

Second ditto: “Yes; are you?”

First ditto: “Yes; came from Strasburg last night.”

Second ditto: “So did I—got in at eight.”

First ditto: “So did I. Seen Basle?”

Second ditto: “Yes.”

First ditto: “What have you seen?”

Second ditto: “What have you?”

First ditto: “Oh! seen the town, and the shops, you know.”



Second ditto: "And the cathedral?"

First ditto: "Yes. Fine, isn't it?"

Second ditto: "Well, I didn't go in."

First ditto: "No more did I. Fine pictures, those of—  
of—what's his name; ain't they?"

Second ditto: "Yes, very. Let us see what Bade-a-ker  
says." [Book produced—reads.]

First ditto: "Ah, very good. Did you see 'em—the  
Dead Jew?"

Second ditto: "No; hadn't time—had you?"

First ditto: "No."

Second ditto: "Going to Constance to-night?"

First ditto: "Yes; but must see Chaff-housen on root."

Second ditto: "So shall I, and see Zurich to-morrow,  
and get on to Lucerne in the evening."

First ditto: "So shall I."

The train arrived, and we were off to Neuhausen and the Falls of the Rhine, winding along through some very fine scenery, with a view of the river occasionally tearing away—a series of rapids, with power enough to drive all the machinery in England. As the train drew up at the small station, we caught a glimpse of the Niagara of Europe. Standing for a few moments on the brow of the hill to stare at the falls roaring away below, and then to stare at the magnificent hotels and wonder:—

First—Where the money came from to build them?

Second—Where the people come from to fill them?

Third—Where the dividend comes from?—These questions might be answered thus—

First—From a joint-stock proceeding, accompanied by loss. Second—From England, America, and all the world besides, accompanied by money. Third—From profits, when there are any, accompanied by good management.

And here we began to realise that we were in Switzerland—a cloudless sky and a clear horizon (very rare) revealing the silver tops of the Bernese Overland range of mountains.

Hallo! those intelligent tourists are crossing the bridge a mile and more below. How they walk; why, the perspiration

must run down their foreheads into their eyes—seeing Switzerland through eye-cups. What, coming back again? We will go down to meet them. Here they come, breasting the hill, straining and steaming like cog-wheel locomotives.

“Well, gentlemen, what have you seen?”

“Oh! seen it all. Going to walk to Chaff-housen now.”

They had no more breath to spare; and pity suggested that we should not put any more questions. Descending, we reached the railway and footbridge, and passed over the Rapids just above the Falls, where the water comes rushing, gurgling in breathless haste, screaming at the impedimenta of the piers on which the bridge rests, tearing away to the rocks over which it leaps and falls fifty feet below, boils up, splutters, rolls round and round, and on again, waltzing and galloping with a ringing cheer.

Passing to the other side, we wound up and down, along, up and down, round, and about again, until we had seen the Falls from every position, and the result was a large quantity of snow and ice-water from the Alps, leaping over a rock 400 feet wide down a depth of 50 feet; but it does not look about half the width and height. If distance lends enchantment to the view, it borrows from the size in return. Lay this original proverb well up in your minds, all ye who travel through Switzerland, for you will find such mighty mountains as Snowden' and Ben-Nevis would look like dwarfs beside the giants of the Alps, and these giants of the Alps not looking so big as they really are, or as you expected to see them. A short drive by road, and sometimes by the river-side—which is a continuation of Falls and Rapids, whirling along to the great Fall—and we reach the quaint old town of Schaffhausen, which is worth a drive round to see the venerable cathedral, and the picturesque buildings in the streets, the heavy overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets, and the frescoed fronts—unique, even in this unique country.

## EIGHTH STAGE.

CONSTANCE — A FEW WORDS ENDING IN SMOKE — ZURICH — ABOUT  
SOME IMPERFECT CURES—A FINISHED LINGUIST—LUCERNE UNDER  
CLOUDS—SOME AWFUL CRACKERS — HOTELS—A FABRICAL BALL,  
FOLLOWED BY A TRAGEDY—A FINE MORNING—ALL OFF—UPON  
THE LAKE TO VITZNAU, FOR THE RIGI.

THE two indefatigable tourists were in Constance the previous night, and went round with a lantern to see all "the sights," perhaps; and no doubt have reached Zurich by this time. We have not any desire to overtake them, but will follow at our leisure.

The Lake of Constance is, next to that of Geneva, the largest of the Swiss lakes, being forty-two miles long and eight broad. The banks are flatter, and it has not such fine scenery as that which embosoms the other lakes.

The town is interesting; and among other remains of the past, the house of John Huss, the Reformer, is in fair preservation. The white stone in the cathedral, they say, is the one on which he stood before the Council, to which some superstition is attached; and the spot is pointed out where it is said that he and Jerome of Prague were burned. We will not stop to go up the lake, but proceed to Zurich.

Travellers—particularly ladies—are surprised, and some of the latter disgusted, at the smoking habits in Germany and German Switzerland. In every bedroom at the hotels, in every corner of the staircases, and even in some churches, spittoons are placed. In every railway carriage small ash-boxes are attached to the doors, and generally full of ash and cigar ends, the sour stale smell of which is very unpleasant to sensitive people, even if there is no smoking going on, which is very seldom the case.

Zurich is a large town, split in two by the river Limmat, from the lake, and is bounded on the west by the river Sihl, which joins the Limmat just below the town, whence they proceed side by side, flirting together, until, falling in with the Rhine, the pace is forced, and it is a race.

The University and Polytechnic have sent out some good men into the world, whose names are remembered; and we hope that amongst the thousand or so students now at the schools, some are preparing to emulate the good works of their forerunners.


The churches are of little interest; but those interested in the study of character from handwriting might inspect some autograph letters at the town library, where, amongst others, are three by Lady Jane Grey.

The chief support of the working class is the silk manufacture, which appears to be a profitable trade, one manufacturer giving his daughters, we were told, half a million of francs (£20,000) each on their marriage. When this fact becomes more widely known, Zurich's fair waters, we expect, will be visited by an influx of fortune hunters. The pity is that the old gentleman has not any more daughters to marry.

The lake is very pretty, with shining towns, villages, and villas glittering on the green banks, amongst the vineyards, and on the hill sides up to the forests; the high ranges of mountains over mountains forming a background framed in by the White Alps.

On some of the lower heights, wherever there is a fine view, an hotel is to be found. The most frequented, perhaps, is the Uetliberg, to which there is a railway. It is not, however, more than a third of the height of the Rigi.

Besides the numerous excursions and points of view which the neighbourhood of Zurich holds out, it is a good starting place for many of the snow mountains and for the Engadine, by way of Coire, that beautiful valley 5000 feet above the level of the sea, where people go for about three months in summer to escape the heat of the lower regions, and sometimes get frozen, just as some go to Algiers in the winter, and generally get roasted.



We heard of a large *pension* at Mannedorf, about half-way up the lake, on the left bank, where something new in the list of modern remedies is adopted for the cure of all kinds of diseases. We cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but simply retail it as we heard it. The only doctor is *faith*, and the only medicine, *prayer*. If this recipe be a true one, there are more "peculiar people" in the world than those in New Forest. Statistics of this institution would be interesting.

But there are so many cures in Switzerland. "The grape cure," "the whey cure," "the herb cure"—and we don't know how many milk-and-water cures.

For the "grape cure" about six pounds of grapes are consumed *per diem*, during the grape season, by each patient, which so coats the stomach with tannin that it might be said to be thoroughly tanned, and rendered impervious to alcoholic spirit and other deleterious infusions till the next grape season, at all events.

The "whey cure," we expect, is for obesity, as persons who are treated live entirely upon whey, and weigh two or three stone less in a month. If continued, possibly there might remain nothing to weigh except the ways and means left in the pockets.

The "herb cure," bitters without sherry.

The milk-and-water cures are for various diseases; but there are people who say that they are only half-and-half remedies.

This is all we could gather about these curious hygienics.

The new railway station at Zurich is a very fine structure of Italian character, around which large blocks of buildings have sprung up, and a new *boulevard*, flanked with ornate and substantial stone houses, called the Bahnhofs Strasse, leads from the station to the head of the lake.

The old part of the town is hilly, and the streets are narrow, but picturesque, gradually to disappear, we fear, to make room for the modern improvements (?) progressing all over Switzerland.

Leaving Zurich for Lucerne we soon reach Zug, and here all who have knowledge and judgment alight, proceeding to Arth, and make the ascent of the Rigi railway to the top, sleep there, and descend next day on the other side to Lucerne. We omitted this, and went on by the rail, skirting the lake through its entire length, passing the extensive buildings of a condensed milk factory. If the milk thus manipulated, which is largely sent to England, is as good as in its simple form, the English consumer derives an advantage, enabling one to dispense with the "Simpson" one is accustomed to. The butter and milk of Switzerland are great luxuries to those who scarcely ever taste the pure and unadulterated, but the cheese tastes and smells of the cow-house.

The guard came clambering along the outside of the carriage to collect the tickets—a very dangerous practice, but it is done on most foreign lines. Fancy the guard of an English train at full speed suddenly appearing outside the window, carelessly hanging on, and demanding the tickets; then clambering away to the next carriage window, and so on throughout the train! All the religious, philanthropic, and anti-cruelty societies in England would be aroused at such recklessness, and the air would be rent with the thunderings of their protests. There are those who think, notwithstanding, that where the speed is so slow, one ought to be thankful for anything that economises time. Some of the Swiss carriages are upon the American principle, and communicate throughout the whole length of the train; in which case, obviously, there is no necessity for the dangerous practice. The Swiss railway carriages are, moreover, warmed in winter by stoves. They have also rows of seats upon the roofs, accessible by means of an iron staircase. With an awning to shelter the passengers from the sun's rays, travelling by them is delightful in fine weather.

A young gentleman, whom we thought to be a German, addressed us as we approached Lucerne.

"Lucerne is very full, sir."

"Always is in the season. You speak English very well."

"I am English, sir."

"I thought you were German."

"No, no, no. I have been in Germany twelve months, trying to learn the language, but gave it up."

"Indeed! Why so?"

"Why—they have more than 100,000 words against 50,000 English and 30,000 French. What I could express in half a dozen words of English would require twenty German. What's the use of learning a language like that? It must die out; and I believe the Germans are disgusted with it, for they are all learning French and English."

"But the literature, young friend—you forget. We are afraid you were not studious enough. Now tell us where you found the difficulty—the pronunciation?"

"Oh, no! that's easy. Turn t into z, and w into v, practice hish vish and vish vash for a day, and you will soon get the accent. It's the grammar, sir. Just look here! That's a sentence with three verbs; and instead of their being spread about, as in our language, they all come in together with a rush at the end."

"Oh, that's the fag end."

A strong puff from a new cigar, for he smoked incessantly, was the only reply.

Further conversation elicited that this youth had been sent to Germany to finish his education, and having accomplished that important mission, was on his way home to his anxious parents, completely Germanised in everything but the German language.

The hotels and *pensions* of Lucerne were crowded with visitors from all nations, waiting impatiently for change of weather to go somewhere and see something.

"The weather is always bad when I come to Lucerne," said a growling visitor; "and I believe it must be under the control of the hotel-keepers, to keep me here."

Sulky looking people, mostly English, were strolling about the wet streets, looking up for a break in the clouds, but in vain. The steamboats were conveying only ordinary passengers, and those only who were obliged to go on (Cook's and Gaze's time tourists), and the Rigi railway

took a few of these "limited mail" people up into the clouds—up, up, up—and their tempers went up, up, up, too; but which got to the highest point we never heard.

The old town with its narrow streets and heavy buildings, shady eaves, and banner signs suspended from old wrought-iron brackets of curious workmanship; quaint old fountains, with quainter figures, where some of the washing of the town being performed, it is made clean, and the scandal of the town made proportionably dirtier; the old timber bridges roofed over and decorated with old paintings; the old halls and towers; all so old, and yet so very picturesque, but looking so sad and gloomy, as if mourning the incursion of modern improvements; tall houses built with huge blocks of a green sandstone; fine streets and fine shops, with elevations pilastered, corniced, bracketed, and balconied all over; caryatides, on a grand and gigantic scale, groaning beneath the weight of heavy projections, solacing themselves with fruit and flowers, which they dangle loosely in their hands—all these objects crowding and squeezing each other, and pushing the old town into a corner; and the crowding, the pushing, and the squeezing will go on until the old is extinguished by the new.

We noticed that the laminated wood arch is used to support the platform of one of the old bridges, and wondered if Brunel got his idea for the Skew bridge at Bath from this, for which he had so much credit at the time for original application. Like many other original ideas, this was born some hundreds of years before its modern adapter.

The magnificent hotels upon the borders of the lake are of immense size, and everything is conducted upon the most luxurious scale, as though they were the attraction, and not the scenery. We cannot help thinking that such appears to be the case with some tourists. We have seen people reading a novel on the Rhine, when passing some of the best scenery, and never lifting their eyes from fictitious sensation to realise the purest of all sensation—the enjoyment of Nature's beauties.



All this is, no doubt, very flattering to the author, but what must be the condition of the reader? These people, when they reach their destination, put aside the book for another development of character as concerning themselves, for whom and for no one and nothing else do they seem to live. The utmost concern is felt to get to the best hotel as speedily as possible, before all the best rooms are taken; hustling and hedging about other people they force their way, and often succeed, if a female, at the expense of what the generality of civilised mankind call delicacy. They then look down with the satisfaction of success upon those who came at the same time, and were less fortunate, because displaying less impudence and less anxiety in a matter of no great consequence.

A band was playing at the Schweizerhof (Swiss hotel), and the crowds of inmates were listening, as a change from doing nothing. At the Grand National a dance was going the round of the *salon*, to keep the spirits from going down with the barometer. Visitors continued to pour into the town with every train, and the rain poured down continuously.

The procession of omnibuses went off to the crack of the whip, and the hotel-keepers rubbed their hands and smiled a welcome, as each load was deposited at their hospitable gates. Now began the selection of rooms and the portering of luggage. Such luggage!—one would think that some people travelled for the sake of displaying their movable wealth in the largest boxes.

Soon, like a bottle of fiz, the confusion settles down, until the next train arrives, when the effervescence begins again, and the whips—those horrid whips—crick, crack, crick, crack! like a discharge of rifles close to one's ears. The drivers vie with each other which shall crack away the loudest to distress the nervous; crick, crack! rolls away to the hills and is returned again, and rolls about in distress for a refuge; crick, crack! day and night, all over Switzerland, but the drivers at Lucerne are more persistent, as if they knew that they had a fine place and must crack it up. There's a language in the whip, too, if

no music ; and crick, crack ! generally means something which man or beast educated to the language understands. A crack here and there expresses something to direct the horse ; a series of cracks in one key means one thing, and a series in another key some other thing, and sometimes nothing—all perfectly understood by the poor beast. If the driver amuses himself by practising some new combinations over the horses' backs, it is quite understood to mean nothing ; but let the right note crack forth, and the horses ears prick up and obey the call. Certain cracks at the corner of a street give information to an unseen vehicle approaching at right angles. The number of continuous cracks, in certain time, indicate to the expectant hotel-keeper the number of customers in his omnibus as soon as it leaves the station.

It is not the cab and omnibus drivers only that perpetrate this nuisance, but drivers of all kinds of vehicles—waggons, post-office vans, market carts ; and as the latter return to their homes in the mountains, winding their way up the narrow zig-zag roads on a winter's night, the approach of a bread-winner is heralded by the whip, long before the chalet is reached on the shelving pasture high above, and so expressively that an anxious wife can hear whether her husband has imbibed too much, and whether their market goods have yielded all her hopes. Shakespeare says a certain duke found "tongues in trees," but no trees ever told a poor woman an hour in advance that her husband was coming home with a pound of sausages for her supper.

An excursion from Zurich to Lucerne and round the lake had come off, and the poor excursionists had just landed from the steamer drenched, but not damped, for they were singing with all their hearts and souls. Factory people they were, of both sexes—poor people, with high cheek bones and wrinkled faces, tanned skins, and teeth so scarce that it seemed impossible the few remnants could resist the volume of sound coming from their throats, and we expected every moment to see the stumps torn out and flying to the pools of mud in quest of decent sepulture.

Young people, and yet so old—perhaps from early privations. It was a pleasure to see them so philosophically happy. They did not care for the rain—why should they? It could not penetrate their tanned skins; and really it looked as if a little more would do no harm, with the addition of soap.

What a lesson, these poor happy people out in the drenching rain, to the visitors crowding the hotels, not venturing beyond the windows, from which they cast black and sulky looks at the racking heavens which enveloped everything—black rolling masses, relieved here and there by a few small light grey clouds, which appeared to belong to the silver lining, and had been shut in by mistake, now wandering about to find a break in the dark curtain through which to escape to the blue atmosphere and glorious sunshine, from which everything on this side was separated. The nearest mountains, Pilate and the Rigi, were missed—so near and yet so far!—hidden away and shrouded by the superincumbent darkness of the heavens.

One of the most interesting exhibitions in Switzerland is the glacier garden of Lucerne, showing the work of a comparatively recent glacier, from which we can see, probably, what is going on under existing glaciers, to be revealed in future ages, when they have all disappeared. This rock was accidentally discovered recently, whilst some labourers were excavating for the foundation of a house. All the earth has been cleared away, and it is laid bare for inspection. The rock is of sandstone, smoothed by the ice water under the glacier running over it, through time which cannot be calculated; bringing down in the torrent huge boulders of granite, which must have been whirled round at great speed by the force of the water, ultimately burrowing their way into the softer stone, forming large circular wells or "pots." The boulders were discovered in the holes where they remained after their work was done and the ice and water had gone. There they now remain, presenting clean faces to the latter-day sightseers.

There are a great many of these holes of various sizes—

some from twenty to thirty feet deep, proportionate in diameter, which can be viewed from the rustic bridges and platforms arranged about the garden. Some interesting remains of lake dwellings are also included in the exhibition.

Thorwaldsen's celebrated Lion of Lucerne is near, and crouches into a rock—rather an out-of-the-way situation—and we think that the monument to the memory of the Swiss Guard, who defended Louis XVI. so bravely at the Tuilleries, should have found a more prominent situation on or near the promenade by the lake, to be an ornament for ever.

The church with its two spires is picturesque, and that is about all we can say for it. The interior is adorned in the usual ornate style of Roman Catholic churches. A churchyard surrounds it, bounded by an arcade; and a long lane from thence, divided into stages, with representations of the Stations of the Cross, leads to the monastery on the hill, and farther on the "*dre-linden*," for a beautiful view over the town, lake, and surroundings. The organ in the church is played daily, and visitors pay to hear it. The beautiful stop, which is so like the human voice, is listened to with wonder by many, but others say the organ at Friburg is superior. There must be a reason why like instruments cannot be produced in England.

The English church is commodious, but of its Gothic character the less said the better. There is also a Presbyterian church in the town.

The bells of all the hotels in succession rang out dress for dinner, which operation some who prided themselves in large boxes and many dresses had already commenced, to kill time, and to prepare for the subsequent dance as well, which some Americans were going to "knock up" after dinner. The rustling of descending silk began to whistle on the staircase after the second bell, like the east wind through a door chink; and swallow-tails and coats of all cuts and colours hustled each other as they proceeded to their places at table. The ceremony of "meal time" then began, and the band played some German music, dull and

dyspeptic enough to take away all appetite. An hour and a quarter was thus occupied, with a long wait between each course, in which one forgets what has gone before; and when all is over one wonders if one really has had any dinner at all. Such was our case, and we arose with a steady resolve not to be done, and ordered a steak with some tea to be ready in an hour. A steak is the best thing one gets in Switzerland, and as a rule so tender that even false teeth have no reason to make any complaint.

The dance was going on; and as we had had ample time at dinner to examine the heads of the people, we thought we might now proceed to watch their feet. The rest and inactivity of the day was compensated by the activity of the night.

Some of the ladies were overdressed, and some were not dressed enough; whilst some of the sterner sex looked dressed more for agricultural occupation or a cattle show than a ball room. But the etiquette of an hotel has no monitor at present, although the legitimate ball room has.

The dances were chiefly waltzes, which many joined in, but more sat down to watch the gyrations of the whirlers. We thought of "the poetry of motion" and the divine Taglioni who illustrated it, with a sigh; and we thought also, if the waltz had flourished in Albert Durer's time, how graphically he would have introduced it in his Dance of Death, painting two contorted bodies clinging in a death struggle round a whirlpool.

The best bred people were dressed the simplest, exhibiting no jewellery. People of this class do not come out to make a display; but those who have no position and little education think they hide the want of both under jewels and dress, and that they appear in the eyes of others what they are not. And—oh! what boots and shoes!—Roman sandals dotted with glittering stars—all heel and no sole. Poor girls and women! We have no wish to misjudge, but we are afraid they symbolised the wearers, whom, we wondered, they did not heel over. The heel of the shoe being in the centre of the foot formed the fulcrum on which it balanced itself and whirled, whilst the heel of the

*foot* was out of joint and useless; that which was given to take the chief weight of the body fashion consigns to rest. It will require the healing art to set it right again in due time.

Gradually the audience crept away, and some of the tired dancers slid away, until a few were left, and the waiters fidgeted about the doorways, until one more bold than the rest began to put out the lights, not without a protest from the most inveterate. He succeeded, however, in finishing his work of extinction, till all was dark, and one by one the lights through the house disappeared, and there was no light or footstep except those of the night watchman.

We had been in bed some little time, and lay wondering whether we see any of Swedenborg's correspondences as we sleep. Without the power of reproduction it mattered not, and we would not lie awake to investigate, but sleep and be thankful, and let others dream. Just as we were gliding away into most delicious forgetfulness, passing away into utter absence, called sound sleep—knock—knock—knock. Again, louder. We awoke and listened—knock—knock. It is at that door which divides our room from the next.

"What's the matter?"

"Come—help—broke—vessel."

"Wheugh!—broke the—the—washhand basin and upset the water. What's that to me? Let it go through to next floor, or wipe it up yourself."

"Come. I—am—ill"—heavily accented.

For the sake of the h's we struck a light and went to the next door, which was partly open.

"Hallo!—what's this? Horrible!—the work of a bloody hand." A chromatrope, blending murder, suicide, inquest, judge, jury, execution, blue and red fire, was revolving before our eyes. We entered. Blood became more bloody. The washstand was before us, sprinkled with blood; the basin was by the bedside, full of blood; a bloody face peeped from beneath the stained sheet, and a choking voice said, bloodily, "I have—broke a—blood-vessel—send—doctor."

It was one of the most vigorous of the dancers.

To *wake up* the night watchman, call the landlord, and send for a doctor, occupied altogether about half an hour ; and when we saw the patient attended by all three, we considered our mission fulfilled, and retired—this time to sleep.

A stream of sunlight playing bo-peep just across our eyes awoke us to behold a glorious morning. A few light clouds were still clinging to the mountain tops, and Pilate (6567 feet) had not yet relieved himself of his night cap—a sure indication of a fine day ; a mass of clouds still enfolded his crown, gradually rising and passing away into thin air, leaving him free and exposed from base to summit.

The Rigi, Burgenstock, and others had been clear long before, and the snow-caps of the Todi and what appeared to be adjoining mountains, but which really were independent of each other, were shining in virgin whiteness up—up—11,158 feet, and the shelving crown of the Tillis (9970 feet) was peeping over the mountain just opposite our window, shining like frosted silver.

The lake was still, transparent, and blue as the blue globe in a chemist's shop. Well do we remember with what delight we used to gaze upon those chemist's globes, with the gaslight behind them shedding lovely rays ; but of all the colours the blue ravished our youthful eyes the most ; and when we see anything blue and transparent the chemist's globes start up in imagination, as if in rivalry, when the strength of early impressions generally prevails. This morning, however, their azure was too strongly assailed by the lovely blue reflected on the lake. All nature was so still and in perfect repose after the storms ; but restless men and women were anything but still and in repose, for a fine day was assured by all known forecasts, and everybody was all activity, and boiling over with anticipation, rushing off by the different routes to the different attractions ; to ascend Pilate—the Rigi—to Alp-nach and over the Brünig Pass—to Fluelen—and Heaven knows where ! So there was a great exodus from Lucerne that day.

After inquiring for the patient, whom we found better, having been ordered ice and everything iced, and—oh!—the worst order of all—never to dance again, was to him the bitterest stroke of fate, and appeared to choke him nearly as he told us.

"If the doctor sticks to that," he said, "why, you know, I had better get married, settle down in an armchair, and prepare for the gout."

Hurrying off, we reached the boat just starting for Vitznau and the Rigi, crowded with passengers; and as we glided over the water of the four cantons it appeared to get more blue, transparent and glossy as refined oil.

The boat hurried along, casting a slight shade on one side, where the prow appeared to be throwing up emeralds and pearls of such a size that a shah might envy, but it was only spray. The lake, which some say is the queen of the Swiss lakes, is in the form of a cross united to a V. [We wonder if there is any superstition made out of this. V at the foot of the cross; perhaps it is a new discovery of ours, for which we might get, if not canonised, praised.] And where the cross and the V unite the entrance is narrow and precipitous. Mountains start up, almost perpendicularly from the water, which appears to be shut in without any apparent outlet for the boat.

The cross and V here shown indicate the plan of the lake, and the asterisk Lucerne. The dot shows the position of the Rigi. On our way we get a view of both arms of the lake, enclosed by richly-wooded mountains and pastures in the foreground, overtopped by mountains without either wood or pasture, some bleak and snow-covered, with just a view on the right of the tops of the Oberland, so high, so white, and fleecy, that one might mistake them for clouds. The Burgenstock rises almost perpendicularly from the lake, bristling with wood, and on a slope high up an hotel *pension* shines out white as a pearl amongst the woods. On the left the majestic Rigi, with its fine hotels





looking like toy houses ; and on the right, slightly to the rear, Pilate starts up in rugged grandeur.

Stopping at Weggis, where the pedestrians land for a walk up (we did not envy these lovers of toil pleasure), the next stop was at the small town Vitznau, so full of *pensions*—*pensions* everywhere, that really it is difficult to realise the number of our country people that are travelling to support them. "English spoken." How kind to learn our language ! It's astonishing how accommodating they are when anything is to be got by it. We are afraid to say how many inns and *pensions* there are relying for support entirely upon visitors, chiefly English, but we will estimate that there is accommodation for from 8000 to 10,000 on this lake alone. Up the Rigi they can accommodate over 2000 in the seven or eight large hotels. This is only a small part of Switzerland, but from it one might form a vague idea of the number of English touring or resting in that interesting country.

The train was waiting close to the pier at Vitznau. One carriage, capable of holding seventy persons, was soon filled, and was pushed off up the hill by the ugly-looking little engine. Another steamed up, filled, and was off. Still another and another passed on up the incline, through the chestnut woods and gardens, out of sight. The fifth was ready and we stepped in, but still many were left to wait for a train down as we started up the Rigi.

## NINTH STAGE.

AMERICANS ABROAD—GOING UP THE RIGI—A WARM SUBJECT—A SURPRISING VIEW—TEMPTING HOTELS—ON THE KULM—A REVUE INTERRUPTED—VIEW FROM THE KULM—ABOUT EXCURSIONS—ON THE LAKE—THE ST. GOTHARD ROUTE AND TUNNEL—ANDERMATT—THE FURCA.

ITALY is the show-place of Art; Switzerland, Nature. The art treasures in Italy surpass those of any other country; crowded as it is with the works of pencil and chisel, which border on the divine. Switzerland, with its bold and lofty mountains towering to the clouds, its snowy peaks and glittering glaciers, its dense forests, fertile valleys, and silver lakes, reflecting Nature's colours in every possible harmonious combination, borders not, but *is* divine. These countries are the morning and evening stars in the system of travelling Americans, of whom there were a good many in the car that carried us up the Rigi.

They generally begin with Italy, and finish with Switzerland; all other countries are lesser planets. To see Europe is the beginning and the end of an American's ambition. He is taught to look forward to travel in Europe from his youth up. The incidents of travel related by returned tourists, heard in every society, almost in every household, whets his desire, and he believes that a trip to Europe is his chief *raison d'être*, an absolutely necessary part of the programme of his life. Shopkeepers, farmers, clerks, all classes, save for it; and when they start for their three or six months' tour, according to their means or the amount of their hoard, they are generally well read up, and the fine arts works in Italy are well understood, through a long preparatory education; whilst the grand works of nature in Switzerland, its history and traditions, are as familiar to

them as the history of ancient Rome and Great Britain. They fully understand where they are going to, and what they are going to do, before they start—their communicating of information one to another is as complete as the telegraph system; and, though last, not least, they are acquainted with the French or German, and very often have acquired, at least, a smattering acquaintance with both. In every important town they have a banker, who registers their names; and these are again advertised in the list of "Americans travelling on the Continent," as well as in their newspapers circulating all over Europe. In the event of accident, therefore, travelling alone, an American can be traced; besides, it is through these sources that friends, by design or accident, hear of one another. Before departing from the town where they have registered, they go to the banker's, and write against their names in the register gone to Rome, Florence, or wherever their destination might be. We have derived some information, as to routes, *pensions*, &c., from Brother Jonathan; and one can often get more from him in a descriptive, as well as in an economical way, than from "Old John Bull."

The English middle-class travel almost without any idea where they are going, unless they elect to take tickets from a tourists' office (which a great majority do, as well as hotel coupons), when the trip is mapped out for them, and they go rushing on, picking up a little guide book knowledge on their way. Without any knowledge of a foreign language, they make many mistakes, one of which is an offensive ridicule of Americans, sometimes too openly indulged in.

"The upper ten," and the highly-educated classes of English, are reticent travellers, and appear to expect the same class reverence as they get at home; they do not get it, however. An hotel levels all!—where all men pay the same as milord, there is no distinction.

When an American returns from a tour in Europe his social status is raised, and he feels it; knowledge, combined with experience, is a compound lever, which lifts him into a coveted niche, and the three or six months, or it might be two or three years, he has travelled—the longer

the time the more his social weight increases—is all duly taken into account by the lifting power. But if he can add the Holy Land and the Nile to his experience, and a grand apartment in the *Champs Elysees* for his family during their stay in “Pa-wis,” with a “*ca-widge*” to roll round the *Bois de Boulogne*, at the fashionable hour, the acme of social distinction is reached. They are very sharp; they know it, and are proud of it.

These thoughts were suggested by the number of Americans around us as we started from Vitznau for Rigi-Kulm.

It was a very hot day after the rain, and a young lady sat next to us enveloped in an india-rubber waterproof. She must be an American, we thought, for no English girl could stand that; we ventured, consequently, to say that we thought she must find it very hot, wondering how she could endure it.

She replied, that it might rain, or it might be cold at the Kulm; besides, “Look here,” pulling a thermometer from beneath, which hung round her neck in close company with a compass, and other useful *articles de voyage*, “it’s only ninety under there, and if I were in the shadiest part of New York at the present time, I should find it more than that—pretty much, I reckon, without the waterproof.”

The warmth of her reply threw us into a perspiration—all so practical, leading us to practical observation, and we began by examining our conveyance. The carriage was an open one, with a canopy overhead, and the seats arranged horizontally, with their backs to the ascent, the ugly little engine facing, puffing, and struggling asthmatically to push us up the ascent at the rate of three miles an hour, and as we turn our head to look at the steep incline, a sensation very much like nervousness creeps over us, and we wonder whether the machinery will break down, and whether the break power is sufficient, in case of accident, to prevent us running down the hill at a break-neck pace. When, however, the engine has fairly set to work, the firm grip of the cog-wheel upon the cogged-rail is felt, as it slowly pulls away at the successive cogs, *pulling* itself, and *pushing* the carriage along, preceded by a man, who walks

in front to see that all is safe, relieved at intervals by others taking up the same steady pace, all serving to give confidence.

As the view opens and expands, everything else is forgotten; the admiration of some of nature's masterpieces absorbing all attention. Vitznau and Weggis were nestling far down below, amongst gardens and chestnut groves, of which we soon lost sight on entering a wood, whence we shortly after emerged, as a shout, sudden and simultaneous, arose from all the passengers, hailing the grand view which burst upon us in full daylight and splendour of the glorious panorama; and, although we were rolling along the edge of a giddy precipice, there was not any nervousness whatever. Intense admiration occupied every crevice of the brain, and the nerves were altogether forgotten. Long ranges of far-away mountains were bo-peeping over the lower chains. The lake so far below, and the surrounding country, spread out like a coloured map, stretching away and away beyond the focus of our vision; and soon after there was nothing to focus upon, as we entered a tunnel cut through the conglomerate of which the mountain is composed, through which we soon passed, and then crossed a long spider's web-looking viaduct over an abyss. This yawner got over, we soon reached the first station, Kaltbad (4728 feet), where there is a fine hotel, and a large bathing establishment.

A branch line conducts from here along the ridge of the mountain, in about twenty-five minutes, to Scheideck (5407 feet), by a railway, tolerably level—and they say it is the highest on earth; but that is a good deal to say when the wonders of one day are eclipsed by the wonders of the next.

At the first station on this branch there is a handsome hotel *pension*, and at Scheideck another, as large as those on the Kulm, with baths and every luxury to tempt the tourist or health-seeker to make a long stay in this charming situation, which commands nearly as fine a view as from the Kulm.

Proceeding from Kaltbad, we reached Rigi Staffel (5210 feet), and here is the junction for the line that runs down

the other side of the mountain to Arth and Zug. Several fine hotels are hereabouts; and, after taking in water, we proceeded to the Kulm, crowned by its two excellent hotels with restaurants, which set us wondering again at the enterprise of Swiss capitalists—first, to construct the railway, and then the number of convenient hotels, open only for the few summer months, as the mountain is covered with snow and the railway impassable half of the year. When the snow begins, about the middle or the end of September, the Swiss hotels in elevated positions are closed, and left to the care of men engaged for the purpose. The proprietors, waiters, porters, carriages, horses, and drivers follow the swallows, and flit away to warmer regions—the south of France, the borders of Spain, Italy—anywhere tourists are to be found; there are they ready with hotel accommodation and other conveniences to take the English money. Some of the higher Alpine hotels, like the Grimsel and Furca, are only open three months in the year, and during that time surrounded by snow. Then they are usually full, and not extravagantly dear, considering that every supply has to be carried up from a great distance. As we neared the Kulm, the young lady encased in india-rubber became restless, and appeared to be watching the banks, scarcely green with the short grass, with impatience. We ventured to enquire what disturbed her.

“Looking for a plant,” she replied.

“You are German?” We knew better, but wanted to say something.

“No—ooOoo—o—I am an Amur-y-can.”

This reply was given with laudable national pride, and an expansion of the figure to the greatest stretching power of its india-rubber covering.

“You are English?” she confidently suggested.

“Yes—ah, we do things in our country upon a smaller scale than your countrymen; they do everything ——”

“Tip-top,” she interrupted.

“Getting that way, madam,” we replied, casting our eyes towards the Kulm, now only a short distance above us.

“Going to sleep up the Rigi?” she asked.



*[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

and wing our way through space, like a cloud—or—or a butterfly."

A pause here to hum a few bars of "I'd be a butterfly."

"We wonder if we shall be as free as this cloud—or any other cloud—to sail at will, when we have shuf-fled off this mor-tal c-o-i-l; but stop, the clouds are *not* free, the wind carries them where it listeth, and the wind is *not* free either (the N. W. makes too free with us sometimes), for it is hurried hither and thither by changing temperatures. Is—is—the spirit of man free when it leaves the body? *that is the question.*"

"Can't say"—titter—titter, titter.

Turning round, we saw the American lady, still encased in india-rubber, who had overheard us, and, elastic as ever, gave the abrupt answer to our meditation, with a titter, titter, titter—

"Why, I heard you wish for wings, but you have been up pretty high above the clouds, I reckon, without any, silly-quizzing like that. Never mind about the spirit; if it *is* to have wings, it will find them, I guess, just as your body found legs. Be practical, and just look at my botany book; that's the Adelvice I ran to pluck. Do you go in for geology? I have some nice specimens from the Alps—crystals, agates, lapis-lazuli—all pretty fine, I reckon. Come and help me to find something on this hill; there might be a bit here and there, pitched in unawares, into this conglomerate of mud and stones. I always like to get my specimens from *situ.*"

And a pretty situation we were in. We had evidently been soaring too high, and brought back to the practical world again by this little chatterbox; however, we contrived to make excuses, and got away to another part of the hill, where we found enough reality to occupy our mind, without speculating on things no human being has ever solved, or ever will!

The long ranges of snow mountains, from east to west, appeared resting upon the clear horizon—one soft, blue, irregular stroke from the brush of the great master, softened into the sky with the softest of badger-brushes;



a soft touch of the purest white distinguishing the higher mountains—the Glärnisch (8496 feet), the Todi, the Titlis, with its white saddle back, and the Oberland, paying homage to its virgin queen, the Jung-frau (12,828 feet). The middle range, or middle distance, was peaked and craggy, torn asunder and worried, as though split up by some asthmatic convulsion of nature, piled up here, tossed about there—in any but an orderly way. In the foreground were the ranges within the reach of man's patient labour, showing cultivated plateaux, and slopes dotted with chalets, fenced in with forests, rising upwards from the lake, and the valleys; the valleys so deep, as though drawn inwards by a deep breath of Nature; the hills so high, as if expelled by her terrific gasps! The lake, blue as a turquoise, and glossy as a newly-polished table-top, with the steamers gliding along, looking about the size of large flies skimming over the surface of a pond.

Turning to the north, we overlooked the lower regions, jewelled with small lakes, variegated with villages and chalets, fields of many hues, and vineyards of many qualities; and the sensation of being up in a balloon was realised, hanging over the world with a vision strained to its utmost limit.

Turning once more to the snow mountains, so white, and standing out bolder and clearer from the horizon as the sun neared the west, very soon to be lit up with the golden tints of sunset, gradually creeping up from the valleys, until the whole will be a blaze, with the rosiests of golden lights, followed up gradually by the shadows, up, up, until the last ray on the highest peak passes away to the hovering clouds which linger near, and then the mountains appear to be vomiting clouds of red smoke.

In the morning the order is reversed, and the *first* ray of pale light is caught by the highest peak, and the light creeps down, chasing the shadows away in turn, upon the simplest of all principles, that the highest point peeps farthest down the horizon, and snatches the first as well as the last rays of the sunlight.

Upon descending the mountain by the railway, a peculiar

optical deception was observed; the carriage being level by means of higher wheels next the engine, the passengers appeared to be running on a level plain instead of descending—hence trees and other objects appeared inclined respectfully towards the carriage; everything looked out of a straight line; and of the trees one might say they bow, but that would be one who could be guilty of a pun.

The next morning there was the same hurry and bustle in Lucerne among the new comers, who had filled up the hotels on the previous day, to start for various destinations. Some were going over the St. Gothard to the Italian lakes, others to Andermatt and over the Furca to the Rhone glacier; thence over the Grimsel to the Falls of the Reichenbach and down the lake of Brienz to the Falls of Giesback; on again then to Spiez, from thence over the Gemmi, one of the most precipitous passes in Switzerland, scraped into the side of a perpendicular rock, descending in zig-zags, and in some places bracketed out just wide enough for a mule to pass, then down to the Rhone valley, to Brieg and up to Zermatt, where there is a grand view of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa (14,237 feet); an excursion from Zermatt up to the Riffel hotel (8,429 feet), open from June to September, and thence to the Gorner Grat (10,289 feet), where one might fancy himself a snowman, or an ice-peak, so thoroughly is he surrounded by snow and ice, white mountains and glaciers. This being one of the most beautiful excursions in Switzerland, embracing some of the finest scenery, we are surprised that it is not suggested, as a whole, in any guide book we have seen.

Two things are only necessary for the enjoyment of this beautiful excursion, besides health, viz., money and fine weather, with a tolerably steady head. A still steadier head is necessary for the many high flights some climbers take, plenty of inducement, and the aid of good guides are to be found in the neighbourhood of the accessible heights, but where is the mountain that is not accessible to the experienced climber? There are so many places

of interest to be reached from Lucerne as a starting point, directions for which are to be found in the guide books.

We chose our next excursion down the lake to Fluelen, passing Tell's chapel, or "Telle's platte," where many land; and, perhaps, of all who land there, not one in a hundred disbelieve the legend of William Tell, and his escape from Gessler at this spot, so poetically described by Schiller in his well-known poem, although in the archives of Switzerland no such name or history as Tell's is recorded, any more than the archives of Germany contain any record of the "tyrant Gessler." We really feel sorry that it is all a myth, but for the want of evidence it must retire behind facts into the doubtful regions of tradition. The lovely scenery that encloses the lake is too quickly passed in the steamer to be fully appreciated; and the only way to enjoy it is to make use of the hotels and *pensions* to be found everywhere on the shores, changing from day to day until a complete tour of the lake is accomplished. Landing at Fluelen, the bottom of the lake, carriages and diligences wait to take the travellers on their way, a little bargaining being necessary beforehand to prevent extortion.

The St. Gothard is a beautiful route, level for some distance through Altorf, the scene of Tell's fabled exploit, and where they still persist in the history, and even point out the spot where the boy stood. We also have a recollection of reading or hearing something about one of our Queen's ancestors having lived in this town. The ascent begins after Altorf is passed, following the rapid Reuss, now on one side, and now on the other, crossing it by many bridges, hemmed in by rocks and forests, mountains, and ravines. Fleecy white cataracts appear to creep down the mountain sides, apparently as snails creep, when seen far away; then, like roaring torrents, boiling and rushing down the rocks, out of hollows and ravines to join the river. Immense stones lie about, detached from the mountains, and some look dangerously near to the humble chalets as if preparing to annihilate them; but the poor people take no heed, utilising the surfaces of these immense blocks for vegetable gardens; and we have seen potatoes growing and

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looking well in the shallow soil laid over them. The small, poor farms in the mountains, some on shelving rocks overhanging a precipice, cultivated to the very edge, look rather dangerous; but some say the families have adhesive shoes to keep them from sliding over. By what ziz-zag process they are reached is one of the mysteries of the roads. The houses are mostly of wood, and cold and miserable they must be; but, as some say, philosophically, the inhabitants are not so badly off as the Laplanders.

Passing several villages and scenes of varying interest, we reached Geshönen, once consisting of only a few cottages, now a considerable village, the residence of the people engaged in the construction of the Swiss end of the St. Gothard tunnel, the entrance to which and the works in connection are in the ravine below. It was curious to observe this place, so recently sprung up, with its stores, and every temptation for the money of the labourers, many of whom were off "duty," and were playing skittles on several pieces of ground improvised for the purpose. Some of the houses were built close to the brink of the deep abyss, in which the Reuss runs, tearing on from the falls above the Devil's Bridge, roaring, hissing, and foaming past every impediment. The population must be a curious one; for we observed a notice board near the tunnel works, on which the directions were painted in four languages—Italian, French, German, and English; and, no doubt, men from each country are engaged in the work: the outcome of this will probably be a *patois*. Large sheds near the mouth of the tunnel contain the hydraulic engines for pumping air into the cylinders to be used for ventilating, and which are at present used for driving the boring machinery, the air for ventilation being taken in cylinders by locomotives, worked by compressed air to the mouth of the tunnel, where a hose is fixed to the pipes, and the air passed in just as water would be. The boring apparatus is simple. Large steel punches work rapidly, striking the granite, and turning about half a circle at each blow, by which means scraping its way into the hard rock, and reducing it to a powder as fine as tooth powder.

About sixty strokes are made in a minute, by which time a hole two inches in diameter and about one foot deep is bored. The granite rock is in this way honeycombed with holes, when the remainder is easily knocked away by the workmen; another set of men following up with the hard granite blocks arching the tunnel as the boring proceeds, and thus are the workmen on both sides burrowing their way through the primitive rock towards each other, at the rate of about twenty-seven feet in twenty-four hours, ultimately to meet in the centre, when the longest tunnel in Europe will be completed. Great numbers of workmen are employed preparing the granite blocks for lining the tunnel, which are quarried near. Locomotives, worked by compressed air, conveying them and all other necessities to the workmen. The noise of the boring apparatus is almost intolerable, and it appears as though the incessant blows of the punches must shake the mountain to its foundation, for it seemed to tremble, or our nerves did.

From these works to the Devil's Bridge is the wildest part of the road to St. Gothard, and the most dangerous in winter, as avalanches are frequent. Where most dangerous the road is tunnelled over. The huge pipes conveying the water from the Reuss to drive the hydraulic machinery at the tunnel works run alongside of the road.

Winding our way up between mountains of granite rocks, piled high above on either side, from which huge masses had been successively detached, and rolled about in disorderly confusion, without a sign of vegetation, the Reuss rushing along the bottom as though disgusted with the place, and in a hurry for a more genial bed. Here for two miles and a-half the traveller winds about surrounded by savage grandeur and desolation.

The painful stillness of this ravine affects the unsentimental with a peculiar disposition of the muscles of the legs, called a run, until fairly out of it, but the sentimental pause, and preach sermons to the rocks about other people, without any reference to their own hard natures, making music out of their own footsteps, and the surplus roar of the rushing waters. Monomaniacs, misanthropes, and all

those who have no peace within themselves, and are so persevering to inoculate others with their miseries, are recommended to form a colony here, and live—a quiet time can be assured to them.

The old Devil's Bridge is twenty feet below the new Devil's Bridge, where a correct likeness of the owner is painted on the adjoining rock, with horns, tail, and pitchfork, in the appropriate colours—blue and red. Why, the bridge was so christened we do not know, unless perchance his highness might have been seen in the neighbourhood, or that it might have been considered a fit dwelling-place for him.

It was near the old bridge that the French and Austrians met in 1799, when the French were victorious, although the Austrians blew up the bridge; and a month later the French in their turn were defeated by the Russians, farther down, near the lake.

A few more windings through a long, dark tunnel and the valley of Uri was before us, surrounded by mountains of eternal snow. Three or four villages, the chief of which is Andermatt (4738 feet), are a short distance apart, and the inhabitants exist upon what they get out of visitors in the season, and what they get off the land in their short summer, during which snow sometimes falls. On the 2nd and 3rd of July, the two days before we were there, it had been snowing continuously. No corn will grow—no fruit or vegetable, except a few poor cabbages, potatoes, and a few other roots. Food for the cattle is the farmer's harvest, and they sometimes cut two crops of grass during the season. The way they make it is peculiar. They have a number of sticks, about five feet high, with short cross pieces—like a perch for a number of birds—round, and upon this the hay is piled, which enables the air to pass underneath, and so dries it quicker.

The drive from here to the top of the Furca (8000 feet) is by one of those wonderful roads we see in Switzerland. A fine road leads in windings up the Realp, and then round the edge of the Furca, a giddy height; but the diligence does it. Snow is generally lying about on the

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top, from which there is a grand view of this side of the Oberland and the Mont Blanc, and Monte Rosa chain, with the Rhone Valley and glacier below. The Queen spent a few days here at the solitary hotel a few years ago, and the leaf from the visitors' book, where she signed her name as the Countess of Kent, and the names of others in her suite, hangs framed in the *salle-à-manger*.

## TENTH STAGE.

AMERICANS AGAIN — TO STAD — THE DILIGENCE AND FELLOW TRAVELLERS—WHAT'S IN A CRACK—LUNGEN—THE BRUNIG—THE GIESBACH—THE FALLS ILLUMINATED—INTERLACHEN—BED-LAM—LAUTERBRUNNEN AND GRINDERWALD—THE ICE GROTTO—THUN, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THERE was a great row going on as we were leaving Lucerne. A carriage and four horses had been ordered by some Americans to take them to Brienz, but one horse was lame, only three able to go the journey, and not an extra horse could be obtained in the town. It was evident that the Americans had no choice. One said it was a great disappointment, as he had reckoned upon going the journey in "pretty good style." Doubtless, he thought the absence of one horse would have an effect upon public opinion *en route*. This love of display characterises a great many travelling Americans—people who began life poor and at last find themselves rich; people with plenty of money, but without any idea how to use it discreetly.

There are not so many of these gentry "about" as there were a few years ago, when it appeared that they only travelled for the purpose of getting rid of their money, vying with each other which could spend the most. Some of them affect the titles of "Dr." or "Honourable," and others, for the sake of greater distinction, perhaps, claim relationship to distinguished compatriots, living or dead — amongst others, to the great philanthropist, George Peabody. Titles and aristocratic descent they pretend to ignore; but there is not a people we ever met more ready to pay homage to an English aristocrat, for the purpose of making acquaintance, than the section of our American



cousins we are feebling describing. If a titled English family happen to be staying at the same hotel, every effort is made to attract their notice by lavish display, at the same time affecting some title, such as "Honourable." To lavish money anyhow upon anything obtains, no doubt, some distinction, particularly with hotel-keepers, who reckon up their customers to a mutually satisfactory total. The extreme of this inconsistency of character belongs only to a class, but it has different degrees. Most of our transatlantic friends partake of it, more or less. There is, even amongst the most respectable and discreet, an inward, seemingly irresistible reverence—or we will say, respect—for a well-bred English gentleman—not a little jealousy mixed up with it, no doubt. But commercial crises and bad trade keep a good many of these people at home, and a quiet and more careful class are now travelling who lament the ridicule some of their countrymen have provoked.

Perhaps no people feel bad times in America, or the effects of a war in Europe, more than the Swiss; and during the last Russo-Turkish war the Russians were very much missed, as well as the English and Americans.

The steamboat took us down the right arm of the lake, and then by a very narrow channel into Lake Alpnach, which is fast filling up. At the end of it is Stad, where the diligences wait to take passengers over the Brünig Pass. Having taken our places we looked round to see what our fellow-travellers were like. A lady sat opposite, holding an alpenstock; and judging from the number of names of mountains burnt into it, she must have been a persevering climber. Next sat an old gentleman *vis-à-vis* to his wife, both looking pale and sleepy. It is surprising the number of old people that one sees travelling about, and of such an age that one might suggest that they would be better at home, packing their knapsacks for the "long, long journey"—or it might be short, for aught we know. Up in the mountains, down in the valleys, there they are, as restless as the young, and often trying to emulate their exploits when these are not too ambitious.

Our old neighbour began to grumble as soon as the whip began to crack, which it did incessantly.

"Never was in such a country in my life," the old gentleman said; "no rest, day or night, for the cracking. I shall be cracked myself, if I don't get away. Put up at Alpnach last night; hotel built of wood, you know—couldn't sleep. As soon as the horses and whips went to rest the room began cracking; the ceiling first, then the panelled walls, then the floor, keeping up a catch all night. Catch me there again—no, no! My wife's a spiritualist, and believes in raps; but I never was wrapped up in it myself. She said it was all owing to the spirits; so it was—the spirits of turpentine evaporating from the wood."

A very pretty drive along the flat, crossing many picturesque wood bridges, passing the village and lake of Sarnen, and we began to ascend, soon reaching the village of wood—Lungern, with the lake of that name a little below, a part of which has been drained and the reclaimed land cultivated. The village is built entirely of wood, like a toy village; even the chimney stacks of some of the houses being also of wood. How they preserve them from taking fire more frequently is a mystery; but it is not unusual to hear of an entire Swiss village being destroyed.

The retrospect here is very fine over the cultivated valleys, with the lakes and their tributaries, some dashing down the mountain sides in heavy falls, surrounded by barriers of high mountains, over which there is a glimpse of the snow peaks of the Oberland.

Like every journey in Switzerland, the enjoyment of this pass depends upon the weather; for it frequently happens that clouds envelop the mountains; and it is very disappointing, on reaching the top, to find a dense fog, and be told of the fine view, if only the clouds would clear away. The view on the Brienz side is very extensive, embracing part of the Oberland. In front are the mountains which wall in the beautiful valley and lake of Brienz from Meiringen to Interlachen. Falls of different magnitudes course down the opposite mountain sides, some more

like streaks of chalk than waterfalls; and as we descended the pass—or more properly the road, for it is a fine, wide road—we appeared to be looking down upon the valley from a perpendicular height of 3000 to 4000 feet—so high that the road and the river down below looked like a pair of grey and white lines running parallel. The road winds sometimes under overhanging rocks, which look dangerous—zigzag down, down, until at last we reached the very spot we had been looking down upon from high above, which we thought we had been leaving miles behind: the deception of a zigzag road is so complete. Reaching the edge of the Lake of Brienz, the steamer was waiting to take the passengers across to the landing stage for the Giesbach, where the luggage was left to be carried up, and one has the choice of being carried up also by *chaise à porteur*, or walking.

The roar of the great Falls as they dash down from 1000 feet above appeared to increase as we ascended. Reaching the plateau upon which the hotel is built, opposite the Falls, one is astonished at the enterprise in risking so much capital upon such a magnificent building and its surroundings, in such a remote spot, for the tourists, who come and go only during the summer months, and of whom few stay more than a single night. This hotel is as fine as anything in Switzerland; and the *salle à manger*, *salon*, and *salon de lecture* are fit for a palace. The *salle à manger* will dine three to four hundred people; and the novelty of the whole thing is enhanced by the waitresses in their characteristic Swiss costumes—velvet bodices adorned with silver chains, snow-white habits, and sleeves with skirts of some bright colour. The bodices, chains, and ornaments are heirlooms in some families, and are much valued. Close to the hotel is a *dependance*, where visitors intending to stop a week or two are received *en pension* from seven francs a day. A week or so can well be spent here, if one has time, there being ample to occupy attention in short trips, or in strolling through the woods; and when tired of that, sitting under the verandah to watch the streams of visitors pouring in day after day during the season, as

much as five hundred a day very often. Besides, there is the *restaurant*, continually full of people, who come from the surrounding neighbourhood to spend a few hours.

The illumination of the Falls with Bengal lights is a great attraction. This exhibition is quite unique; and when the great body of water has the red light thrown upon it, a deluge of blood appears to be descending; blue and yellow lights follow in succession; but still more unique is it when the three leaps are lit with different colours. When the illumination is over, and the waters are again obscured by the darkness, the roaring and splashing only remaining to remind us of the vortex at hand, and when one reflects upon the source of this great Fall, and all the Falls, which are only drains from the great glaciers up in the mountains, he is lost in amazement at the tremendous body of water held in suspension, but gradually melting to supply falls and lakes and rivers, to become the swelling floods of the rapid Rhone and the storied Rhine.

Leaving the Giesbach after a short trip up the lake, and a shorter by rail, we reached Interlachen, where the hotels and *pensions* were crowded with English, Americans, and a few Australians and Germans.

There is not much to see in Interlachen, which owes its existence as a pleasure resort, perhaps, to the fact that it is on the high road to a good deal that is worth seeing. The old part is crowded with quaint and sombre-looking wood houses, some of immense size, heavily loaded with balconies, brackets, and bold carving. Huge walnut trees abound, the largest in the world, they say; and the inhabitants have laid out pleasure grounds with a *kursaal* open free, where a band plays daily to amuse the visitors, as well as to keep them from passing on too quickly. Upon the visitors a local tax is imposed; and this is the only place in Switzerland where we saw this tax added to our bill for a sojourn of two or three days. The *permis séjour* is paid for everywhere; but as far as our experience goes, the hotel-keepers arrange; and although they might charge it indirectly, we never saw it in any bill, even after

a long stay of some months' duration. Every morning an official calls for a list of those who slept in the house the night previous, with their addresses and other particulars, which to us English appears inquisitorial.

The coming and going from Interlachen is much the same as at Lucerne; all bustle and excitement when fine, *ennui* and grumbling when wet. Sometimes an hotel-keeper has a telegram to let him know that a Gaze or a Cook's personally-conducted party of fifty are on their way, for whom he has to provide. Another, that a party of a hundred Americans might be expected; or that a party of rich Russians, paying like princes, are doing Switzerland, and might be at Interlachen very soon. Such bits of excitement go on through the season, and the hotel-keepers are all on the alert to bag the best game. Numbers appear to make no difference; the huge hotels are capable of absorbing all. Some of these are almost palatial.

There were about three hundred in our hotel, including a great many ladies of all ages, some travelling quite alone. Indeed it is very common to meet even young girls quite alone, living at the hotels and *pensions*, looking for opportunities to join eligible excursion parties, if not a more permanent joining.

Some Germans had come in late; and as we were on our way to our chamber, a great fuss was being made by one of the new comers—a baron.

There was only one bedroom, with the usual two narrow beds to be had, and the baron was storming because he must turn out or let his wife sleep in the same room!

"I will not let her come in here, it is inconvenient," he said.

The chamber-maid called the proprietor at last, who explained the alternative, that he and Madame la Baronne must occupy the same room, or go to another hotel. There not being another room unoccupied had an appeasing effect.

"Well, I will permit her to come in to-night," said the model of modern chivalry; "but you find her a room to-morrow." That was promised; and the landlord retired,

the baron shouting after him, "Mind you conserve a room." And then he went in talking to himself, and we overheard, "Oh, it embarrasses me! it does so embarrass me!"

The poor wife followed, looking anything but pleased.

Next morning there was a laugh over this little episode at the breakfast table among a few who had heard it: when one gentleman said, with a strong German accent, "He ought to go to England." When asked to explain, he said, "When I first took my wife to England some years ago, we arrived late at an hotel in London; and as in the case last night, there was only one vacant room with one wide feather bed. As we are accustomed in Germany to separate bedsteads, with spring mattresses, my wife declared that she would not occupy the room, but must have one with two beds. It was late, and she was tired, and only became pacified when told that she must share the bed or sleep on the floor. We stayed a fortnight, and I heard no more complaints. On our return, however, to Germany, the old bed was not so well appreciated. It was cold—it was hard—and otherwise complained of. Time passed, and I had to go to London again—this time alone, and stayed at the same hotel, where I found a letter just arrived, in my wife's handwriting. Fearing some unexpected cause I tore it open; it was very short:—

"DEAR FRANZ,

"You asked me what I should like as a present from England. Do bring me a good wide English bed.

"MARIE."

The Jungfrau (13,671 feet) and Silberhorn shine forth in dazzling whiteness between two ranges of mountains, and look so near that one might fancy he has only to walk across the green in front of the hotels, and almost reach the foot. Some people we met tried, and returned in about two hours, saying, the more they walked towards it the farther it appeared to walk away. Size and distance are very deceptive in Switzerland.

The suppressed monastery is used for government offices and a hospital. The nunnery is restored to its old use—a prison, except that both sexes now occupy it, of a criminal and not a religious order. The church of this old religious establishment is now used for English service, the Roman Catholic is next door, and the Presbyterian next—all under the same roof. If the churches of various denominations throughout the Christian world could only arrange internal differences in the same harmonious way, there might be a little more peace upon the earth and something of a foretaste of heaven.

There are many fine views to be obtained, with varying time and labour, from the mountains around Interlachen; but we left this fatigue for those who like it, and drove through the beautiful valley to Lauterbrunnen, under rocks towering 1000 to 1500 feet high, following the course of the Lutchine, and reached the valley of brooks and springs as soon as the sun, which, although it was nearly ten o'clock, had only just begun to make himself felt, his bright rays putting a cheerful look upon everything.

The hotel-keepers were advocating trips to Murren, the Wengen Alp, or anywhere rather than to go back in the same carriage without giving them an opportunity of sending you somewhere.

"Surely, ladies and gentlemen, you won't miss such a day as this for seeing Murren—this is a day that ought not to be lost," thinking, no doubt, more of the loss to themselves than the pleasure lost to the tourists. *Chaise à porteurs*, carriages, mules, and guides, only awaited the bidding.


Murren (5348 feet), nearly 3000 feet above Lauterbrunnen, is a favourite spot for viewing the Bernese Alps with their glaciers, which appear quite close; but it is frequently disappointing, as, unless the weather is clear, you see nothing but clouds. Here, too, are some fine hotels (where are they not?) provided for the tourist, which cannot be open more than four months in the year, and how they pay is a problem to us.

To Grindelwald over the Wengen Alp, by mule or on

foot, is another excursion from this valley, near the summit of which (6184 feet) the hotels are situate. A fine view of the Jungfrau and Silberhorn is obtained from the Wengen Alp, robed in virgin white—perhaps the best point to view the young lady with her silver horn. Many tourists rest here for a few days, and are frequently disturbed in the night by the roar of avalanches descending opposite, and apparently quite near. There are many excursions from Lauterbrunnen, but these two are the most frequented.

The valley of Lauterbrunnen is narrow, bounded by high mountains, over which a number of falls are precipitated, and course away to the Lutchin. The principal is the Staubbach, which descends in one leap of nearly 1000 feet; but the body of water is small, and by the time it reaches the bottom takes in air and floats in misty globules, the sport of "every idle wind," reflecting in the sunshine prismatic rays. A gentleman, having first put on a waterproof, walked under it; and when he emerged looked as if he had been out in an April shower. There are some fine echoes—for which some parts of Switzerland are noted—near here; and, as usual in these places, a man is stationed, with a number of horns of different sizes to awake the echoes from the hills, and at the same time an echo from the pockets of the audience.

The road to Grindelwald is interesting, following the course of the river, hemmed in on all sides by picturesque mountains, some starting up suddenly, like phantoms, at a turn in the road, others sloping or shelving with grassy plateaux, and dotted with chalets. Some of the slopes were so much inclined, and verging on to precipices, that one would fancy the people who work and dwell there must have feet with claws to prevent them slipping over. The children run and crawl about the most impossible-looking places for feet and hands without claws. Numbers of beggars infest the roads, occupying the covered wood bridges, the steep ascents, or any place where the carriage is obliged to go slowly, for the Swiss beggars are not so persevering as the Italian, and will not waste their strength





following a carriage at a trot for a mile or two. Men with horns to awake echoes and an exhibition of a live chamois were among the other candidates for the tourists' money.

The valley is said to maintain a great number of cattle, but sheep and cattle are seldom seen in the valleys in summer. We have heard people say that they have travelled through the country without seeing either, and wondered whether there were any beef or mutton producers left. Carts filled with blocks of ice from the glaciers, covered with flannel, were met at intervals on their way to the station frontier, from whence the ice is dispatched anywhere its cooling influence is needed.

Grinderwald is a poor scattered Swiss village, composed chiefly of wood huts covered with the wood scales so common in wood houses, instead of tiles, upon which laths were placed as a rest for heavy stones, to resist the hurricanes which often rush through the Swiss valleys with terrific force.

Piles of wood collected in the summer are stored near each for fuel, which must be needed nearly all the year in this cold valley, surrounded as it is by mountains with their eternal snows and glaciers, from which drains the coldest of streams, making up a river of ice water which runs away puffing and blowing as if in a hurry to get the chill off.

The hotels are the mansions of the place, and the proprietors the aristocracy; but what rank the thousands of tourists who come and go occupy in the estimation of the poor herdsmen inhabitants, we can only conjecture. They have a hazy idea that we all live in houses of silver and gold, filled with coins to an inexhaustible extent.

All sorts of mountain excursions, aided by first-rate guides, tempt us to risk our life amongst the treacherous snows and glacier traps; but there are some which ladies undertake, and which involve little, if any, risk.

The glaciers, over which tower the Eiger (13,000 feet) and the Wetterhorn (12,160 feet), are undergoing a rapid natural decrease. Nature, however, has the assistance of art in

the case of the lower glacier, where the ice is being quarried and carted away to the centres of demand. The glaciers are scarcely worth a visit, unless you proceed higher up, where it is called a sea of ice, but anything more unlike a sea we never saw; the exhibition of Cannes barleysugar in the Paris Exhibition, increased to gigantic proportions, would be more like. The upper glacier is a good walk from the villages, under which a tunnel has been cut into the ice, called an ice grotto, to enter which one has to run through a shower of ice water at the entrance, when he finds himself in a long arched passage bored into the ice, about twenty or thirty yards long, ice all round, refracting the most beautiful blue rays of light. It was one of the most novel situations we were ever in, and we were about to say that we almost thought ourselves at the time an ice Triton, if it were not a trite and not a nice comparison.

Returning over the pastures we were surprised to see the grass infested by locusts, with bodies as big and as round as our little finger.

All kinds of refreshments were offered on our way back, from champagne to whey; but our way was to Interlachen, and thither we hurried as the sun was getting low.

A pleasant trip by rail from Interlachen, and by steamboat up the Lake of Thun, and we reached the town of that name. Here, again, one is set wondering at the palaces called hotels, provided for the tourists' enjoyment. Verily one ought not to grudge his money for the accommodation afforded, looking fairly at the risk of the proprietors in venturing so much capital for such short season harvests.

The Belle Vue is the most beautifully situated, in large and well laid out grounds, reaching to richly-wooded heights, from whence fine views are obtained. A ball-room, theatre, reading-rooms, and *dependances* occupy the grounds, built in the picturesque Swiss style, surrounded by flowers, lawns, and fountains, and close to the lake.

Thun is a most interesting little town, full of quaint streets and old Swiss buildings. The church stands upon

a hill, which rises somewhat conically in the centre of the town, and is approached by a winding road, or a shorter way by steps. The view herefrom is charming, over the old town, with the two arms of the rapid river rushing through. The cultivated plains and villages towards Berne on the one side, and over the lake on the other side to the Niesen (7763 feet), rising like a pyramid—a favourite mountain to ascend for a fine view of the Alps. Farther off is the Blumlisalp robed in snowy whiteness, which looks down upon the lower ranges with all the importance of 12,041 feet.

The churchyard is large, and contains many tombs with inscriptions in English. The old castle, now used for cantonal offices, stands upon the same hill, and is of little interest, except that it helps to fill in the picture.

## ELEVENTH STAGE.

BERNE—CURIOUS CLOCK—BRUIN IN ARMS, AND IRUIN IN PRISON—  
FINE BRIDGES—THE TERRACE—CATHEDRAL, AND A THUNDER-  
STORM INSIDE—FRIBURG—WIRE BRIDGES—CATHEDRAL, AND  
LOVELY ORGAN—AVENCHES—THE THREE LAKES—NIUCHATEL—  
LAKE DWELLINGS—COLLEGE—FINE VIEW OF LAKE GENEVA—TO  
LAUSANNE.

BERNE, the capital of Switzerland, retains many of the national characteristics in spite of modern innovations, new streets, and buildings rapidly extending.

The principal street of the old town is very long, and the footways are arcaded, which makes the shops dark. Over these are high houses of many stories, their heavy eaves overhanging, umbrella-like. Many of the windows have balconies, and the window-sills cushions, where the Bernese matrons and maids sit and knit during their leisure hours.

There is a great deal of curious old wrought-iron ornamental work about the town, for bracketing signs, &c., worthy of observation; and looking at the modern iron gates, balconies, doors, shutters, it is evident that iron work is still an art in which the Swiss excel.

A general system of water supply has not yet come into operation, and the old street fountains still do duty, presided over by their grotesque sculptures. The ogre fountain, with its curious old ogre in the act of devouring a number of children, is as popular as ever with the tourists, but the clock tower, with its curious old clock, attracts the most attention. Just before the stroke of every hour a wooden cock gives notice with a wheezing crow, and flaps his wings; a number of bears march round on their hind


legs; the cock wheezes again; a figure strikes the hour; old Time turns his hour-glass; another faint wheeze from the cock, and the performance is over. This always provokes a laugh from the strangers, who make up a small crowd just before the striking of the hours. The whole is much smaller than the Strasburg clock, and quite a toy compared with its scientific rival.

Berne also boasts of an old town-hall (date 1406), recently restored, a museum, picture gallery, and theatre. The new Federal hall is a fine Italian building, where the Federal Parliament assembles, and the new hotel, which adjoins, appears to rival it in extent. Round this side of Berne quite a new town is springing up, with fine modern buildings and handsome shops—a contrast to the picturesque old town.

"It is the railways that have done all this," said an old Bernese; "bringing foreigners to the town, and ruining the old traders. Everything is dearer, even firewood is double what it used to be."

The increased cost of firewood appears to rankle in the bosom of the natives; they always quote it. It was useless to argue the question, or to attempt to show the grumbler that Switzerland would be a poor country without foreigners—particularly English, who have to pay dearly for all this pronounced nationality; for it appears to be quite as much a religion to fleece an Englishman "abroad," as it is for a Moslem to kill a Christian. However, when one gets accustomed to bargain for everything he buys, and to see that his change is correct, even after paying his fare at a railway station, he is surprised to see a small purse saved at the end of the week.

The system is not creditable to Continental people, and it is ungrateful, seeing the hospitality and fair dealing they meet with in England. In Germany this system is carried more to the extreme than in any other country; and we have heard some of their own people with better principles admit it with regret. An English lady was going shopping with a German friend in one of the Rhine towns, and her friend said, "Let me speak in the shop;



for if they find out you are English, they will double the price."

The heraldic emblem of Berne—a Bear—confronts one everywhere to an overbearing extent. One would think him a distinguished ancestor of whom the Bernese were proud, and to keep up the family connection some descendants, whose lineage *can* be traced, are settled in a pit at the end of the town. Here Bruin frets his prison life away, like the wolves at the capitol, in Rome, in mournful luxury, at the public expense, supplemented by voluntary contributions of cakes, which he gratefully acknowledges with a hug when he gets an opportunity. Several cases are recorded, the last in 1861, when an English officer fell over, and lost his life in Bruin's fond embrace.

We were attracted there, not to see the bears, but the magnificent stone bridge which spans the river, near the dens, at a height of about 100 feet from the springing of the arch. It is one of the finest stone structures we have seen: there are three arches, the centre having a span of about 160 feet.

The iron railway bridge higher up the valley is another fine structure, combining a roadway for ordinary traffic underneath the railway. This bridge is 600 feet in length, and about 150 feet above the valley.

The views round Berne are charming and extensive, embracing the Bernese Oberland—clouds and weather permitting. The town is built upon a rock, round whose almost perpendicular sides the river winds some hundred feet below in the valley which stretches away almost to the feet of the snow range of mountains, of which a view is obtained anywhere not blocked up with buildings; the best is from the terrace near the cathedral, where seats shaded by trees enable the spectator to contemplate with ease and comfort the fine panorama spread out for his admiration.

It was a fine evening in August when we were there. The sun had just set, leaving a crimson veil floating upon the horizon. The white snows of the Oberland giants

gradually crimsoned, until the whole range glowed with tropical hues, like a painted beauty rosy with carmine; and as the last rays passed away over the mountains, and the white snows became paler and sallowed by the fading twilight, we were forcibly reminded of a beauty *without* paint.

A charming lounge is this, and the Bernese appear to value it, young and old occupying the seats all day. Young girls knitting and gossiping; knitting, perhaps, a net to catch some "merry Swiss boy"; nursemaids knitting, gossiping, and neglecting their charges; old women knitting and gossiping with old men, as though there were no other threads left to console them for the evening of life and its infirmities.

The cathedral is not worthy of much notice. The west front is the best part of it, having a deeply-recessed porch, moulded and sculptured, the figures representing the Last Judgment. The organ is said to rival the one at Lucerne, and the recital consists of very much the same kind of music. It was nearly dark when the "Thunder-storm" was played. The roar of the thunder from the great pipes had a terribly real effect; and if the flashes of lightning running along the piccolo notes had been accompanied by a little resin blown through a candle, the deception might have been complete, albeit it was somewhat novel to hear lightning.

Passing the Federal Council Hall the next day, the members were assembling for a great meeting—a curious assembly, apparently composed of different nationalities, most of the members speaking in the language of their own Cantons—German, French, Italian. Besides these three languages, there is the Romanic spoken in one part of Switzerland, and then there is the *patois*, which appears to be a conglomerate of the rest. One, therefore, need not be surprised if the Swiss do muddle sometimes.

The railway station is a fine building of Italian character. Railway stations somehow have an attractive influence, gathering round them a growth of fine buildings, in a competitive style, and Berne is no exception.

A journey of about an hour over another magnificent

iron-trellis bridge of great length, which crosses a deep ravine, and Freiburg station was reached high above the town, of which little is seen.

Like Berne it is built upon a rock close to the ravine, through which the river winds. Seen from one point of view, it reminds one of an English country town, with a late decorated church tower, like those so common in the West of England.

The thread-like wire bridges which span the valley are a great attraction, the longest being about 300 feet longer than the Clifton Bridge, and as high above the narrow river, which winds round in the hollow of the ravine. It is a light and graceful structure, the suspending ropes consisting of a number of wires in one length bound together, passing over towers, the ends being secured to anchors in the earth in the usual way. The vertical suspension rods are also of wire, looped to the catenary, and with loops at the other ends to sustain the platform. A troop of cavalry had to pass over, but only eight were allowed upon the bridge at one time, when we noticed a deflection caused by the regular tread of the horses. Even when two or three persons are crossing together, there is a slight vibration; and it struck us that when a gale of wind is blowing, this platform and that of the other bridge up the valley must oscillate very much. The other bridge spans a much deeper ravine, and, although not so long as its elder brother, it is nevertheless a long, narrow, and giddy way, rather longer than the Clifton Bridge, and like a cobweb compared to it, the only novel feature being the absence of towers, the wires passing into and being secured to the sandstone rocks on either side.

The town of Freiburg is hilly, and contains little worthy of notice, excepting the cathedral, the sculptures on the west front of which are curious. On one of the side altars we observed two skulls, and enquired to whom they belonged. The woman who acted as verger replied, "To the church."

"Yes; but who once lived and breathed through them?"

"St. John and St. Paul," she answered.




We asked no more questions.

The organ commenced playing such soft, sweet, and tender music that all the tenderness of which we were capable appeared to swell in unison; such sweet feelings were awakened, such delicious memories crept over us as the *vox humana* stop poured forth sounds—now like a fine tenor voice, now like treble, and then like baritone, afterwards blending altogether, as though mingled in one grand, sweet sound, partaking of many—now like a distant choir, so soft that we felt gliding away towards the sweet tones—then again bursting forth with such ear-splitting power, which, if it did not exhaust the swell-box, took away all the sentiment evoked by the sweeter tones, and our breath at the same time, reminding us of the steam hammer, which can be adjusted to tap so softly as not to disturb the nerves of a sensitive fly, or to bang away thunder enough to stun an elephant.

An old lime tree, whose aged limbs are propped with stone crutches, has its tradition; we did not stop to enquire into it, but passed on, up the steep and narrow street, to the station.

Many people make excursions from here to Avenches (Aventicum), the ancient Roman capital of Switzerland, where many remnants of former greatness can still be traced, and results of numerous finds are to be seen in the museums. Near are three lakes—Morat, Bienne, and Neuchatel.

The town of Neuchatel is beautifully situated, gradually rising upwards from the lake, a fine sheet of water, nearly 200 feet above the level of the lake of Geneva. From nearly every part a fine view—including the Oberland, when clear—is obtained.

The lake, like all the others, is fast filling up, and steps are being taken to clear it, as the navigation is interfered with; this has revealed some of the piles upon which the lake villages were built. In prehistoric times villages existed built upon piles driven into the bed of the lake, and at some distance from the shore—not because the site was more preferable than the land, but because, so it is con-  


tured that it was more secure from the surprise of enemies, or, more likely, wild animals. Relics of these interesting people, the primitive Helvetians, have been discovered from time to time, and deposited in the museums, proving their existence in remote antiquity, and down to the period of the Roman invasion.

Looking at these poles, until recently submerged and hidden for so many years, we think that they must belong to a later period, although discoveries in stone and bronze prove that villages must have existed upon the same sites long anterior—how long is a problem to be classed with many others archæologists have yet to solve. Evidence of these early lake-dwellers is to be found on the borders of nearly all the Swiss lakes.

The town of Neuchatel has some good streets and shops, with, here and there some quaint old buildings. On the borders of the lake are some grand hotels, the chief of which—a new building—was started by a company; but it did not pay, and was afterwards sold for less than half its original cost. Alas! poor shareholders.

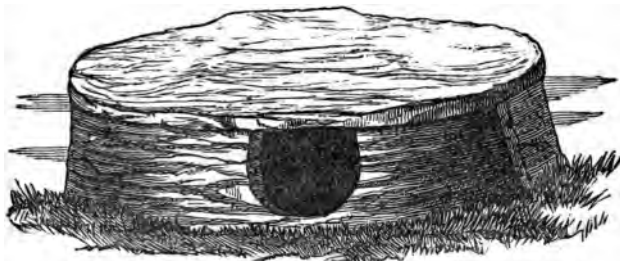
The wine grown in the neighbourhood is very good, the best we tasted in Switzerland—some of the best vintages being nearly as good as the best Rhine wine. It will not stand exporting, however, without fortifying it to such a degree that the wine is spoiled. A champagne is made and exported, but it does not equal the same kind of wine made in France.

The chateau, where the cantonal council meets, and the old church stand side by side, on a hill of considerable altitude, overlooking a valley from a perpendicular height, from which rises—up, up, up—the densely-wooded Chaumont, 2400 feet above the town. There stands, just under the brow of the hill, a large hotel *pension*, commanding a balloon-like view, enveloped with an atmosphere so bracing and exhilarating that a cripple might throw his crutches away and run, as some are said to do at the shrines of miraculous saints.

The church dates from the twelfth century, and has been recently restored, but the cloisters and some other parts

remain to crumble away. From an æsthetic point of view, we do not know which we prefer, but incline to the old ruin rather than the new.

In the churchyard stands a statue of William Farel, the reformer, and near thereto, a prehistoric sepulchre of the bronze age found in the neighbourhood. This consists of a huge block of stone hollowed out, with an opening on one side.



The College is one of those large State educational establishments which exist all over Switzerland and Germany, where the highest education is to be obtained at the lowest cost, the fees not being above £8. per annum. Some English people avail themselves of the advantages, a consideration where there are many children, to get them educated cheaply, the parents being able to live moderately at the same time, in the same town. The professors teach modern languages, and *how to speak* them, in addition to the usual classical routine—an advantage the German system has, for you rarely meet a well-educated German (and where is the German not well educated?) who does not speak French and English. Look at the great number of them in London at the present time—variously estimated from 100,000 to 200,000—and compare their average cultivation with the average one of English working men, and the latter will suffer, we are afraid, in the comparison. The large colonies of Germans in America make good citizens; and make money too—the outcome of a good

educational system. How common it is when one of our boys or girls leaves school, after learning French and German for three, four or five years, not to be able to string a few words of either together intelligibly, and then he or she must be sent to France or Germany to enable them to bring out that which ought already to be within, if it is not—and frequently is not. A German, in half the time, will learn and *speak* two foreign languages. The fault must be in the system of original instruction. If the Germans can learn to speak French and English without going to France or England; if the Russians, who are better linguists still, can learn three or four languages in their own country, and to *speak* them satisfactorily, why cannot the English? A good school in England where German *only* is spoken, and another where French *only* is spoken, would spare many anxious parents the sorrow of parting from their children, to send them to a strange home in a strange land to learn that which for years previously they had been paying. Americans are alive to the value of modern European languages. The English and French are in the rear.

About eighteen miles from Neuchatel, high up in the mountains, 3250 feet above the sea level, in a valley where corn seldom ripens, stands a populous town, La Chaux de Fonds, supported entirely by the watch-making trade, which helps to supply the whole world. The work is carried on in the dwellings of the workmen, each producing his own speciality, and the whole is put together in the factories. We were surprised at the price at which some watches are produced here. Fancy a silver watch for eight shillings, and a gold one for sixteen shillings by the gross; but these are only made for the China trade—so they say, but we know some other cheap Johns besides John Chinaman. We observed an elderly English gentleman buying a watch of a person who represented himself to be a buyer for a London house. The greatest secrecy was to be observed—the whole transaction was one of favour and confidence, with the final injunction telegraphed by putting one finger vertically to the lips: “Not a word as to where you got them, or what you paid”; telegraphed

back in the same manner, signifying, "You can trust me." The old gentleman left with his treasure, and a satisfied smile. He felt himself lucky to have met with such a nice fellow—so kind to let him have watches for his grandchildren at cost price. It would have been a pity to disenchant him, or we might have said that he could get a better article at a shop for the same money.

We returned to Freiburg to pursue our journey to Lausanne, although there is a nearer way—preferring a longer journey from Neuchatel on account of the splendid views *en route*.

Reaching Romont, a great many people changed for their favourite mountain resorts, *via* Bulle and Gruyere, the latter the celebrated cheese-making place. Little, however, of that sold for "Gruyere" is made here, any more than all "Stilton" is made at Stilton.

Many enthusiastic travellers were loud in their praises of the different beautiful spots in this locality, and the cheap and good *pensions* everywhere, of which Chateau d'Oex appeared to be first favourite.

Leaving our friends to pursue their way, we went on ours, and soon the charming mountain scenery of Savoy was disclosed, with the snow-white peaks of the Dent du Midi, and Mont Blanc majestic in the far distance. Passing on we entered a tunnel; and as we were in the last carriage, shout after shout reached us from those in front. It was only momentary, when we also emerged into light, and involuntarily shouted with surprise and delight. We were high up on the mountain-side, and before us was spread out nearly the whole length of the blue Lac Lemman (Lake of Geneva), with the mountains of Savoy on the left, and the Jura chain on the western horizon. It was a transformation scene, the most surprising and the most beautiful it was ever our lot to behold. The grand lake reflecting the soft blue sky—a deeper and richer blue; the nearest mountains deep in purple shadows, graduating with distance into blue so soft as almost to mingle with the cloudless blue atmosphere. The white villages looked more than white in the afternoon sunlight, the roads

more chalky, the vineyards more green than emeralds, and the flowers more gushing than even this bit of description.

But we have since seen this lake and its surroundings in very different aspects. We have seen the mountains robed in spotless white, and the lake grey as ice. We have seen these mountains, when black clouds have hung over them, frown as black in return, and the lake sulky and leaden unrelieved, except where a thinner cloud strained a ray of feeble light through to catch a ripple here and there. We have seen a great thunder-storm having all its own way in the mountains, with the lightning searching every crevasse, and momentarily waking up the lake with a kind of quiver, whilst the opposite shore was rejoicing under a clear sky and brilliant sunshine. We have seen snow-storms, and rain-showers reflecting prismatic rays, pass down the centre of the lake without touching either side. We have seen storms coming up the lake, the black and heavy clouds floating on its surface, and spreading over the shores; the lightning, like terrible meteors, flying in all directions, and the thunder like a continuous cannonade; every window-shutter closed to every house as it approached, all the hatches secured, and everything made taut to resist the coming storm, which hurried along, and at last burst overhead with a deafening roar, discharging lightning so vivid and continuous that the darkness was only intermittent; a heavy down-pour followed, with pieces of ice like lumps of sugar, and the storm passed on until exhausted.

We have seen the setting sun, like a column of polished gold apparently many miles in length, reflected upon the waters, and then gradually disappear, leaving the lake changed to a pale blood-like hue softened with copper shades, and the mountains glowing like a clear fire, a silvery emerald greenish-grey following and deepening until night spread her shroud and closed the scene, and then—we have not seen anything for awhile.

And the lovely moonlight—her majesty heralded over the hills by a glow of warm rays, and rising with a blush as she beholds her lovely form in the mirror beneath, which

appears to have received an extra polish in anticipation, without a ripple of discontent. Now dense indigo clouds pass over, edged, pall-like, with silver, and like a coy maid she hides her face, now peeping out shyly and now boldly, with light and beauty more brilliant and intense by contrast. As the year wanes, and the warm vapour, refracting media, no longer exist, she sails through space a bold and glittering brilliant. The lake, now all restlessness, vies with emerald of many hues, sparkling on its trembling breast to rival the pale beauty which it feebly copies, now rippling forth a tapering ladder glittering with jewels, as if to woo a closer union between space and matter.

Watching the many atmospheric changes upon this lake one day, the following poor lines oozed out:—

Watching faintest indication,  
Morn approaching, soft and glowing;  
Tender touches, o'er creation,  
Ruddier and intenser growing.

Watching dancing light and shadow  
In and out the mountain side;  
Passing cloudlets shade and mellow  
Harsher tints on vale and tide.

Waiting many a nook and sideway,  
Umbrageous grove and shivering wheat,  
Waiting piercing rays of noon-day,  
And revivifying heat.

Watching, as the day is wearing,  
When the thunder-clouds appear,  
Weary eyes and weary bearing,  
Eager hope, desponding fear.

Waiting on the deep horizon,  
Shrouds of purple veiled with rose,  
Changing to a bath of crimson,  
Melting, fading in repose.

Waiting for the lingering twilight,  
Placid lake and ruffled billow,  
Streaked with violet and green light,  
Contrasting with the deepening shadow.

Deep and deeper grow the shadows,  
Faint and fainter land and main ;  
Plains and forests, deeps and shallows,  
Wait night's impenetrable reign.

Watching, through the darkness piercing,  
Gleams of that which underlies.  
Winging upwards, no more waiting,  
The freed and wondering spirit flies—  
Whither? Whither?

Whither? echoes from the sages ;  
Whither? from the planets thither ;  
Whither? from the rocks of ages ;  
Echo only—whither? whither?

The railway descended the sides of the hills, and the fine  
view enlarged as we ran into the station at Lausanne.



## TWELFTH STAGE.

LAUSANNE—MARKET AND MARKET PEOPLE—A STORY OF THE JURA  
—NAPOLEON AND HIS ARMY IN LAURANNE—CEMETERY AND  
J. P. KEMBLE'S TOMB—A SWISS FUNERAL—VEVEY TO CHILLON  
—ROUSSEAU AND BYRON'S GROUND—GORGE DE TRIENT—  
MARTIGNY—A TRUE STORY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

LAUSANNE is a favourite resort for English people, as Vevey and neighbouring places higher up the Lake are for Russians, who during 1877-8 were very much missed, but who no doubt will return as soon as home troubles cease, and they are at liberty to wander again; for, like the English, the better class Russians are migratory.

Like all towns in Switzerland, Lausanne retains a good deal of its ancient character. The streets are narrow and steep, but very clean, and the shops are excellent, some very ornate with engraved and polished marble columns and cornices and large plate glass windows, following the example of the new villas and fine blocks of buildings growing everywhere around, promising a large and important town for posterity. The Castle and Cathedral stand upon the side of the hill, the buildings of the old town clustering around and encircled with walls, as of old, some of which still remain. The Castle is now the Cantonal Council Hall. The Cathedral is being restored, and is interesting. On the west end is a tower of three stories, heavy in proportion, but lightened by each storey being arcaded; and at the east end there is a very interesting Gothic spire of about the same height as the tower. The west porch is recessed, and bears sculptures of the Twelve Apostles; and there is a projecting south porch, also sculptured. The building dates

from the Eleventh Century, but the chief portion that exists is of the Thirteenth and later. The interior is vaulted, and the choir has a semi-circular colonnade. Some Byzantine columns and curious old tombs are worth inspection.

The service is Calvinistic, and Lausanne is not exempt from differences in religious opinions, as nearly all shades are represented, from Roman Catholic to Plymouth Brethren. The Presbyterians have a large new church, in which the service is rendered in English; and the English Church, a new building by E. Street, R.A., is just complete at a cost of about £6,000, where a large congregation assembles at every service.

The situation of Lausanne is very fine, being on the slope of Mont Jorat, terraced with vineyards all round, and commanding a view of the whole length of the Lake and bordering mountains. From the heights above the town the snow cap of Mont Blanc is visible when clear. A hill, called the "Signal," about half an hour's walk, the terrace in front of the Cathedral, Montbenon—a terrace level with the town shaded by fine trees, are all favourite points of view.

There are some fine walks and drives all round the neighbourhood. The Berne road, for those ambitious of a higher altitude, and the Morge or Vevey road for a flat walk or drive, are among the favourites, besides there are plenty of boats for a sail or a row upon the Lake, whose waters also steamers skim over all day for excursions to the many pretty places on its shores. Hotels and pensions abound, some of which are as fine as any in Switzerland, surrounded by gardens, and commanding fine views.

"The Hotel Gibbon," where the great historian lived, and it is said wrote a portion of his Roman History, is a flourishing concern.

Byron, writing to Mr. Murray, June 27th, 1816, says: "I enclose you a sprig of Gibbon's Acacia, and some rose leaves from his garden, which with part of his house I have just seen. The garden and summer-house where he composed are neglected—the latter utterly decayed. Although they still shew it as his Cabinet, and seem perfectly alive to his memory." Everything, however, is in better order than in

Byron's days, who, perhaps, could he see the spot now, would exclaim, "Old things have become new again."

"Richemont" and Pension Victoria are finely situated, but the "Beau Rivage" on the bank of the Lake is palatial, and being delightfully placed in the midst of large and park-like grounds and gardens, is a favourite resort for Russians and distinguished foreigners. The fish from the lake usually supplies the tables, is like salt water fish, scarce and dear. Some of the trout are as large as salmon, but, with the best of the fruits in season, the best of the supply goes to Paris, and might be seen in the shops on the Boulevards the morning after it is caught.

Looking at the thousands of acres of vineyards on the shores and slopes of this lake, one would think that enough wine was grown for consumption without adulteration; but it appears not, for a Geneva paper had a paragraph giving an account of the seizure of several casks of adulterated wine which the merchant was obliged to empty into the gutter there and then, notwithstanding some must escape official watchfulness; for, according to the same paper, there were twenty manufactories in Berlin alone for the manufacture of chemical adulterants for wine. It further added that out of 300 samples of wine analysed, 280 were found to be adulterated.

The vintage about the end of October is a busy time, when the roads are lined with horse and bullock drays coming from the vineyards loaded with casks containing the juicy produce on their way to the different depôts.

The vines like those on the Rhine grow about three feet high, and the fruit is not very sweet, producing after fermentation a coarse kind of sour white liquor. The grapes are bruised in small hand mills and fermented. The residue is pressed, and the whole process is much the same as cider-making. The end of the vintage is usually celebrated by a *fête*, and at Vevey, Evian, Villeneuve, and other wine producing districts, they illuminate and otherwise display their gratitude to Providence with rejoicing.

The fine horses in this part of Switzerland are most remarkable; and those immense beasts—the beef producers—

are as big as elephants. A very good law prevails that the latter, without exception, as well as all cows, should be led by halters under the care of men through the towns, an arrangement very satisfactory to nervous ladies. Every town has its abattoir, and no animal is allowed to be killed without having been first examined by the inspector. Neither is any meat allowed to pass out without a similar ordeal. Veal is larger and more wholesome than in England, as it is not allowed to be killed so young. Lamb is rarely seen.

The fine and substantial buildings in this town are upon the same scale as Paris houses, and like them let out in flats, or, as they are called, apartments. They generally consist of six or seven rooms with kitchen, and are, for the most part, built of marble from the Savoy mountains, with dressings sometimes of the same, and sometimes of green sandstone. The marble is blue, rather more so than pennant, but when polished it comes out black. The masons dress it beautifully sometimes, with punched panels, and with the fillet borders polished. The entrance gate pillars to some of the villas are quite works of art, with sunk panels, having polished ornaments, and the mouldings of the caps and bases beautifully worked and polished, the fine wrought iron work in the gates themselves worthily rivalling the mason's art.

The joiner's work is mostly of oak and walnut. The floors, which are fireproof and non-conductors of sound, are of oak and walnut also, in various patterns, oil polished. With such beautiful floors carpets are unnecessary, but the poor servants have severe labour to keep them polished, skating over with brushes attached to their feet or else moving backwards and forwards a large handle brush, to which a heavy stone is attached. These floors are common all over the Continent. In winter double windows are provided, and with the method of economizing heat by means of stoves and an arrangement by which the grate, if an open one, warms the air behind it, pouring a good stream of hot air into the room, winters are more comfortable than in England. Beyond doubt the cold is sometimes severe ; but the air is so dry, and the sun so generally shining, that the Swiss is preferable to the English winter. Building is expensive, being done in such a sub-

stantial and frequently ornate style, sometimes almost overdone with carving, in consequence of which rents are dear. Some of the villas are very fine and costly buildings, so we must conclude that there are some rich people living in Lausanne. We observed that in the construction ladders and scaffolding are not used, but inclined planes instead, whilst for the carving and cleaning down a platform is suspended by pulleys from the roof, by which means the workmen can let themselves down or raise themselves upwards at will.

We were much amused to see a man repairing a water pipe outside the third floor of one of these high houses. He had a long rope with knots about a foot apart attached to the chimney stack, which descended to the ground. Strapped to his legs were stirrups with hooks. Attaching the hook to the highest knot he could reach, he drew himself up. Then lifting up the other leg—the hook secured again—he rose another foot, and so on, foot by foot, till he reached the desired point, when attaching the hook of a wide strap which hung across his shoulder to one of the knots, he passed the strap under him and sat down, and set about his work as unconcerned as though he had been sitting at a bench on *terra firma*, although he was suspended some forty or fifty feet from the ground.

There are a great many curious old fountains in the town, one in nearly every street. From these the chief water supply is collected by the residents, and to eyes accustomed to see water carts laying the dust in summer, it is amusing to watch the men with brandts (tin vessels which hold about twenty gallons each) on their backs, pouring the water over the hot stones as they walk along by means of an india-rubber distributor.

Roads, with avenues of trees planted, are laid out for building upon an extensive scale; and the land is increased very much in price, as much as £3,000 an acre being paid for select situations or for special buildings.

The new theatre is a fair size, and a very pretty tasteful building, combining with it a concert room, billiard room, café and gardens.

The market is held in the streets of the town. The poor shrivelled faced country people bring in their produce, which they display upon trays pitched on the edge of the narrow pavements, creating great obstructions; but as an old institution it is tolerated.

In winter when very cold, these poor people try to keep themselves warm by putting their feet on boxes filled with smouldering charcoal, some of the more extravagant having one also in their laps to thaw their frozen fingers. These boxes (*chaufferettes*) are frequently taken to church for the comfort of the worshippers. Fancy an English lady walking to church, carrying a portable stove in one hand, and her prayer-book in the other! Most of the poor market people walk many miles in the early morning, and in winter sometimes, when the thermometer registers twenty-five to thirty-five degrees of frost, they trudge through the snow with their hottes on their backs, upon which, piled one over the other, are the trays containing a few leeks, turnips or some other poor produce to enable them to take back in exchange a few bits of calico, print or anything not obtainable near their isolated homes.

The "hotte," a large basket tapering downwards and fixed to the shoulders by straps, is an integral part of a Swiss peasant, and he is never seen without it. The basket's duties are to carry and contain, whether it be garden produce, manure, or goods and chattels. It is said that the furniture of a seven-roomed apartment can be removed by the *hotte* and the man. We have never seen quite so formidable a load as one of these *demenagements* on one pair of shoulders; but we have seen enough piled up to over-balance the man although it did not appear to disturb the *hotte*.

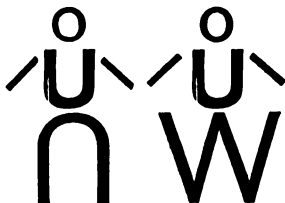
A large market is held near the town hall, on the "Riponne," a large square, where there is also a corn-market. In these markets anything and everything is sold for the sustenance, use and comfort of man, from roast chesnuts to a baby's cradle, or an arm chair for old age.

The snow lies about in the hill districts nearly all the winter, and often the narrow roads are not passable for

carts, when sledges with plough fronts are used. During the severe weather the poor suffer very much, as the fields are closed and the gardens frozen up. Cases of starvation consequently are frequent, as there does not appear to be any organized system of relief for the poor. The only poor law we know as prevailing, is that they are not allowed to beg. Poor orphan children are boarded out to the farmer by the Commune, and he gets as much labour out of them as he can, to which their poor old looking faces, and bent forms testify; and if their constitutions enable them to bear the burdens of such premature slavery up to manhood, they become then old-looking, wrinkled men. Some charitable people have established an orphan school near Bex, in the Rhone valley, which is doing good work though necessarily limited.

Like the French and Italians, the Swiss take no heed of Christmas, but New Year's Day is their fête day, and *jour de l'an* is the day when the country people take holiday, put aside their *hottes*, and go into town to stare at the shops dressed out in all their attractions, and to look at one another. Crowds came into Lausanne last New-Year's Day, the majority of whom looked as if they had just arrived from a Capuchin monastery after two years' interment in earth brought from Jerusalem. Never did we see such an assemblage of poor, shrivelled, wrinkled tanned pieces of old leather faces in our lives—not one in a score of them had scarcely any teeth—one here or there looking like a solitary tombstone in a workhouse graveyard—the rest more than half destroyed, perhaps, by the bad wine of the country.

The following illustration, representing the peasant in his leg of mutton trowsers, and his lady with her wide hip bones and high shoulders, will be recognized by every one who has been in their country.



Reports were brought into town that the snow was lying very deep on the Jura, and that several lives had been lost. One of the most touching stories we heard was that of two poor little children, aged respectively seven and ten, who had set out on New Year's morning for a neighbouring village to join some others in singing carols. With glad hearts they hurried on and missed the track, wandering about all day tired, cold and hungry, further and further from the village, until darkness set in. Then overcome with fatigue, and the fatal but merciful stupor, they sank in the snow, and were found, after a painful search, next morning lying side by side and hand in hand, as if in peaceful sleep on their white bed, covered with a thin shroud of snow, which had fallen or drifted in the night, just as happily as when they had wandered forth on the previous morning. And thus they passed the golden gates to Paradise, beckoned by angels waiting for the young and innocent, who with soft breath removed the dust of human life—the carbon atoms on the virgin snow—and led them on to join the angel choir, hand in hand and side by side for ever.

The house in Lausanne, where Napoleon slept in May 1800, previous to his passage of the Great St. Bernard, is now a pension. The General met Marescot at Geneva on the 9th, and is reported to have said, "Is the road practicable?" to which the engineer replied, "It is barely possible to pass;" when Napoleon said, with all the impetuosity of his character, "Let us set forward then."

On the 13th he arrived at Lausanne and joined the van consisting of six regiments of his reserve under Lannes. Fifteen to twenty thousand had already gone on by the St. Gothard, as a left wing, whilst five thousand were marching over Mount Cennis and five thousand by the little St. Bernard. Napoleon, at the head of the main army, left Lausanne on the 15th, marching through Vevey and up the Rhone Valley to Martigny, where the St. Bernard route commences. Reaching Bourg St. Pierre (5358 feet), the difficulties of his march began, the snow lying about in large quantities. The cannons were placed on sledges and dragged by the men, while the carriages were taken to



pieces and packed on mules. The only refreshment the poor fellows had on their dreadful march was a hard biscuit moistened with snow-water. Reaching the Hospice (8120 feet) the monks from their store busied themselves to make bread, supplying each man with a slice, some cheese, and a cup of wine—a most charitable and acceptable gift, more prized than gold by the famished pilgrims of glory.

The following anecdote in connection with this celebrated passage of the Alps was related to us by a gentleman :—“In 1842 my father and I engaged a guide to take us over the St. Bernard, and when we came to a point about half an hour beyond St. Pierre, he stopped and pointed to a precipice saying, it was there that he had saved Napoleon from falling down forty-two years before. He remembered Napoleon’s face distinctly, having been engaged as one of the guides. The General had dismounted, and with his hands behind him, was walking in a dreamy, half sleepy state straight to the precipice, and must inevitably have been over, ‘but I seized him,’ said the guide, ‘just in time, and woke him up.’” This might be only a guide’s tale.

Amongst the industries of Switzerland, woodcutting is, if not the most important, certainly the most prominent. As before stated, wood is the fuel of the country, and the *Marchand de bois* stacks a load at his customer’s door, where the operation of sawing and cutting commences in the street previous to being carried into the houses. A great number of people are thus employed, and the sound of saw and chopper never ceases. To the stranger it is not only an obstruction but a nuisance, as one would think that the wood might be delivered already chopped ; but the Swiss have not learned to understand the word nuisance, as we English comprehend it—we, who are not allowed to sweep a doorway, and have a load of coal pitched into our cellars beyond certain hours, in some towns.

Around the outskirts of Lausanne there are four cemeteries, the largest of which on the Berne road contains some interesting tombs of men who have played a prominent part in the history of their time, as well as a great many memorials of English and Americans. Amongst the English names

noticed that of Edward Jay, son of the Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath, who died in 1873, aged seventy-three. On the other side of the road is the old cemetery, where the remains of



the great tragedian, John Philip Kemble repose, under a flat stone, with the simple inscription :—

Sacred  
To the Memory of  
John Philip Kemble, Esq.,  
Who departed this life on the  
26th of February, 1823,  
Aged 66 years.

A name that will live as long as theatrical annals, though his neglected tomb might crack and crumble ; and though the rails that surround it might rust and tumble, though the wild briar and the straggling weeds which now flourish within the limited enclosure might wither and spring up to flourish and wither again, until a covering of soil creeps over and conceals the simple record, now scarcely to be

read under the thick shade of struggling shrubs and firs ! Yet there are a great many English living in Lausanne.

A Swiss funeral is very simple. The family and immediate friends assemble in the chief room of the house, where they are briefly addressed by the minister, who winds up with a short eulogy of the deceased (deserved or undeserved, it matters not) as a kind of emollient to the feelings of sorrowing relatives. The body is then taken to the hearse, which is not a box, but a platform on wheels, covered with a canopy supported by columns at each angle. The coffin, covered with a pall and a profusion of flowers and immortelles, is thus exposed to all the world. A great number of friends and acquaintances follow on foot (often from one to two hundred) to the outskirts of the town, where they leave the relations to accompany the body to the cemetery, within which, without any religious ceremony, it is laid in the trench, in a line with other bodies previously interred, and covered up.

A rope railway, about a mile in length, worked chiefly by water power, communicates with Ouchy, on the shore of the lake where the steamboat waits to take passengers across, and round the shore to Vevey, a roundabout *route*, but a pleasant one on a fine day, if one has time to skim over the blue transparent water, framed in by the lovely surroundings.

First the boat touches Evian on the opposite shore, a quaint little place modernized by the hotel mania, the proprietors of which extensively advertise it as a health resort on account of its alkaline baths, as well as for its fine situation.

Skirting this shore, with its ravines, pine-clad heights, marble quarries, passing Mellerie, a part of, as Byron says, "of Rousseau's ground," then Bouveret is reached, where "Cook's people" land for the Chamouni *route*. There the Rhone rushes into the lake, bringing down the mud, discolouring the blue water, depositing whole banks which the steamer avoids, skimming round the shore, passing Chillon, and at length reaching Vevey. This is a good sized town, and a favourite resort of foreigners, who appear to be its chief

support—a fluctuating population, and a class of visitors who have time to rest, and consider what place they shall visit next, a privilege which some of them make a trouble of. We have frequently met people whose greatest concern has been where to go next; sighing, idle people, who do nothing but smoke and pick their teeth. Vevey is prettily situated on the shore of the Lake, and though it does not command such an extensive view as Lausanne, it takes in part of the Rhone Valley and the ever white Dent du Midi, with some others of the higher ranges, upon whose surface (above 8,000 feet) the snow never melts. Here the Russian church, with its gilded domes, and the English church compete in the prospect of the town, but the Russian has the best of it, as its golden glitter catches the eye first.

In the old church on the hill are the tombs of Ludlow, and Broughton, the regicides, the latter of whom read the king's sentence to Charles Stuart. Both of them fled here at the Restoration and died. Vevey and Clarens (close together), are also part of Rousseau's ground, in referring to which, we must remember that it is Byron's as well, who in the letter before quoted from, wrote, "I have traversed all Rousseau's ground, with the Heloise before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express with the force and accuracy of his descriptions and the beauty of their reality." Beyond Vevey and Clarens is Montreux, a favourite shelter in winter for English and Americans. Where Montreux begins and ends, however, it is difficult to say, as so many places are connected—Cherncz, Vernez, and half a dozen others, with so many hotels and pensions, it appears every other house is either one or the other. These places, scattered along this part of the lake, from Vevey to Chillon, and all beautifully situated, are full of English and Americans, with a few French, Russians and Germans.

We have been somewhat precise in mentioning the hotels and pensions, as well as their patrons, being anxious that the English at home should have some idea of the number of English abroad. Indeed, we might say, half the inhabitants of England are living *out of it*, if such an expression were correct; there's truth in it nevertheless.

The old Castle of Chillon, of almost imperishable strength, stands out of the water like a fort, and looks as strong as the rocks that tower around. Connected with the shore by a bridge, the entrance is reached, over which is written in German, "God bless all who come in and go out." Crossing the yard we are conducted over a few faded, dingy rooms, that once might have been ducal (formerly occupied by the Dukes of Savoy), but the chief interest is in the dungeon, where Francis Bonivard fretted eight years of his life away (two at one time and six at another), a prisoner, immortalized by Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon," who, by-the-bye, has not followed the correct history of the prisoner. Poets, however, like painters, are allowed a fair license, they would be prosy if their rhymes did not occasionally soar above facts. The dungeon is a comfortable looking place compared with the German holes, being more like a crypt, vaulted and groined, supported by columns and tolerably well lighted. The pillar to which Bonivard was chained, and the deep hollow worn in the floor, where he used to walk backwards and forwards the length of his tether, still remain. Looking at the impression in the hard stone, it struck us that he must have worn heavy boots and taken a great deal of exercise. The pillars have a number of names inscribed, amongst them Byron's, which they tell us he wrote, but we don't believe the noble poet would have descended to such snobbery. When Bonivard acquired his liberty he retired into private life, and died in 1571 aged seventy-five. Thousands of men who have deserved immortality more are now forgotten. There's a luck even in posthumous fame! We are told on high authority, that "there's a fatality that shapes our ends," and we should have been obliged if the poet had informed us by what law of nature some men go through the world with a steam roller before them to clear and smooth the way, whilst others are turning the grind-stone all their lives.

The hills behind and around Chillon are beautifully wooded up to the bleak and barren lines, unrelieved, except by the white face of a villa, or an hotel pension peeping out of the green. But the moonlight to us was the most attractive,

the deep indigo shadows and the severe, we might say violent, touches of light, the lake bright and sparkling, the snow on the mountains so warm and soft, melting into the pale and softer blue sky of a summer night—tints that in our hazy climate alas are veiled.

Further on is Villeneuve, then Yverne, both celebrated for the wine grown in the neighbourhood—good of the kind. We had entered the Rhone Valley, the river rushing along, about the colour of rotten stone, and the mountains closing in, as we reached Aigle, situated in a beautiful valley, another resort, from which routes to a number of other favourite resorts deviate—to the Diablerets, and other places almost without end on this side of the Oberland. Bex, of Roman origin, another place of interest and sojourn, is soon reached. Crossing the hurry-skurry, fussy Rhone to join the railway on the south bank, we passed St. Maurice, a curious old town full of the picturesque, retaining evidences of its former Roman character, and a Monastery founded in the fourth century. St. Maurice, commander of the Theban legion, is said to have been martyred here in 302. Near rise some hot springs which are advertized and consequently visited. We then crossed part of the valley without any vegetation, full of dry mud and huge stones, as though it had been either the bed of a river or a river of mud; and this it really had been, having flowed down from the Dent du Midi about forty years ago. A mountain of clay, moistened by the glacier water, became mud and flowed down into the valley, bringing with it stones of an immense size, flooding the valley for a considerable distance. We left the train at Vernayez to inspect the Pissevache, a fine fall of water which descends in one leap of over 200 feet and which drains the glaciers of the Dent du Midi. An immense body of water was descending and some people ascended for the purpose of walking under the fall, but the Gorge du Trient near had more attraction for us. We entered between the huge rocks, rent asunder and rising perpendicularly on either side, some to the height of 1000 feet, where the sound of the footsteps over the frail platforms, by means of which we ascended the huge crevasses,

for about 900 yards, sent echoes here and there, and even the voice excited mockery from the cold grey rocks upon which the sun never shines. The Trient hurries along through the bottom, which was crossed and re-crossed several times on our winding, narrow and deeply shadowed way, until we reached a turn, where the water has washed a deep niche-like hollow in the rocky walls, and just above are the Falls which descend thirty feet with a roar, the chorus being taken up by the echoes from the rocks. The Gorge extends for eight miles through the mountain to the Tête Noir Valley, but it has not been made accessible beyond the Falls. A short distance further on is Martigny, where the Rhone Valley turns at a right angle, commanding a fine view of the vast chains of mountains which enclose it. The hotels were full of visitors resting for the night on their way to or from Chamouni, Italy via St. Bernard, and the many other places of interest to be reached from this point. Guides and proprietors of carriages were busy engaging themselves and their vehicles at extortionate charges, as the demand was great. Upon these occasions a vehicle with two horses to go to Chamouni is charged seventy francs, which at other times, when there is not so great a demand, can be obtained for thirty; but at any time bargaining will result in a saving to the tourist.

The young ladies of a boarding school had just arrived from the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, where they had been for an excursion, and adventure as it turned out. As they came in some looked jaded, while others were flushed and excited. "Oh! it was such fun," said a fine young girl with a rosy English face, set with Italian eyes, and with hair as black as jet, flowing down to her waist—but let us listen as she tells her story to the landlady. "You know, madam," said she, "what a fine morning it was four days ago when we left here. Well, we sent the conveyances back, and we had one mule and a guide to go on with us from Cantine de Proz. I walked on and some of the girls rode in turns. It began then to get very dark, and copper-coloured clouds seemed to be rolling over our heads and all around us. Well, just as we reached the bridge of Nudri-

it began to thunder, and it continued for a long time. Oh, such thunder, like the roll of forty million big drums all at one time. And the lightning! Oh, wasn't it all flame, as if we were in the midst of fire, and I am sure we were. I wonder we were not burnt, but we weren't you know. Now I can understand how it was those three men who were cast into the fire, and walked about in it, were not burnt, which we read about in our church lessons. Julia and two of the girls were so frightened; they fell down fainting, but I was not frightened a bit, you know; if I had been Julia would have rolled over and been killed. I held her and dragged her along, when the rain came down and we were drenched in a minute from head to foot just as if we had been under a waterfall; well, so we were under one, and yet we could breathe although we were not fish. Well, we reached the Vallée des Morts, where it was so dark, and found our way to the Hospice about seven. A monk came out to look at us, and he told us there were forty or fifty visitors in the place; and we heard them rushing down to stare at us, for it was soon passed along that a young ladies boarding school had arrived half drowned, some said, newly baptized; for we were all drenched and streaming, and we were all so cold. There were no ladies there, except us; all monks and gentlemen—such fun! The monks didn't know what to do with us, really, for they don't understand ladies, you know; and we wanted a change of garments, which they had not, of course. They hadn't even a woman to mend their stockings, who could have attended upon us. Well, we went in dripping into a large room where dinner had been served, with such a large fire. We could not dry our clothes upon us, you know, and they said we must go to bed, but I wasn't going to bed without my dinner. Not likely! Well, oh it was such fun! We went upstairs to a large room with another large fire, and a monk peeped in and counted us, and then he came back with ten cassocks and some slippers. We all shouted at having a man chambermaid, and then having to dress up like monks. Oh, it was such fun! We must put them on, he said, and he would come back for our wet clothes



and take them down to dry. Just fancy that, madam. A monk to have charge of our wardrobe. Some of the girls objected, but I said, 'Never mind, we must get dry somehow; the poor man looks more shy than we do; take it all as a matter of course, don't perplex him more.' He went away, and we began to get our new dresses on. Oh! they were so coarse and so warm, and we all laughed till we were tired, and then we marched bravely down for our dinner. Then everybody laughed at us, and the monks who brought in our dinner laughed, and we laughed and said that we would stop and become nuns, at which a young nice looking monk shook his head so sadly, poor man; I really think he was in love with Julia, for he kept his eyes on her nearly all the time. I wonder that they don't have some women up there to help in the house, it is so humiliating to see men scrubbing floors, making beds and all that. How dull it must be for them all the winter, they must get tired of each other, I'm sure they must—I know that I should. Oh! I would not live always with girls for all the world. There would be no fun, its the gentlemen make all the fun, and didn't they joke us up there—one wanted to confess, I said he might, if he would tell the truth, and he did, 'Alas, I am married,' said he. 'Then go and confess to your wife,' I said. Some of the gentlemen wanted to get up a dance, but of course we couldn't, *pas convenable*, you know; it would not have been becoming in novices. Oh! it was such fun! Well, we got up next morning but our clothes were not dry, we must stay another day and night. What they had done with our things we didn't know; one of the girls said, they might be taking patterns. Well, we marched about as proud as peacocks in the monks' cassocks, with the hoods over our heads, and watched the visitors go away, the mean things, some never paid for their accommodation, until there was no one left but us and the monks. Then some of the girls began to feel frightened; I wasn't a bit. The monks were very busy, and yet seemed to be always peeping at us. We marched about all day and saw everything. The museum, the stables and the morgue, where there were two dead men laid out, who had been found in

the snow, last winter, and not claimed, looking as if they had just died. Julia was so frightened ; I wasn't a bit. And oh ! such beautiful dogs. Really they are brave monks to live up there all alone for the sake of saving poor travellers' lives. I won't hear a word said against monks any more. Would any of our clergymen go up there, and live and do as they do ? No, not any of them, self-sacrificing as I believe many of them are. I like the monks, and do you know — I think they liked me and Julia. Oh, I never shall forget, it was such fun !! In the afternoon our clothes were dry and put in our rooms, and we expected to find them all higgledy-piggledy, but they were all so carefully folded, so neat and tidy, as if they had been done by a laundress ; nobody touched them but the monks, and where they learnt we could never think. We were glad to get rid of our religious dresses, for they did not fit us, and then we went down into the Refectory and found a number of fresh visitors had arrived. Well, in the morning before we left, we wished to make a present to some of the monks, but they would not receive anything in that way, so us girls emptied our purses into the box and sent Miss —— off on the mule, while we stayed a few minutes to say farewell to the poor fellows, who said, they never should forget us ; so I should think, and I am sure I shall never forget them. Oh, it was such fun !! I should like to go again, wouldn't you, Julia ? ”

## THIRTEENTH STAGE.

**EN ROUTE—A TRAVELLER'S STORY OF A NARROW ESCAPE—FIRST  
IMPRESSIONS OF MONT BLANC—ARRIVAL IN CHAMOUNI—MONT-  
ANVERT—SEA OF ICE—MAUVAIS PAS—AMBITION DEFEATED—  
THE FLEGERE—THOUSANDS OF YEARS HENCE.**

By seven o'clock in the morning from twenty to thirty pair horse carriages were *en route* for Chamouni ; narrow vehicles with two cramped comfortless seats, on stiff springs, with a perch in front for the driver. Clouds floated about the valleys, above which the mountain tops peeped, appearing to usurp the place of the clouds, and enabling one to realize their great altitude much better than when clear, or when the clouds roll above them. Gradually the mists dissolved into thin air, revealing a grand view of the Rhone Valley, and the vast chains of mountains which wall it in.

One after another the vehicles zig-zagged up the narrow road, and we found ourselves looking down upon mountains to which an hour or so before we had looked up. They were all green with patches of vegetation, and the isolated chalets of the poor farmers looked like sentry-boxes dotted about, varied with straggling woods and piles in all shapes and sizes of barren grey rocks. Vendors of carving, fruit, syrups and bad spirits pester the travellers on their tedious journey up the narrow road, where the meeting of another vehicle descending involves considerable engineering skill to lift and balance it at an angle to enable the others to pass ; hence all the Swiss carts and conveyances are very narrow, the country roads being mere lanes, while most of the main roads connecting the principal towns are as fine as any in Europe. One empty carriage with two horses

had a narrow escape of going over the precipice, as it turned aside to let us pass, but somehow it escaped.

"A close shave," said a tourist with whom we had been walking; "but I can tell of a closer. Some years ago I engaged a sledge early in the season to go over the Splügen. The horse that drew it had the power of an elephant, and as we went along very easily, I remarked to the driver that a smaller horse would have served us as well. 'Stop awhile,' said he, 'and you will see.' Soon after we came to a turn in the road, and just before us was a large body of snow which had slipped from the mountain above; and the pass looked impassable. Without giving me time to think, the man cried out, 'Hold on,' at the same moment guiding his horse to the very edge of the precipice, where the snow was so shallow and the overhanging edge so narrow that a portion of the sledge hung over. The horse was up to his breast, and I was half buried. If I had had time, I might have trembled with fear, fainted and fallen over. It makes me shudder to think of it, now that I have more time to calculate the danger. The driver kept urging the powerful beast, who all of a sudden, when going over the precipice seemed inevitable, plunged forward, tearing and jumping as though he was clearing a series of five-barred gates, and we were safe through—not any too soon, for an immense body of snow came rolling down directly afterwards. 'A smaller horse could not have got us through that,' said the driver. 'He has been at this work before,' said I to myself."

As we were getting near the top of the Col de Forclaz, what appeared to be a white cloud hung over the left of the mountain. What it really was, however, became soon apparent, in the white top of the mountain, so near and yet so far, from which the "glacier du Trient" descends. Of this we had a good view, as we descended into the valley of the Trient. The miserable little village of the same name, with its ruinous little church and expensive little inn, was soon passed; and crossing the roaring glacier water called the river Trient, we entered gloomy woods, where uprooted trees lay about felled by storms, and in anything but woodman-like order. The valley deepens as the rough road

winds round the edge of the mountains, sometimes sloping and wooded, and sometimes precipitous and rocky, the gurgling sounds of the Trient rushing away to join the Rhone, and ascending faintly as if to compensate for the absence of birds ; for not a twitter did we hear on the way. At a sudden bend of the road one of the most wild, mountainous and gloomy wooded valleys we had yet seen burst upon our view. Here were mountains bristling with timber ; and here, upon the very edge of the precipice by the roadside, stands the very welcome "Hotel de la Tête Noir."

The road herefrom is a very rugged one, cut out of the mountain side, under overhanging rocks, through a rude tunnel pierced through a spur of the Black Mountain.

Descending to the valley, wild and strewn with huge blocks of stone, and crossing the stream which divides the two countries, we entered Savoy. Up and down and over the bad roads did we go, with such a shaking up that one's liver might be considered fairly wound up for six months. The villages and homesteads we passed looked very poor, where milk is offered at 2d. a glass ; and lucky is the poor child who earns a few centimes in this milky way.

Mountains right and left, mountains before and behind ! At last the snow peak of the Anguille Vert and the Glacier du Tour are seen ; then the Glacier d'Argentiere, and the whole of the Mont Blanc range.

The view of this valley is not so attractive as one might anticipate ; everything is so high and mighty, shutting in the narrow valley which looks like a draught board squared with green pastures and black arables, the Arve running through the centre, a chalky grey river.

The "Monarch of Mountains" looked beautifully white, but the summit is so high that its whiteness is faint and indistinct, when seen from the valley, as the valley is when seen from the summit. Many people suppose that His Majesty is 15,781 feet above the valley ; but that is the height above the sea level, and if we deduct the height of the valley above the sea we find that the mountain is 12,336 feet, or two miles 592 yards high, and the crown is

about ten miles from the village, supposing a line to be drawn from the summit to the church door. Within a short distance of Chamouni, the carriages which had followed at irregular distances struggled up into line, the road for the last half hour having been very good.

Firing of cannon was heard from the village and then the sounds of church bells came and went, and as we approached nearer the firing continued, and the sounds of the bells were continuous.

"What's all this noise about?" said one traveller to another in the next carriage within speaking distance.

"Don't you know? It's the way the inhabitants welcome the visitors. You see we are altogether nearly a hundred."

This was said with a good deal of commercial self-importance and evidently without actual knowledge.

"No, no," interposed another, with a smile. "A successful ascent of Mont Blanc has been made and the adventurers are just returning."

As we entered the village we heard that a party of twenty-five, including one lady, had been up; and on our way to Hotel Couttet, we met the first batch of the party returning looking very weary but triumphant, and very welcome they were to all their triumph and their honours, thought we, although our little fellow traveller appeared to envy them the ovation, as at the time we heard the firing dreams of a triumphant entry into the village had evidently occupied his thoughts and tickled his vanity.

"I say," he cried out to us, "I shall go up to-morrow!"

"Don't expect us up to lunch," we replied.

Hotel Couttet, with its *dependance*, are picturesque Swiss chalets built mostly of wood, standing in large well laid out grounds, nearly at the foot of Mont Blanc, and with as good a view as can be obtained from the valley. It was early in September and delightfully clear weather had set in, so that ascents could be made every day. The firing came from the neighbouring hotel, and at dusk there was a display of fireworks in honour of the adventurers, who were all visitors to the same hotel.

"It will be my turn to-morrow," said our landlord. "A

party have gone from here to-day, and they are now asleep at the Grands Mulets. We saw them cross the glacier three hours ago, and if you look through this telescope you might see the flag which signalled their safe arrival." Though dark in the valley it was light on the mountains, and we could distinctly see the flag hanging from the rock under which the *hotel* Grands Mulets had been made, consisting of three or four rudely constructed rooms supplied with refreshments.

A gentleman who had made the ascent a day or two before told us that he reached this place about five in the evening, and after refreshment laid down till twelve, when he was called and the party went forth with lanterns reaching the summit about ten, and returned to the village by seven. He said that the guides have found a track where there are no dangerous crevices, and the ascent is only a question of endurance. The little man now came alongside, and told us that he had made arrangements to go up to-morrow with two guides. Going alone and returning triumphant would be all the more glory; he would have the firing, bell ringing and fireworks all for himself.

Gradually the visitors retired from the reading room, which is supplied with English and American newspapers, and by ten o'clock all were in their bedrooms. Such scrupulously clean rooms, such white sheets, but oh, so cold! Immense down pillows in the whitest of coverlets rest on each narrow bed, instead of counterpanes, and at first sight one would suppose that the chambermaid had left the bed outside and on top of the bedclothes in mistake, but when one creeps under on a cold night one warms with gratitude.

The next morning by seven o'clock all were astir, guides, ponies and mules, so trim and fresh looking, were waiting about the grounds for those who had engaged them.

The little man was fussing about near the entrance to the *salle à manger*, and as each one left the breakfast table, he enquired:

"Going up—going up?"

"Up where?"

"Mount Blank."

"Mont Blong? No! are you?"

"Yes, start very soon with two guides. Look through the telescope to-morrow at ten and you'll see me on the top, the crowning height of my ambition."

"I'll look out for you."

"Send us a telegram on your way up, will ye?"

"Send a message home to your wife by carrier pigeons."

"Going up by balloon post?" and so the chaff went on from one after another.

We had selected a trip to the Montanvert, and Mer de Glace, returning by the Mauvais Pas, and the Chapeau, in opposition to the advice of one "who knew," not to go beyond the Moraines, and return the same way. We had determined to go without a guide, following in the wake of others. Crossing the valley, we entered the woods and followed the bridle path, and the train of pedestrians and equestrians, some of the latter looked rather uncomfortable, like a man with a loose boot which chafes a bad corn. Up, up, up, at a great expense of power and proportionate loss of speed, as the incline increased, pestered by sellers of everything to increase one's weight and diminish one's strength, underneath trees, winding round paths on the edge of steep slopes, where great numbers of goats were picking up their scanty well earned breakfasts up and down, here and there, after a dainty bit, moving about apparently inaccessible places, as though they were on roller skates with centre cog wheels, and stop axles. The tinkling bells of various tones, which hung around their necks, kept up a succession of musical sounds from which an enthusiast might pick out his favourite tune.

Often when wandering about Switzerland, we have heard these sounds floating from a distance on the gentlest breeze, so soft and musical that it has occurred to us whether these combinations of rude and primitive tones have ever been suggestive to our musical composers.

At length we reached Montanvert (6303), 2858 feet above the valley, and looked down upon the great sea of ice, and looked up to the ice and snow pinnacles of the Aiguilles, sharp pointed mountains so-called, at the upper end of the



great ice lake. A small hotel stands upon the edge of the mountain, and another was in course of erection, with forty bedrooms to accommodate those who stay a night or two for the purpose of making excursions up the Glacier, one of which is to the "Jardin," so-called we suppose, because certain Alpine flowers bloom there in summer, surrounded by ice waves and pinnacles, and framed in by mountains of eternal snow.

Plucky little plants, and it requires pluck and endurance to venture up to their home to pluck a few, although it is done every day in the season, weather permitting, and frequently by ladies.

From Montanvert the descent to the Moraine, some 5 or 600 feet below, winds down a steep bank of loose earth and stones, some huge and boulder-like, and scarcely held in their positions, apparently ready at any moment to fall and crush one. Nearly at the bottom a man was stationed firing a mortar-like gun to awaken the beautiful echoes, not thinking how many he might be the means of sending to sleep for ever, by shaking down upon them an avalanche of loose earth and stones.

Many years ago when Dean Stanley's father made this excursion, he described the "Mauvais Pas" as a terrible pass, not even a whisper being allowed on the way for fear that the air set in motion thereby might loosen the earth and bring an avalanche down upon them. What would he have said of these explosions, keeping the air constantly beating its waves against the mountains of earth and stones piled up 1,000 feet. But the Mauvais Pas is on the other side, and we have the glacier to cross before we reach it.

Numbers of people, of all ages and sorts, were making their way to and fro; and it astonished us to see even very old people on this difficult route. We very soon scrambled over the blocks and ridges, till we reached the white ice; and then we found it necessary to wait till a party with a guide came along, as we were told the route changes, new fissures appearing every day as the glacier slips down towards the valley, at the rate, some say, of two feet per day.

Whilst waiting for the guide, we had an opportunity of surveying our position from an elevated block of ice, upon which we had mounted. Up the valley for many miles (perhaps forty), appeared nothing but ice and snow, except here and there where the snow had slipped, leaving black patches of rock exposed. Mountains of such incomparable whiteness, softly rested upon a pale blue sky background! The sea of ice was flanked by the Moraine and rocky mountains, capped and patched with snow. Turning from all this huge picture of desolation to the green valley below, towards which the mighty mass of ice sloped downwards, in irregular masses streaked with the blue wavy lines of the lateral fissures, it struck us that "sea of ice" is a misnomer; for, in the first place, it corresponds to an inland lake, and in the second place, what some describe as frozen waves look more like the broken up ice of a Northern river wedged together, and split into sections by crevasses as irregular as the cracks of a piece of common cheese in a huxter's shop window. A party soon came up, and after promising the guide a fee, we were allowed to follow. The ice was rough and not at all slippery, and we threaded our way along, sometimes at the foot of a wall of ice, steps being cut to enable us to ascend again to the ridges, which in most cases were scarcely a foot wide for many yards, with a yawning blue crevasse on either side. Some of the party were nervous, but we had not got half way, and there was more than a mile to traverse. Although there were many parts as dangerous, there were not many worse until we came to the edge of a gigantic well in the ice, which was of unknown depth. Skirting the sloping edge of the mighty obstacle, we were enabled to peep into the abyss of such beautiful blue, that we have never seen any other blue in nature to compare with it. Large boulder-like stones several tons in weight were wedged in, or resting upon the ice around, and we were curious enough to calculate how long it would take to deposit those lying where we stood, in the valley below. Supposing then that the ice travels at the average rate of two feet per day, and we made the time about forty years.

The guide chopped out some steps in a bank of ice, and

we descended to the Moraine, and picked our way round and over immense masses of detached rocks, up to the lofty ridge which leads to the "Mauvais Pas."

"That's a dangerous track," said we to the guide, "accidents must frequently happen."

"Never such a thing known, Monsieur."

We found out notwithstanding, that a very serious accident had occurred three days previously, when a mass of earth and stone had fallen, carrying with it three persons, fracturing the skull of one, and seriously injuring the others." The guides get three francs more for returning by this route, and which takes little more time than retracing the way on the other side of the glacier; and hence where their profit is concerned, untruths are not withheld.

The Mauvais Pas is a bad path indeed, bad to be ventured upon, being not more than about one foot wide, scraped into the side of almost perpendicular rocks, with a slender iron rail for the hands, to help one to maintain a balance. We saw where the accident occurred, the rails being torn away from the rock. Hundreds of feet of rocks, earth, and snow hang above, and hundreds of feet below is the Moraine. To wind along this dangerous way occupies about a quarter of an hour, scrambling over tracks made slippery by descending streams, or coming suddenly to a turn in the *route*, where the rock descends perpendicularly, and with only a narrow ledge for a foothold, one need have the nerve of a chamois hunter to maintain a balance. Still hundreds go over it every year, although but few repeat the experiment, many when they reach the "Chapeau" fainting after the terror just undergone. For ourselves, we were glad of a rest in this mountain hostelry, with an overhanging rock for a roof, not at all unlike a chapeau from which it takes its name. A little brandy and water is usually called for, but our experience of the *eau de vie* of Switzerland and Savoy, which tastes as if it was made from raw spirit flavoured with treacle and ginger, taught us better, and we asked consequently if we could have some beer,

"Very good beer, Monsieur, one and a half franc a bottle," said the hostess, who continued to praise the amber fluid, as

she frothed it up, until we could see nothing but the white foam in the glass: at last a little amber began to deposit, and we waited patiently to slake our thirst, which at last was accomplished.

"Very good beer is'n't it, Monsieur," queried the hostess.

"Very good beer indeed, Madame, the best imitation of salts and senna we have ever tasted," responded with a shudder, derived from recollections of our school-days.

Leaving the "Chapeau," we descended through the woods to a plateau, where we had a peep through a good telescope at a party crossing the glacier to the Grands Mulets, and they looked about the size of ants moving along one after the other, over Nature's white carpet. Weary of the day we had reached our hotel just as the firing and bell ringing were beginning; and some of the party who had started the day before, were entering the grounds, looking very wearied although jubilant, after a successful ascent, assisted by clear weather. Two gentlemen arrived soon after, who had been up to the "Grands Mulets," and returned in the day.

"A long walk," we observed to one, "suppose you are very fatigued."

"Fatigued? No: don't know what it is,"—he replied.

"Then we hope you'll be a collier's donkey or a guide's mule, when transmigrated."

The landlord now approaching, we enquired if the little man had reached the Grands Mulets. He burst into a laugh, and told us that the ambitious little fellow's courage failed him when he reached the first glacier, and he returned, as he said his heart was affected, and it would be dangerous for him to proceed. "He paid his guides, and the bill, and we had a good laugh at him."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone to Geneva to consult a doctor. He is not the first who has made a fair start in the morning, and turned back with a faint heart in the afternoon."

The next day we started for a walk up the "Flegere," a mountain opposite the "Mer de Glace," from which a fine view of the "Mont Blanc range" is obtained. Reaching

the top of the zig-zag, before entering the woods, we cast our eyes down to watch the groups of tourists ascending, like so many dolls of various sizes graduating in the perspective, some on donkeys, or mules, and some on foot, and some sheltered by mushroom-like parasols.

The sounds of the peasants' horns were awakening echoes at well known spots, in the hope of responsive ones, as well from the charitable purses of the passing tourists. Most people when they reach the top refresh themselves with milk or beer, cast a look at the great ice fields and then hurry back to the valley.

Having plenty of time we remained to gaze at the grand scene before us—the three great glaciers descending from their sources, and the vast chains of mountains with their eternal snows.

The summit of Mont Blanc stood out whiter and bolder, as a dense black cloud passed behind it. We sought a quiet spot for contemplation, and sat down between two stones, which served as an arm chair, and a rest for the back. We cast our eyes along the valley, once the flat bed of a lake, now divided by the waters of the Arve, leaden in colour, which rush along as though anxious to get far, far away from their late prison home.

Like all other glaciers, the great “Mer de Glace” immediately opposite where we sat, is gradually diminishing. Forty years ago, it reached two miles farther into the valley, so we overheard a guide tell a tourist,—which we believe is nearly, if not quite, a fact. The reproductive source must be diminishing also, we thought, and these glaciers will melt and be gone like others that have preceded them, leaving only traces for future geologists to speculate upon. The waters held in suspension amongst and upon these mighty mountains, now gradually melting into rapid rivers and glassy lakes, will all pass away. Our thoughts hurrying on, we thought how interesting it would be, to ascertain how long the dissolving process “will occupy.” Pencil and paper were at once produced for an essay, but after a short time we gave up the attempt, as we thought the rule of arithmetic necessary for arriving at such a result had not

yet been invented. Our reflections continued; and as we returned pencil and paper to our pockets, somehow a passing recollection of that interesting fable, "the mountain in labour," floated by, and then we started as we thought we saw the "Col de Balme" quiver, and felt the earth beneath us tremble, which reminded us of that mountain in the Rhone Valley which fell through being undermined by water. We were thinking aloud as we delivered with suitable pathos the following prophesy: "In future ages these high mountains too will descend to the limits of cultivation; the glaciers and snows will all pass away; the lakes will be narrowed to rivers; grassy slopes, towns, villages, and homesteads, surrounded by vineyards, will occupy the places of the glaciers, snows and lakes." A pause for breath, and a dark cloud passed over us; when all was obscured.

Gradually a light returned, increasing to intense brilliance, and we found ourselves in the Valley, in the midst of a beautiful city of fine buildings, the style of which we could not comprehend, being neither classic or gothic, yet elegant in outline, proportion and detail. It was Chamouni, for these were the Aguilles, and there was Mont Blanc; but the glaciers and snows had gone; green pastures, waving forests, and bright buildings had taken their place. We cast our eyes again towards Mont Blanc, now Mont Vert, and the air appeared thick with what appeared to be a number of huge birds.

"Heavens what are these?"

We soon perceived that they were flying machines of various sizes, and at different altitudes. Some were travelling slowly like the old farm waggons, and appeared to be carrying merchandize, and farm produce, ascending and descending. Others were smaller and lighter, and appeared to be skimming hither and thither without any settled object. "Taking a small party for an airing" we said. Others were rushing along like the "Flying Dutchman," but at a speed surpassing anything we had ever seen,—even the flight of a sky rocket. We were amazed and our overstrained eyes

filled with water, but soon recovered, and we were standing opposite to a sign which read as follows :—

JULES ROMAINE,

Lets conveyances of all kinds for transport through the air.

Public conveyances to all parts of the globe.

N.B.—Private wings for small parties.

At this moment one of the conveyances rose before our eyes like a bird, whilst another descended, and the driver, with a lady and gentleman, alighted.

We were curious to examine this machine which had only one pair of wings, whilst the larger kinds had many. The body was not unlike that of a bird, with a luxurious seat for two inside the hinder part, which had a covering to open and close at will like a landau. The driver had a place in front where the machinery was placed, a machine so minute that it might have been put into a lady's work box, and we wondered what new motive force drove it. It was like a small battery and yet there were no coils, or accumulators which we remembered to have seen at the Polytechnic. The wings were light as grasshopper's wings, but appeared to be a combination one over the other, radiating from one point on each side of the body. The whole was so light, that the driver, after closing the wings like a fan, took it up as though it were a hat box, and put it in a shed. At this moment a load of flour descended at a baker's opposite packed in a more cumbrous machine, with three pairs of wings. Not a horse or an ass was to be seen ; cows and sheep were in the fields ; and goats we could smell a long way off. We stopped to read an announcement of an exhibition ; the printing was peculiar, and also the phraseology, reminding us somewhat of the Pitman system, but still we could read it easily. Amongst other rare attractions, "a living horse," and a carefully preserved and stuffed specimen of the extinct animal called an "Ass," was announced. We could scarcely believe our eyes, as we read this, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Poor beast, and hast thou found rest at last ! Oft have we seen thee so patient

under stripes and burdens, that we have wondered what *thy* original sin could have been to deserve so cruel a fate." The streets were full of people moving in different directions, all evidently bent upon some occupation ; no loungers, loafers or well dressed idle people were to be seen. All wore costumes very much alike, but very different to ours, and yet they passed us without notice. We caught their accents, as they passed, which were different to ours, and yet perfectly understood. The shops and stores were elegantly fitted, and filled with all kinds of goods, but not any ticketed ; and we looked about in vain for a Co-operative store. "Has that cheap craze too become extinct?" --we said. Wherever we looked order and reciprocity appeared to reign. No gendarme, sergent de ville or even the familiar "bobby" could be seen ; the people appeared to be in the highest state of civilization, and able to control themselves without the aid of either.

Taking our place in a flying train, for a trip to Mont Vert and a soar round the mountains, we shot through the air, and landed in a short time on the summit of the great mountain itself. It was beautifully clear and the extensive view almost bewildered us by its extent and variety. The grass upon which we stood was green as an emerald ; everywhere the same green carpet was spread out, sprinkled with flowers of many colours and varieties. Every night, we were told, it was watered by the "Allicio-pluo," a machine for attracting the rain clouds which were puffed away every morning by the "diflo-nubila," a machine for dispersing clouds, which in their turn were attracted by the agriculturalists for irrigation where needed. "Ah !" said we, "those murmurers at Providence have ceased to grumble at last, now they have the weather in their own control, and perhaps have at last learned to be grateful."

We wondered what the "salutation of the morn" could be, now that the eccentricities of the weather were corrected, for we remembered that in our day, "a fine morning" or "a wet morning" were suggested by Hodge to Hodge for intellectual discussion, comparison, and analysis.

Thousands of both sexes were enjoying the day as a



holiday, amusing themselves in a variety of ways. The hotels and cafés were well patronized, and every one appeared to be bent upon enjoyment and promoting each other's happiness. We observed to a young man that we were pleased to see them enjoying themselves without stupefying their senses with too much liquor. He did not understand, nor could he interpret the word "drunkenness." After much explanation, a light dawned upon his understanding, and he replied that he had read of such liquors having been used by the ancients, which dulled their senses, and led them on to all kinds of barbarities. "Our wines and beverages" he said, "cheer and nourish but do not take away our senses."

We were anxious to taste wine from which the baneful effects of alcohol were abstracted, or neutralized; and we entered a café for the purpose, but before we could partake, the train was announced to continue its flight. Again were we seated, and flying over the "Aguilles;" then hovering round Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn, then admiring the vast ranges of green mountains on the one side, and the plains of Italy framed in by green mountains on the other, looking with longing eyes, far, far away towards the plains of Lombardy.

But the Lakes, where are they? Maggiore, Lugano, Como! gone! The charm of our intended visit to Italy appeared to be gone, too, and we descended to Chamouni rather low. Some announcements of excursions to all parts of the world arrested our attention, and diverted our thoughts. It was the printing, and not the matter, the characters were so strange, and signified so much, each sign appearing to convey the meaning of a sentence. The characters were clear and distinct, but not the impressions of type. "By what process can this be produced?" we said. A person standing near, whom we found afterwards was the printer, volunteered to shew us, and we followed him to his *atelier*. No cases of type or presses were to be seen. Upon a flat table stood piles of paper of various sizes and thicknesses, from which he took up one pile of quarto, and laid it upon another table at hand. Over this pile of paper

he laid a plate, which we saw was the matter to be communicated to the paper. Applying an invisible force to the plate, which, we thought, came from a battery, the operation was complete in a moment. The contents of the plate had passed through the whole pile. We were curious to see what the matter was, and asked for one of the sheets, when our astonishment was at its utmost limit, for we saw it was an announcement of a trip to the North Pole, to pass one night upon an ice island, the last ice remaining in the world; and to be taken there and back in three days. We were so overpowered with astonishment, that we could scarcely exclaim, "wonderful"!!! when our companion said, looking much astonished at us, "Not so." I went myself a few years ago, but it will soon be all over, for the new American —, here followed a word we could not understand, but it meant heat generator, is to be stationed there to warm the air and disperse the ice, as so many people who take trips to that interesting region return with bad colds, tooth ache, and neuralgia, that it is considered best, in the interests of humanity, to get rid of the cause of so much suffering."

We passed silently away, and found ourselves near to a large building, and entered the open hall, Post Office we thought, but looked in vain for the usual brass plates announcing the destination of letters to be put therein, and the usual mail carts, with the bustle of getting off the mails. Everything was still, however.

People of all ages and both sexes were coming and going noiselessly to and from niches, that looked like confessionnal boxes, arranged round the hall. An old man stood near; his hair was not grey, his eyes were not dim, nor did he stoop; but we saw unmistakeably that he was old. We politely enquired of him the name and business of the place. He looked at us, as he would at a small child who had asked him a child's question; and he said, laconically, some word which meant "Talking House."

"Ah!" said we, "they go into these boxes for the purpose, but are there other persons inside to converse with?"

The old man smiled and said, "how ignorant you are,

you ought to know that in ancient times people at a distance from each other used to communicate by means of writing, which they called epistolary correspondence; now we correspond by conversation, and friends in the most remote parts of the world are thus enabled to communicate their thoughts, and arrange their business transactions as easily as if they were standing together upon the same spot, although thousands of leagues are between them."

"Dear me," said we to ourselves, "these must be hard times for the postmen and—and the lawyers, as we remember a Breach of Promise case, we heard once, in which the written letters carried the day, and beat the witnesses on the other side."

Such were our thoughts when the old man said, I am now going to converse with my son, who lives in the New World in the Great Sea.

"America, do you mean?" we enquired.

"No! in the New World." "How ignorant you are. Did you ever go to school to learn geography?"

We confessed that we had been, and remembered having once won a geography prize too. We could not learn much as to the geographical position of this New World, but we thought it might be another America that had been discovered by another Columbus in the middle of a great sea, and added to the world since our day.

So we pleaded ignorance to the old gentleman, and begged he would continue to enlighten us, everything appearing so new to us, that we thought we must have been asleep for a few thousand years. He replied that "he thought we had." Never for a moment doubting our sanity, for we could see that such a mental condition was unknown, the causes having been removed, with other human afflictions.

"And may we ask, sir, what form of government they have in this new world? is it Imperial or Republican? or is it a Colony?"

Again he smiled, and we studied his countenance as he prepared to reply, and we saw in it a much higher and more intellectual form than we had noticed in mankind before. Casting our eyes, moreover, around at the thousands of human

beings passing and going in every direction, we observed in all the same perfect development, and we wondered if that ancient philosopher, Darwin, had ever dreamed of such progress—such absolute perfection of form and feature—from THE man monkey of his period which he evolved from—

“Nothing!” interposed the old man, who, to our most extreme astonishment, read our very thoughts. “I have read,” he continued, “of that peculiar theory in a book known by the title, ‘Curiosities of Ancient Thought.’” No! no! what was once mystery is now revealed, first causes are understood and nothing left in doubt.”

“Bad times for speculative scientists,” we thought.

“Sir,” continued the old man, “I pity your ignorance. The historic days, when kings and emperors ruled the various peoples of the earth—made laws, and built dungeons and prisons with instruments of death, to torture and destroy their subjects, if they disobeyed their behests, have long since passed away. We have read in ancient history of those barbaric times when monarchs called their people together, and selected from them leading warriors, loading them with the implements of destruction, and calling them collectively armies. They then sent them out to fight against the armies of other monarchs to slaughter their fellow creatures by thousands, subjecting them to the most cruel tortures, they knew not why, except that it was to settle a quarrel between the two monarchs, they knew not how. The annals of such barbarities and of such savage times are revolting and heart-rending; but men in those days were but little removed from the savage beasts that inhabited the earth with them, all now happily extinct.”

“Gracious!” we exclaimed, mentally, “and is this the view that far off posterity takes of us and our civilization, of which we have been so proud—of our boasted civilizers, the railway and telegraph—of our iron ships, and hundred ton guns?” The old man must have read our thoughts, for he said, “Yes, in those days they built ships so strong that they would not float, and manufactured guns to destroy them, which they could not fire.”

"No, sir, in these days we own but one Monarch, and He is above all the earth, but one government, and that is universal, but one language, which is also universal; all the world is one nation, and one people."

"And one religion!" we enquired.

He did not at first comprehend, but after a moment's reflection he said, "Ah! I *have* read of the superstitions of the ancients. First they set up images of stone and wood, and worshipped them; then men who called themselves Apostles, Evangelists, Priests, and other obsolete names, arranged themselves in gorgeous apparel, and set themselves up to be worshipped in large buildings—there was another class of priests who objected to gorgeous apparel, and adopted simpler, but neither did they object to being worshipped—this was productive of great divisions; and amongst the minor classes which separated themselves, and who consisted chiefly of the uneducated and lower grades of people, were some who believed that immersion in water cleansed them inwardly, as well as outwardly; whilst others believed that sighs and groans cleansed inwardly, and no doubt it did—their throats. And these systems, which respectively professed to teach brotherly love, charity and all other virtues, were productive of the greatest barbarities, envyings, jealousies and greed we read of in ancient history. And they had temples (he went on) for worship which their priests bought and sold for gold!"

"And sold the souls too," we interrupted, remembering that a venerated relative had sold his living of £180 a year and 130 souls, of which he had charge, for £2000.

"All these superstitions have passed away. We know God's holy and simple laws, and we obey them."

"Is that universal too?" we asked

"Universal!" he replied—"How ignorant you are!—why the smallest boy in yonder school knows more than you. We begin by teaching them first principles, and then we build them up in knowledge according to their capacities and the pursuits they are fitted for. Its of no use to try to make a boy read the languages of the ancients and interpret them, if he has only the capacity of interpreting the

language of sheep and goats. But you are ignorant of even first principles."

"If you proceed much farther we shall be very learned in last principles," we thought. We must have unconsciously walked away from the "Talking House," for we were in another part of the town; and a number of placards were before us, one of which threw us into such a state of excitement that our heart leaped off at the rate of 200 pulsations a minute, and we felt as if it was driving our eyes out of their sockets, and sending them upon an aerial excursion together with the graceful foliage of our scalp, the former to dash themselves to pieces on the deck of some flying Dutchman, and the latter to mop them up. Our remains appeared to be sinking into the earth, so that we could only read a line here and there as we sunk.—

#### Trip to Britain

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 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

#### Old Steel roads

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

#### London

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

#### Ruins of its Ancient Temples and Palaces

. . . . .  
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 . . . . .

#### Portsmouth

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

#### Great iron ships

. . . . . in the mud of ages  
 . . . . .

.....  
 .....

### Liverpool

.....  
 Ruins of its ancient docks .....

We saw no more, for we had quite sunk beneath the surface. With an effort, however, we rose again and found the old man still by our side.

"That's a most interesting excursion," he said. "A country once the envy of the whole world."

"There must have been a better climate in England than we experienced in our time," thought we.

"The whole world" he continued "was colonized and civilized by them. The population of Britain overflowed to all parts of the earth, carrying their knowledge, language and civilized customs wherever they settled, converting deserts and forests into wealthy districts, driving savagery and barbarism before them; and it is out of their civilization and language the laws and language of our times have grown. Africa, once peopled by a race of savages with black skins, the British over-ran, until the savages became extinct, and that country is now the richest quarter of the globe."

"What! not any little niggers left?" said we.

"Not one," replied he.

"Christy's extinct, too?" we were about to ask, somewhat irreverently, we confess, when he interrupted.

"Boys and girls, we read of in history when they reached a certain age, believed that they could govern themselves without the help of father or mother, and so thought Britain's Empires and Colonies, and one by one they threw off the yoke of the mother country and set up business for themselves; but not without considerable bloodshed, which is the way they always settled matters in those semi-barbarous times. This followed soon after the civil wars, or wars of classes as they are called, which had broken out in different epochs; but like an old sore temporarily healed, only to break out again, and which was at last settled in a most

singular manner by the strongest giving in, which effected a perfect cure. Then there were the European wars, and the conquests of Russia in Asia—a people who, subject to and trained by despotic laws for long centuries, themselves overthrew their native despotism at length and rose “redeemed, regenerate, and disenthralled,” to be one of the most intelligent races in the world’s history. But war exhausts all, and then at a congress of nations universal government and laws were proclaimed and have continued down to our times.

Poor Britain reduced to her own resources, with her mineral wealth failing, had only her past history to console her.

London, mighty London, with fifty millions of inhabitants stretching to the sea on the south, and far, far inland, met its first misfortune through the covetousness of landlords and builders, who crowded houses together back upon back, and built over open spaces until the air became so confined and polluted that a pestilence began, and continued for years, and all that could left the great city and lived in the country; then followed the earthquake, and it did not require much of a quake to bring down these houses pack after pack, like card-built palaces. The final blow was given by the introduction of the flying machine, when commerce by land and water ceased, and her ships, which were once to be found in every port in the world, lost their occupation. Britain now contains a population altogether about one-fourth of what London once contained. I have read that an ancient prophet vaguely foretold it all.”

“Macaulay,” we thought.

“And pray, sir,” we enquired, “does the present population of Britain increase?”

“No, the population of the world is sufficient, and it will increase no more; it is distributed over the earth’s surface, and all will be found in their allotted places.”

“Then you never die?” we asked experimentally.

“Well, you *are* ignorant,” he replied. “Die—die out—cease altogether? Of course we do not. We know the time for our translation, when we shake off that which belongs to



the earth, but our souls are still the same ; though not of the earth we hover about it while performing the duties of our higher life. But I have an appointment with the soul of my great grandfather at the Talking House, and can talk no more with you ; you are (pray pardon me !) so very ignorant."

"How are you going to manage that ?" we cried out after him. "Have you got a planchette ?" He was gone, however ; and we thought as his last word sounded in our ears that to impress our ignorance more forcibly upon our benighted mind that he too heavily accented the first syllable of the last word he uttered, introducing the letter *h*, that poor distracted letter which never appears to be in its right place, but ever seeking rest, and finding none.

We began to reflect upon what the old man had told us, and then to pose ourselves for a cogent question, as follows :

"What manner of people are these which now inhabit the earth, controlling the clouds, and have even life and death in their hands ?"

We were about to attempt a very clear answer, when our thoughts were diverted by clouds gathering above us, and we apprehended a thunderstorm, which we ventured to remark to a young man passing.

"What is that ?" said he. We endeavoured to explain, and were about to say in the words of the old man, how ignorant *you* are ! but refrained.

He was a very handsome fair-haired young fellow ; indeed I had never seen a face and form so perfect before, and in a voice soft and musical, he said—"That is one of our greatest forces. How could we drive our flying machines, light our houses, and cook our dinners, if we allowed it to be wasted as the ancients did. No ! no ! We attract and conserve it for use. The ancients in their barbarous times sent men, women and children down into the bowels of the earth risking and often losing their lives to burrow for a mineral to provide the world with light and heat. Lightning, as you call it, is our propelling power, and our light and heat. But," said he, after a pause, "flying machines will soon be superseded if the news from Africa is correct."

"And what is that?" we asked.

"Why, this, that a new gas has been invented which when inhaled makes one so light and buoyant that he can traverse the air at any height and carry great weights without distressing himself. Experiments, they say, have been made, and two men carried several tons of goods across the country successfully, and——"

"What—what—what?" we interposed, in a tone of most profound astonishment.

But he only mocked us, and said in a very different voice, "What, what, what?"

"I'll tell you what, monsieur, if you don't get up and make haste down the sun will be down before you, and then you will roll down in the dark."

Rousing ourselves we became aware that we had been asleep, and without stopping for another wink we rushed off at a sharp trot down the hill, and did not stop to think of anything till we reached the hotel.

## FOURTEENTH STAGE.

BARGAINING—PARISIAN FRENCH—CHAB À BANCS—AN OLD FACE  
MET AGAIN—ST. GERVAIS LES BAINS—A TERRIFIC TRAGEDY  
—GENEVA—THE OLD TOWN AND CATHEDRAL—A THEOLOGICAL  
DISCUSSION AND THE VERDICT—AU REVOIR JUSQU'AU REVOIR.

WE were called early next morning and went out into the village to secure a seat in the *char à bancs* for Geneva, for which privilege they ask twenty-one francs, and get it if one does not know better. Bargaining, however, effects a large reduction, and a corresponding high estimation of one's shrewdness results. Lately competition and bad times have been bringing down the charges, and we have heard of the journey being accomplished by these conveyances for 3s. 6d. It is not the charge for conveyance only the bad times affect, for we have been told that this season (1879) hotels, pensions and everything that is provided for the comfort of foreign visitors, and to tempt their spending powers, has been reduced twenty-five per cent. throughout Switzerland.

A young "swell" entered the office at the same time as ourselves and commenced business by raking up the little French he knew, whether for practice or our edification we did not discover. He had left some luggage at Geneva, and he wished it to be brought to Chamouni by the next conveyance, to attain which end he proceeded to give instructions in manner as follows—

"Bon jour."

"Bon jour, monsieur," returned the clerk.

"Voulez vous—a—"

"Oui, monsieur," said the clerk, restlessly.

"Cherchez—a—pour—a—mon—baggage—a—"

"Speak English, sir, speak English," said the French clerk, impatiently, to the astonishment of the other who thought he was getting on with his French very well, and looked rather abashed at being pulled up so suddenly—in his own language too.

"Well," he replied, when his surprise was over and he had recovered his proper estimation of himself which had been suspended only for the moment. "Well, if it will save you the trouble to interpret my Parisian accent, I *will* speak English."

"It will save you more trouble than me, sir," retorted the clerk.

We left them to settle their business, having secured our seats, to get a hearty breakfast, and then took our seats in the *char à bancs*, by the side of a gentleman whom we recognized as the story-teller we met on the Rhine.

A *char à bancs* is a kind of hearse with half a mourning coach stuck on in front. A few rows of seats are arranged upon the roof under a light canopy for the passengers, who sit facing the horses.



With good horses to show us the way, we started after a prelude in some sharp key from our old friend the whip, repeated, with variations, incessantly to the end of the journey.

It was a glorious September morning, and as we skirted the river and then crossed it by a lofty stone bridge, a

roaring challenge appeared to arise from its waters for a race to Geneva, for which it was also bound, to join the Rhone in a wedding trip to the Mediterranean.

We have heard in our day of so many "finest drives in Europe," as the Corniche, South of France; the drive from Naples to Sorrento, and many others, but, for inland scenery, we believe that the drive from Chamouni to Geneva cannot be surpassed for variety, extent and richness.

Snow mountains and glaciers; rocky mountains starting up, and torrents running down everywhere. Rich woods clothe the mountains wherever they can find a crick or cranny to derive a little nourishment and enable them to keep roots and trunks together. Yellow roads, the grey river and chalky mountain streams cut up the view into sections, like the coloured lines dividing a map, as if the whole were too much for the eye to undertake to take in at once.

The first stop was at St. Gervais les Bains to take up some passengers, and we drove through the beautiful grounds to the bathing establishment and hotel combined, which a great many *voyageurs* visit in the summer, some of whom use the sulphur springs for their maladies. The building is very large and reminded us of the old inns of London in the old coaching days. It occupies three sides of a square enclosing a court-yard. Open galleries, one over the other, give access to the apartments lighted by rows of little windows and entered by rows of little doors with little brass knockers, reminding us of a fairy cottage we once possessed (on canvass) when we used to play Bundle, in the "Waterman," to a discriminating and appreciative audience. On the ground floor are a ball room, reading room, billiard rooms and other rooms for recreation and amusement. Fine walks and a fine waterfall in the grounds add to the other attractions.

"There's a lot of rum people in that place sometimes—they come from all parts," said the "story-teller" as we drove away and who had hitherto been silent, "I was there myself once."

"For the waters?" we enquired.

"No, there was nothing the matter with me. I went to spend part of my holiday and for society, amusement, anything I could pick up like most people who go to these places. There were some Russians and Americans there at the time; sharp fellows those Russians, speak English better than the Americans. It was soon after the American War and one of the Yankees called himself a Colonel. He had plenty of money, made out of contracts for supplying the army with clothing; originally a small tailor, and never used any weapon larger than a needle in his hand all his life. There were some American young ladies too, there, who wore diamond rings and ear drops, and spoke through their noses as if they were afraid of spoiling the shape of their mouths. One of these girls told me she was engaged to a *Loo-tenant* (Lieutenant) in the Navy, to prevent me from making her an offer or to make me more resolved to win—and I resolved to do neither. One of the Russians was a little square-built square-toed man; by that I mean that he wore boots wider at the toes than any other part. He was about thirty, and had a square face with two square black eyes under square black eyebrows, so heavy that they looked as if they were put there for sun blinds. A huge black moustache, cut square, did duty over the upper lip and strutted out like a blind to a shop window; underneath, deep in shadow, rested a most cavernous-looking huge deep mouth. Coarse straight black hair overshadowed the man, and he looked altogether black enough to do the heaviest business in the heaviest drama at the "Victoria" and bring down the heaviest execrations of all the little boys in the front row of the gallery.

"The American who was Colonel by name and tailor by trade was the reverse of the Russian, being tall and slim, the only similarity I could discover being the Russia tallow colour of his skin. He had very little hair and that was about the colour of his complexion, but whether he had most on his head or his lip I could not decide, such a very slight fringe ornamented either. He had a rather high narrow forehead, under which two bilious eyes were hid

away, peeping out occasionally just to see if his high cheek-bones had grown less, or whether any whisker had vegetated to fill up the hollows in his cheeks. His lips were a study, thin and always compressed, seldom appearing to move either to speak or to breathe, and drawn so tightly inwards as if some fixed determination had settled there to take some formidable fortress by storm, or some gigantic contract for army clothing, but which of the two desperate acts were accomplished I never heard.

"One night there were a good many in the billiard room, amongst them the Russian and the Colonel. Another American had passed round some cigars, which he said were 'Henry Clays,' first quality, and that he brought them over direct in a first-class berth in that first-class liner 'The Premier.' Judging from the smell, I should have thought they were first-class strong tip-toppers. Billiards were talked about, and the Colonel, who had just managed to get his lips apart by the aid of the leverage of his friend's cigar, boasted that he had in his day beaten some of the best players in New York.

"The heavy Russian listened and after a while sauntered to the table and began knocking the balls about anyhow.

"'You play so well, play me ; I might learn something from your style,' he said, addressing the Colonel.

"'Well, I'm reytter shaky to-night, but if it's obliging you I'll try one game.'

"The Russian signified that it would be, and the game commenced and ended, the Colonel winning easy, who was very jubilant, and his little eyes appeared to venture farther out of their sockets to celebrate the event. Another game was proposed, this time for a small stake, when the Colonel was allowed to win again by about half a head.

"He was not quite so bumptious over this game and his lips appeared to be drawn in tighter, as if making some more gigantic determination than any of his former gigantic efforts.

"'I'll tell you what it is, Rooshan, I'll play you for 300 dollars straight off,' oozed out from some part, certainly not the most open part of the Colonel's lips, for they

seemed tightly screwed. His eyes came out again just to look about to see the effect of his challenge, as effect was his object, and he was gratified, for it had the effect of stopping the conversation, and the company at once devoted their attention to the game, the Colonel attempting a smile of satisfaction.

"This time the Russian won, after a prolonged game, not very easily apparently, which gave rise to some chaff and which made the Colonel's lips disappear altogether, but when the score showed him to be a loser by only five, he brought them out again and burst forth, this time really from his lips, with another challenge.

" 'I'll tell you, Rooshan, what I'll do, I'll play you now for 500 dollars and win easy.'

"This caused more excitement and more chaff as the game proceeded, for although the Russian had let him have a good start it was clear to all, but the Colonel, that he could win as he liked.

"When the Russian was again declared an easy winner the Colonel's face became more yellow, his eyes more sunken, his lips more out of sight and he left the room in silence, resolved upon revenge.

" 'There's mischief in that look,' said the American who had been so liberal with his cigars, 'he looks as yellow as a boy after his first pipe; his bile is running all over him. I have seen many a nigger killed when his master had a face like that.' Turning to the Russian, he said, 'Well, you smashed him up pretty well and you'd smash up England in the same way if you could. Well, I don't wonder, for she does stop you from opening the sluices between your country and Turkey.'

"The Russian made no reply to this, but simply bobbed his head slowly and retired.

"The next morning was one of those cloudy ones so frequent in mountainous districts, when all the clouds appear to come down to breakfast and to draw the blinds down over the mountains. This, somebody said was a sure indication of a fine day and so everybody went somewhere in the hope of seeing something, encouraged by that



forecast. Not everybody—for the Russian sauntered about the court-yard smoking a cigar, his opponent of the previous night not having appeared. As predicted, the clouds cleared away and about noon it was very hot. The Russian still hung about the court-yard smoking, until, overcome with the heat or the cigars, he strolled into the deserted billiard room and having nothing better to do fell asleep and his huge lower jaw fell down from sheer idleness.

"The Colonel, who had not been out of his room, now put in an appearance, or rather put out what belonged to him, first by opening his door and exhibiting his head and then pulling it back again. Ultimately, however, he displayed his whole figure and leaned over the balustrade to count the stones in the court-yard for a few minutes, but as there was no one to help him to perform that formidable task, he gave it up and after satisfying himself that there was not anyone about he crept noiselessly down until he stood before the billiard room door. There he gave a strictly dramatic start, correctly imitated from Wallack's first start at the witches (in 'Macbeth'), but as there were no witches to engage him he started back again and resumed his ordinary position. After a short time he posed himself in a listening attitude, gradually diminishing the distance between the door and himself by easy stages. Silence reigned within; the ivories were quiet and he ventured another stage and another, when he was able to take in the whole room at a glance, then he gave start No. 2. 'Ah! 'tis he!—he sleeps,' escaped somewhere between his lips, which were suddenly drawn in again, as if he meant to swallow them.

"There lay his enemy, completely at his mercy, for the Russian had sunk into a deep sleep, his head resting on the back of a chair, his face turned up as if he had fallen asleep whilst calculating with all care the superficial contents of the ceiling, his mouth wide open ready to bite anyone that dared to interrupt him while solving that great problem. The Colonel stood still and surveyed the position, taking all its bearings, the head thrown back, the mouth wide open.

“ ‘Revenge is a palliative to defeat,’ he soliloquised.

“ His eyes rolled out from their sockets, and rolled backwards from the red mouth to the red ball, and back again from the red ball to the red mouth ; the red ball was grasped and rolled about in his red hand ; his eyes went in then came out, in and out, like a piston rod, as if they were pumping up resolution, his lips went farther down his throat. “ ‘Tis done—a pocket ! ’ as the ball shot into the Russian’s mouth and down his throat, who sprang from his seat and tried to remove the obstruction to his personal comfort ; he tried to cough—to vomit—to swallow—to scream—to gasp—but all in vain, the ball had lodged and liked its quarters and could not be coaxed or forced to move. His face turned black, his eyes turned red, he rushed to the door, fainted and fell, a few gurgling sounds followed, he had cannoned with the red ball and the game was over ! ”

“ And what became of the Colonel ? ” we asked.

“ He was never heard of after,” said the storyteller, “ but I have a suspicion, for I read a description of some phenomena being then exhibited by Barnum (that was about a year after) and one was a man whose lips had been drawn in and protruded through the back of his neck, so I guessed who it was, and——”

“ However you can sit there and tell such audacious lies I can never think,” said an elderly female sitting in front, in a voice between a shout and a growl, and who was evidently an English nurse, for she had been very restless during the recital of the tragedy—all nurses *are* restless, they catch it from the babies.

“ Where—ever do-e think to go to ? ” she added.

“ To Geneva, ma’am, and here we are,” answered the ever ready story-teller.

Geneva, once the capital of the small republic of that name has a history, and Geneva is very proud of her history. Geneva has a climate too, very pleasant in spring and autumn but piercingly cold in winter and exhaustingly hot in summer. Geneva generously divides herself into two parts to make room for that transparent and bluest of blue rivers the Rhone, which rushes through the centre with

indecent haste, for everybody knows that it is on its way to be married to the Arve, and the meeting takes place just below the town; the union is not effected at once, however, although they run in the same groove, the two colours of the rivers are distinct for a considerable distance running side by side, some who have seen, say for twenty or thirty miles, but as we have not seen we will not say.

The wide and handsome new bridge, the Pont du Mont Blanc, unites the two quays just above Rousseau's island, and on the right bank is a fine new street leading to the railway station, and in that street and on this bank of the river are some of the finest hotels.

Geneva is a well-built and improving town (the new part) and increasing like all other towns where there is a railway. The principal buildings are on the quays, which are planted in parts with trees, shrubs and flower beds, and in the open space near the Botanic Gardens, the promenade de la Treille, where the handsome new opera house and the conservatory of music stand. A handsomer Russian church, an English church to which we cannot add the third degree of comparison, and many other new buildings occupy sites in other parts, and are fine additions to a fine town in a fine situation. Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Madame de Stael and other distinguished names (not so well known) are associated with Geneva.

In favourable weather the mountains appear quite close and the Mont Blanc range look white as pearls set on a turquoise sky.

We do not know anything more refreshing to the eye than to gaze upon snow mountains, light without shade, never tiring the eye, sometimes gradually lost amongst the clouds like a dissolving view and as gradually coming forth again with increased whiteness to compensate for a brief absence—this, however, under favourable circumstances, because sometimes, for weeks together, the snow mountains are not visible in Geneva. Voltaire's Château at Ferney, about four miles from Geneva, is a show house; also the Villa Rothschild on the road thereto.

The old town of narrow, steep, tortuous streets, with high

houses bonneted with wide eaves, propped with ironwork twisted and curled like dogs' tails, is in its proper place—the background. Up some of these narrow streets we wandered to see the Cathedral, and have a distinct recollection of their aromatic flavour. The old building retains some of its original Romanesque character, but it has been *restored* from time to time, and most of us know that sins of architects and builders are included in the meaning of that word. A classic portico has been grafted on to one wing of the west front and the other wing presents a gothic appearance, we need not say any more. The extreme plainness of church ornament in the interior is very striking—no, that's incorrect, because there is not any ornament really to strike one. A few carved stalls, an old monument, and old pulpit, an old table, standing in front of where the altar once stood, without any cloth to hide its plain bare legs, all so old and so cold; the only chance of one ray of warmth is when the sun darts through the ruby in the old stained glass, left by the old Papists, to shed a little warmth on these poor, cold, cold relics. An old chair stands upon the floor, close to the pulpit, an uncomfortable looking old oak chair, in which they say Calvin sat in the pulpit when he denounced, with so much energy, everybody who did not hold his own peculiar reformed views. For our own parts we cannot see the consistency of such enthusiasts. Calvin tries to force us to embrace his views, but he will not embrace any of ours in return; that's unfair, and it appears to us that it was quite as intolerant on Calvin's part to denounce the Pope and all his Cardinals, as it was for the Pope and all his Cardinals to denounce Calvin and all his followers, and we have no doubt the Pope *would* have roasted Calvin and all his followers and Calvin *would* have roasted the Pope and all his Cardinals, as he did the poor Spaniard who dared to differ with him.

A gentleman dressed in black cloth, with a long tailed frock coat, looking quakerish about the collar, appeared to be surveying everything in the building very reverentially; he was a Presbyterian missionary on leave from some mission

in China, and after a little preliminary on our part, for he was a man of few words and many sighs, we ventured to express our views upon Calvin's condemnation of this poor Spanish sinner to the stake. He replied in a gloomy monotonous voice, every word being breathed in a sigh:—"All—these—things—are—very—mysterious. No—doubt—there—were—good—reasons," winding up with a small discharge of sighs.

"But, dear sir, supposing the Chinese were to roast you alive as soon after your return as convenient to them, because you differ with their views, *we* might say, 'Very mysterious, but no doubt they had good reasons.'"

This appeared to "strike home" and gave rise to a perfect volley of sighs and no words. We left the building at the same time and walked side by side in silence. His eyes were cast down as he strolled along moodily. We did not disturb him, for we thought he might be looking for a pin upon the paving stones to secure his white necktie, which had shifted round to the back of his head and stuck out over his coat collar like the bow of a young ladies back hair. At last he delivered himself of the following soliloquy:—"Over—these—stones—walked—Calvin—and—John—Knox,—twice—hallowed—ground."

We interrupted his meditations for a moment to put him right. "But, good sir, paviours must live as well as parsons, and how *could* they live if paving stones lasted 300 to 400 years?"

He made no reply, but diverted himself with a full octave of sighs, the various tones of which met our ears as he passed away. We soon overtook him, however, for he had pulled up to watch a number of women engaged in "innocent prattle" round a large fountain, which for the nonce was converted into a wash tub, and who no doubt were giving their absent friends as hard a rub as their clothes. We wondered if he was going to deliver an address, but he only muttered, "Plymouth—brethren,—all—washerwomen—are—Plymouth—brethren." Now, for our lives, we could not understand why that profession should constitute eligibility; why washerwomen in particular should wear breaches

into the old and time honoured bulwarks of nomenclature; why the respectable and respected society of Plymouth should convert sisters into brothers and washerwomen in particular. We ventured to enquire "Why?"

"Don't—you—see—that—they—are—using—soft—soap?" he replied. "Don't—you—see—how—they—splash—the—suds—over—each—other?"

He thought he had said something smart, and even passed a smile through his usual sigh as he concluded, and looked to us for a response.

"But, reverend sir, do you think all are insincere except those who profess your particular doctrines; the Church of England for example?—"

"Disestablishment—*must*—come," he interposed.

We proceeded: "The Church of England, or any other body of men constituting a church, who are honestly doing their duty, according to the directions of their own consciences, cheerfully obeying God's laws instead of their own, and have a kind word and a helping hand for their neighbour, instead of being overkind to their own lusts and helping their own stomachs too freely, you excommunicate because they do not belong to your society."

"The—Church—of—England," he said, somewhat abstractedly, "has—not—humility. The—clergy—are—proud."

There's the secret, friend, *you* have not the same social status, you know it and writhe. "Now, about these Plymouth brethren, why do you feel so bitterly towards them?"

"I—feel—bitterly. It—is—not—in—my—nature. The—Plymouth—brethren—are—very—well—but—they—do—our—churches—a—great—deal—of—harm," he answered.

"O! O! the secret's out! Shop! Adieu, adieu!"

We soon reached the quay again and commenced a survey of the shops, every other one of which was a watchmaker's, and every other house a watch or musical box factory.

"What a *go* it would be," said a cockney, "if all the watches and musical boxes in Geneva were set a-go in at once! Everything seems to come and go by clockwork here. Look at the babies! Don't e'm look like musical

boxes? And when they cry, don't e'm sound as if they were wound up."

This remark about babies was induced by some passing at the time, packed up like Egyptian mummies between two pillows, carried in the arms of the nurses. It's a wonder how the children find room to grow—perhaps, like mushroom-rooms, they do all that in the night.

Wandering through the market we reached that part devoted to the sale of fish, and as it was market day the stalls were well stocked with two small soles and a few herrings from the Lake. Switzerland is badly supplied with salt water fish, indeed we rarely tasted any there or in Germany, and a fishmonger's shop we did not see; but fruits and vegetables are plentiful in season. So after stocking ourselves with a supply of grapes at 2d. a pound and peaches at 4d. a pound, we made our way to the Lake and took our place on the deck of a steamer for a skim over the blue waters, to take in the lovely views of mountain scenery and our peaches and grapes at the same time, with a pitying look at the poor fellows in the long barges, with the goose wing sails, which never appear to move.

Annie who up to this time had religiously kept faith and held her peace as conservatively as we had held the purse, now began to show evidence of rebellion and recalcitration after the stimulus of a large bunch of grapes.

She understood the money perfectly well and didn't see why she should not carry the purse for a time; besides she wanted some small drapery goods, &c., &c. We did not reply, and the rebellious spirit finding words: "I'll tell you what it is, Jack, I am downright tired—I never felt so tired in my life, and—most emphatically—I will not go farther! Take me anywhere on the shore of this Lake and let us rest."

The request being a reasonable one, we acquiesced.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, as September is waning we will rest at Lausanne for the winter and in February we will start for Italy, and shall be very happy with the pleasure of your company.

## FIFTEENTH STAGE.

DEPARTURE FOR A WARMER COUNTRY—LYONS—PILGRIMS—ENGLISH IN LEADING STRINGS—AVIGNON—MARSEILLES—A MAN OF MANY WRONGS—CANNES—NICE—DISTINGUISHED WAITERS—A DINNER AND A BALL.

NEW Year's Day, 1878 in Lausanne, was one of warm brilliant sunshine from the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun. Blinds were drawn down, and no fires were required until sunset; but a few days after, the hard frost set in, and continued to increase in hardness, often registering in the suburbs forty degrees of frost, (Fahrenheit) or eight below zero. In the town we have seen twenty-five degrees of frost registered at ten in the morning on the shady side of a street—whilst on the other it was quite warm in the sunshine. Even the intensest cold of Lausanne is more endurable than London when a cold N.E. March wind comes round every corner. Many people consider Clarens and Montreux more warm and snug for winter quarters, but we consider that as Lausanne stands higher, it is healthier and Pension Victoria, beautifully situated in a large garden, is a most comfortable and well conducted Establishment.

Starting for Italy on the 13th February, we soon reached the open country, where the severity of the long frost became apparent in the ice-bound rivulets and frost-bound fields; drippings from rocks and banks being converted into giant icicles, like frozen cataracts.

Passing Geneva, we began to ascend and obtained occasional glimpses of the snow covered Jura range of mountains in front, with the rapid Rhone on our left, changing its colour chamelion-like at every peep, sometimes blue, some-



times deep green contrasted with a rich brown, produced by the shade of its tiny waves. Onward, and we soon reached the frontier, with its fortifications built upon, and into gigantic rocks rising perpendicularly, coridored and loop holed like Dover cliffs. The train drew up at Bellegarde, the first French station where the nuisance of the Excise supervision had to be endured. We observed that the Swiss had to show their passports, and were subjected to strict examination, both as to their persons and their luggage; whilst the word *Anglais* was enough to pass us and our baggage without scrutiny. We heard afterwards that the Swiss are looked upon with suspicion, as they would if they could, smuggle watches into France.

Leaving Bellegarde, we passed through a very pretty country, with rocky heights and slopes covered with vines, the cultivation of which, about this part, as on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, appears to be the great farming industry. Farther on, between Rosillion and Amberieux, there are some extraordinary, and very picturesque rocks, which skirt the railway for some distance, some of them peaked, cragged, serrated, honeycombed in such an eccentric manner that every peak looked like a ruined spire, every crag like part of a ruined castle; whilst others reminded us of the ruins of a cathedral, columns and arches apparently with niches and figures, bosses and corbels, scattered in all directions over the face and amongst these curious rocky formations. Even here every available patch of earth facing south was requisitioned for the growth of the wine that cheers, dreary looking vineyards at the time we passed with nothing but rugged obstinate looking stumps, and the white *echalas*, bare and neglected, fallen and ready to fall, but soon to be put in trim to prop the young shoots of the vine when they spring forth from the knarled stumps in due season.

We came soon after into an open country; the slopes and the vines sloped away into the far distance; and we saw a little of agriculture proper; ploughed fields looking very untidy and pastures bare almost of grass, without cattle or sheep, except where in one field we saw six sheep working hard for their living on the poor grass, with two lambs to

amuse them and cheer their weary hours.

Nearing Lyons, slopes of vines appear again, and not another sign of cultivation, even the cottage gardens being planted with the same, without one weather-beaten cabbage or a potato patch, which we are accustomed to see about the humblest homesteads in England.

The snow, ice and frost, we had left behind, and soon became sensible that we were approaching a warmer and more genial climate.

The railway runs round one side of Lyons, through formidable fortifications, to the station, which is in the middle of the town.

Lyons is a very fine city of high houses, open squares, and new boulevards lined with trees; with two fine rivers running their serpentine course through, and meeting just outside its boundaries. The old streets are narrow and dirty, with the usual unsavoury odour of nasal twang also, as usual in all French towns; fine houses and fine trees, being more valued than good drainage.

Everyone has heard of Lyons silk; everyone naturally believes its manufacture to be the chief industry of the city; and for once everyone is right. Everyone, however, is surprised to find that it is not manufactured in large factories like cloth manufactories, the workmen having their looms at their own dwellings, and the silk being dealt out by the warehousemen to be woven. We went to one of these garret factories where we found two women engaged weaving silk damask, and to another where one man was weaving velvet for the Paris exhibition.

The Hôtel de Ville is a fine Renaissance building, and close to it is the Museum and Picture Gallery. Lyons having been built over the site of a Roman town, the Museum is in consequence, very rich in classic remains, and Votive altars, monuments, tablets, pieces of columns, and cornices of great size and variety are displayed in the corridors. Some very perfect Roman villas still exist on their original sites outside the City.


The churches were all in mourning for Pius IX., the Cathedral being draped almost from floor to ceiling so that

its early architecture was hidden ; a mournful circumstance for us, at which we were obliged, so far, to join in the general mourning.

Ascending the height of Fourvières, crowned by Notre Dame, a fine view of town and country rewarded our labour. The mountains of Savoy are visible through a clear atmosphere, but we had not brought clear weather with us, so we were fain to be assured that the Snowy Alps, a hundred miles off, were in their accustomed place, and not at all dissatisfied with what we did see. At our feet, that is to say, if our legs had been long enough to reach so far down—the town and its 325,000 inhabitants rested in peace, which is a good deal to say for the Lyonnaise, who do not always lie down with the lamb. The circle of forts round the crowd of buildings looked like a cordon of police to keep the democratic populace (*par eminence*) in order.

The Rhone rushing along like a widower to meet his bride elect—the Saone hesitating and creeping along like a half willing maiden, soon become united, and then—a good example to human nature under the same conditions—go on their course as one, until lost in the Mediterranean.

Passing over to the other side of the hill, under some Roman arches, we entered the Observatory grounds where a Roman archaeologist would have ample opportunity of pursuing his studies amongst the piles of remains, and putting together the pieces of sculpture, in which attempt we are afraid there would be some missing links. From the Observatory there is a most extensive view over a beautiful wine-growing district, which we did not stay long to dwell upon, for we were anxious to inspect Notre Dame and the “Miraculous Figure” of which we had heard so much. The gilded figure of “Our Lady” which surmounts the building can be seen from all parts of the town. Glittering in the sunshine it helped to guide us to the portal of the church which architecturally we found of no interest. It is said that upwards of two millions of pilgrims annually visit this church, the majority like ourselves, perhaps—pilgrims of curiosity. The interior, with its miraculous figure, to which all-healing and other miraculous virtues are attributed, was



visited on this occasion by a number of pilgrims and devotees, among whom might be named a personally-conducted "party of tourists," and our own small party. The walls were covered with representations of miracles, said to have been performed through the agency of this particular Madonna, some of which were very highly coloured, framed with gold (on wood) and covered with crystal (glass). The *aureole* invariably surrounding the apparition of the Virgin in these pictures or sketches, was produced with pyrotechnic effect, illuminating scenes of some direful calamity averted through her miraculous appearance and intervention. The majority of these small pictures represented a bedroom with a sick and apparently dying child stretched upon the bed, around which the parents and friends were kneeling, an apparition of the Virgin appearing over the fireplace invariably, which might account for the warmth of the colouring. All particulars of the miraculous restoration of the child, including names and dates, are recorded under each performance. Some other sketches represented men, women and children, variously deformed, throwing away their crutches, after having been "made whole." One picture we particularly noticed of an invalid in a sick chamber, after the usual pattern; two persons were kneeling by the bedside, and over the fireplace surrounded by the usual glow (of colour) appeared an apparition of the Father and the Son. The figure of the Father was entire, but the Son was growing out of the left shoulder—the head of a child on the left shoulder of a man—but why *over the left*, we could not discover. Schoolboy reminiscences of the frequent use of those words "over the left," in doubtful cases, came into our mind, and "over the left" escaped from our lips involuntarily as we passed to the N.W. corner for the purpose of inspecting the piles of crutches, and even the boot and irons of a crooked-legged boy, left behind by the pilgrim who had come crippled, worshipped the miraculous figure, and left "whole." The small pictures and sketches were drawn from the descriptions given by those who had seen of course the visions, and witnessed the miracles, the results of the prayers offered up to the aforesaid miraculous figure, and presented

to the church. Some we noticed dated so recently as 1877 ; so it is to be presumed that the miracle-working powers of the figure still exist. The great miracle to our benighted, doubting, heretical, excommunicated soul, is how in this age of mathematical research, reason and anti-superstition, it is all taken-in and believed by those highly intelligent gentlemen, the priests—we will not add the people. Although we must not forget that Spiritualism is believed by many intelligent Englishmen with whom it is a positive cult—a wide-spreading religion ! The personally-conducted group of tourists were at the railway station ; and, as we found they were going to Avignon, we took our ticket for the same place. From some of these intelligent persons—the word intelligent is used retrospectively, because *their* intelligence both as to the present and the future was centred in and around the conductor, who, having taken a party *once* before over part of the ground, was a volume of great interest and undoubted authority—we gleaned that some had never been out of their own country before, others not out of their own ‘Shire,’ that they were bound for a flight through the Riviera to Rome and Naples, and were finally to return to London in little over a month. “Heavens !” we exclaimed, when we thought of the distance, “Are they going to see it all through the railway carriage window ? Are these people, another sample of English, who go abroad blindfolded and return with green spectacles ?” There were about fifty altogether, all sorts and conditions of men and women, all ages, from seventeen to seventy, and when we thought of the fatigue before them, we felt that the weakly-looking and the old ones were too heavily handicapped. Well, we shall see.

We did not see the country between Lyons and Avignon, for the reason that the sun had gone down before we started, and we reached Avignon about midnight, being sensible for a long time that we were gradually approaching a warmer climate.

Avignon, the ancient seat of the Popes, during their banishment from Rome, which everybody knows, possesses some good buildings, and a large Museum full of classic relics and souvenirs of its Roman origin. It has a picture gallery

containing some good pictures in which Horace Vernet, a native of this town, is well represented, his well-known and engraved picture 'Mazeppa' being amongst the number. The old town with its narrow streets, hot and dirty, is uninteresting; but new streets and new buildings are beginning to spring up; and, amongst the latter, are the new Theatre and the Academy of Music. The old Palace of the Popes is now partly barrack and partly a prison.

When the Rhone overflows its banks, the town is flooded to a considerable depth, the height of the water at different floods being marked at the corners of the streets, and in one church we observed that it reached six feet at the last flood. The principal churches, as at Lyons, were draped with black and masses were being said for the Pope. The church of Notre Dame stands upon a height surmounted by its glided figure, and attended by its Calvary. The building is interesting architecturally, and contains some handsomely carved galleries, and some interesting monuments of some of the Popes; amongst these the shrine of Pope Jean XXII, which dates from the fourteenth century, and is the most handsome of them all. The dome was once adorned with frescoes, now nearly obliterated. In one of the side chapels we observed a figure of the Virgin, and so beautiful was the expression of the face that one could almost persuade himself to worship, not the figure, but the divine *art* of the artist. In another, there was a figure of a saint, whose toe by the frequent osculation of the faithful, had been bereft of all shape. To this holy personage the power of miracle-working was attributed; for it was surrounded by pictures like those at Lyons, besides crutches and models of deformed legs in wax, which had been put straight in the flesh. From the Park near Notre Dame, a fine view over the country is obtained; on one side the mountains tipped with snow, and the Alps softened by a warm haze, which made them look like distant clouds; and on the other side the Rhone, spanned by a ruined bridge, running along not quite in so much haste as we had seen it, with the old towers of Ville-neuve on its banks, in all the warmth and brightness of the sunny South, warm and bright as a fine July day in England

though only in the middle of February. A modern tomb to the memory of Petrarch's Laura, who lived and died in Avignon. Another modern monument in the Park to one Althen, who introduced the cultivation of madder for dyeing, which constitutes the chief support of the town. A fine modern suspension bridge, and the old City walls were among the attractions faithfully noted down by one of the 'personally-conducted,' who said he intended to lecture upon what he had seen, and who has probably upon what he has not as well upon his return, and no doubt edified the populous village in which he resides long ere this, and completely established his reputation as a traveller and acute observer.

Speeding on to Marseilles the heat increased ; and as we sped along we observed the cottagers sitting in their gardens knitting ; alas, even in summer, how few days of such outdoor comfort are allotted to us Britishers !

Marseilles received us with all the warmth and brilliancy of its southern climate. Its fine docks are always full of ships, its quays full of bustle, and its streets full of business, its people full of excitement. It was from one of their ancestors, that that most excitable of all excitable, to the republican mind, the '*Marseillaise*,' emanated, having been composed for the galley slaves, liberated by Robespierre, Danton and Marat, who marched to Paris, to assist them in their bloody work, singing "Forward children of our country." What an origin for a National hymn !

Magnificent new wide streets and boulevards, with avenues of trees, are cutting into the narrow dirty slums of the Marseilles of old, exterminating by degrees the wretched dens of filth and infamy that once existed, and many of which still exist. The magnificent La Rue de Cannebière, which the Marseillais say, is the finest street in Europe, might be classed as one of them, and certainly is as fine as any street in Paris. In Paris, however, there are so many fine streets, that with Tom Moore's "Bright eyes" of the ladies, abounding in all directions, "'tis hard to choose." Marseilles must e'en be satisfied with being considered in rank and beauty the second city of France—a concession which we unhesitatingly grant it.

Leaving Marseilles for Cannes, the sun shone brilliantly, lighting up the charming scenery; the conical hills and sombre olive groves; the straggling cacti and majestic palms; the dense pine forests and slumbering vineyards; the blue sea sparkling and dancing as if rejoicing with all Nature under a clear sky and noon-day sun—had its elevating influences upon us, and we were happy to join in the general rejoicing! In our exuberance of joy we expressed our great delight to a fellow traveller, but we had struck the wrong chord, for he growled a discord:

"O'i have been robbed. O'i have been robbed of my mooney, and that's robbed me of any spirit to join in your pleasure. That's my hotel bill" (bill produced), "at Marseilles; they put me down one franc for soap for one noight, and O'i didn't use a fardon's worth. They wouldn't take it off noither, so O'i said O'i'd have the soap, but when O'i got back to my bed-room it was gone, and when O'i came down the bus was gone, and when O'i got to the station the train was gone. If they were English O'i'd make em paye compensation—O'i know. O'i went into a place to get some lunch before O'i started, and they put a fowl and a small loaf on the table, and O'i eat about half the fowl and half the loaf. When they brought the bill O'i found five francs charged for the pullet, which they spelled *poulette*—that's one thing O'i *have* noticed in France, when they *do* use our English words they spell e'm so bad. O'i was'n't going to be done this toime, and so O'i cleared it all into a newspaper and put it in my pocket for supper. If O'i was done out of the soap O'i was'n't goin to be robbed of the vittals, and O'i said, if O'i'd got to paye for it O'i'd snake it, O'i know."

North countryman-like, thought we. Having unburdened his mind he appeared more amiable and treated us to a few of his observations, one of which is perhaps worth recording.

"Good woine needs no bush, that's a well known proverb; now O'i see a bush hung over all the woine shop doors in this country, and O'i expect all the good woine must be sent away to England, and they put up that bush to prick



our consciences, when we come to see it, but they need'nt do that for to drink their woine is enough punishment, and then when you take a little brandy as a sort of a peace-maker in the stomach, you get poisoned—well nigh. Beer, too, is only barm and sugar and half froth, except English beer which they charge 1s. 3d. a pint for. O'i always thought the French a very revengeful lot," and putting his palm to one side of his mouth to direct the sound more surely to us, he said: "O'i feel it here—*here*," at the same time removing his hand to that part of his body, very near but not over, his heart.

We saw very little of Toulon, as we passed in the train; the surroundings are very picturesque, and retain the Italian character. In the open country, through which we passed, pines and palms, orange and lemon trees, laden with fruit, were interspersed with the olive and cacti, while gigantic aloes lined the banks of the railway; roses peeping over and hanging about the fences in all directions. And all this too in February! The ground looked parched, and very few cattle or sheep were to be seen; vineyards and olives are the chief cultivation; and the little corn we saw was that growing between the vines in trenched beds.

Cannes, the favourite winter retreat of the late Lord Brougham and a place still increasing in favour with the English, we found very warm under a glaring sun in a cloudless sky. The new part is English-like, and, as there are so many English residents and visitors, who fly hither to escape the damp and cold of an English winter, we were almost persuaded to believe that we were at some fashionable English watering-place in the height of the season. The hotels are very fine, surrounded by large gardens full of trees and plants, that *we*, in our northern climate, are accustomed to see *under glass*, well nursed and cared for. The hygienic Eucalyptus, palm-tree avenues, pepper and clove trees, lemon and orange groves, flower beds variegated with stocks, cinerarias, camelias, roses, rhododendra, and a variety of other plants in flower, lend their charms to these favoured shores.

There is not much to see in the town, but the country

round is very attractive ; sheltered by the Esterel Mountains on the north, which protection, it is said, renders Cannes the warmest situation on the coast. Hence it is selected by the invalid who struggles to prolong life ; and how many are to be seen creeping slowly about, as though they had no right to be there to prolong their allotted time. Wives with consumptive-looking husbands, and husbands with fading-looking or already faded wives ; anxious mothers, —how anxious can be read in every line and every look of their anxious faces, now full of hope, now dreading the worst, with pale-faced boys or hectic-faced girls, with sunken and still glistening eyes ; mothers hoping to tide their darlings over another winter, with the further hope that they will “grow out” of their disease, if they can only prolong their lives—vain, vain hope.

There are another class of visitors who select Cannes for the comfort of (an English) summer in the winter months, and very comfortable looking people they are, a healthy contrast to the invalid. The large English church was crowded on Sunday with fashionable people, and we sat close to the seat which Lord Brougham used to occupy, and over which there is a mural tablet to his memory.

The gardens of the Chateau de Tours are open to the public, as well as those of the Chateau de la Bocca, and some others, all of which are examples of taste in landscape gardening, and are rich in the trees, shrubs and flowers which luxuriate in this climate. But the great attraction to an Englishman is novelty, which the orange groves of the Jardin des Hespérides provides. The trees were literally covered with the golden fruit which liberally bestrewed the ground as well under each tree. The view down the avenues, the rich gold colour softening into paleness in the perspective, broken only here and there by the paler tones of the lemon or pomegranate, reminded us of a bright orange grove we once saw in a Christmas pantomime, only in this case *art* suffered by comparison, rich in colour as the painting was.

The market was well supplied with young potatoes, green peas, asparagus and strawberries, which we are not accustomed to see so early in London. The island and fortress

of Marguerite from which Bazaine escaped (perhaps with official aid) is quite close, and looks formidable enough, the fortress being built upon perpendicular rocks. Round Cannes the country is mountainous and picturesque, and on one of the hills is the cemetery, beautifully situated and surrounded by pine and cypress forests. The English burial ground adjoins the Roman Catholic, and is kept in better order by the English residents, than the other. The tomb to the memory of Lord Brougham is the most prominent within the grounds.



The old town is Italian in character, and clusters round a hill which is crowned by the church. The streets are very narrow, steep, and dirty, and the houses very high, so that the roadways are in almost perpetual shade.

The business part of the town is modern with good shops, and the familiar words, family grocer, linen draper, English

pharmacy, are frequent, and the last *affiche*, too much so. English is spoken everywhere, for which accommodation the English have to pay, and pay very dear.

The line from Cannes to Nice is close to the sea, and on its shores picturesque Italian scenery arrested attention for the hour we were in the train. When we reached Nice a busy scene ensued at the station, where there were about twenty omnibusses from the different hotels awaiting the passengers. Nice is a grand city of some 50,000 to 60,000 inhabitants, and is still increasing. Beautiful villas are sprinkled on the hill sides, and in the outskirts; and fine streets with broad avenues intersect each other throughout the town. The principal shops are in the Rue Massena and Rue St. Jean, which face the wide dyke spanned by bridges. This is a river where the mountain torrent descends, but which is not often, we suppose, as the rainfall in this district is not great. We were told that rain had only fallen *once* between November and the end of February.

The Promenade des Anglais faces the sea and reminds one of Brighton, except, as all know, Brighton is without trees. Here there is a long row of palms, elephantine trunks, and fan-like leaves, giving little shade and adding no beauty, so we will say no more about them. It is the long promenade with the strollers, the seats with the lollers, healthy and invalid, the long ranges of houses and hotels fringing the road, the gay equipages driving to and fro, which remind one of our fashionable southern watering-place. A band plays in the public gardens between the town and promenade, where the fashionable and idle people and the invalids promenade, or sit about under the trees to see and be seen, for health and to pass the time. Bathing was going on just as it does at Midsummer at *our* Brighton. The heat and the lovely and inviting appearance of the water were enough to tempt anyone to change one's element. An opera house and two theatres provide amusements for the evening. Balls at the casinos and at some of the hotels help to while away the night; whilst those who have not had enough of *rouge et noir* at Monaco, through the day, have opportunities afforded them in some hotels for indulg-

ing their passion in a little private play. The *table d'hôte* at a large hotel is a very elaborate full dress ceremonial. The waiting is exquisite, and the waiters themselves are exquisites. Their swallow-tails and continuations are mournfully black, their linen gushingly white, stiff, and unruffled as steel plate on warriors' breasts. Their rings indicate that they are quite out of their position as waiters, which is all perfectly understood. Some are no doubt very well educated young men, and able to speak three or four languages.

The sons of German hotel-keepers for example, go out into the world to learn their business from the foundation, and a foreign language at the same time. Hence hotels 'abroad' are well managed. The English hotel-keeper's son expects to be brought up to some profession, or to study in another *inn* and practice at another *bar*, rather than the one from which he draws his means, and for which he is frequently more fitted.

Night after night we sat at the table watching the mechanism of serving 150 to 200 diners with the smallest number of waiters, with the greatest amount of comfort to server and diner, and without worry or confusion, thereby materially helping digestion. Opposite to us sat a lady and gentleman, who spoke English with a perfect accent, but whether they belonged to Britain or to Israel, we were undecided. We decided, however, that the lady must have visited Nice to display her jewels, as one night she was set with diamonds, another with emeralds, another with turquoises—all of the most en-suite quality, and she might be changing still, except for her love of display, and that never will. Diamonds of large size and jewels of all kinds sparkled about the room, but whether the English or Americans had the best of it is still an unsettled question. By our side, sat for two nights, a very gentlemanly and intelligent American—like most of his countrymen, proud of his nationality. He was travelling in Europe and had been to England.

"The English accent is very strange to us Americans," said he.

"Indeed!"

"Yes ; and I suppose our accent is equally strange to you ?"

"Rather"—long drawn out, and we won't be certain that we didn't say *Rey-ther*."

"It struck me most," said he, "when I first went to hear Charles Dickens, in New York."

"Ah, then ; that must have been the night when he confined himself entirely to imitating Sam Weller and his father, and *theirs* was *not* a good accent."

Music's sweet charms ascended from the other end of the room, to which end everyone was drifting, and we fell into the current. In a large room, hid away behind orange trees and flowers, were the musicians. The dance soon began, and the room was fast filling with those staying in the hotel, as well as the friends they had invited, which all are privileged to do. It was a gay scene, young and old, and people of many nations whirling round the whirlpool of pleasure, forgetting national differences and jealousies—French and Germans, Americans (North and South), English and Russians paired off together, and as far as these two last were concerned, not knowing how soon actual war between their two nations might begin, if it had not already. But there was an armistice that night !


The castle hill rises like a cone, and is ascended by winding walks and a carriage road shaded by palms and cypress trees, almond and orange trees, cacti and aloes of immense size appear to grow wild on the banks ; shabby-looking rhinoceroses, but perhaps the dry season had had something to do with the conversion. The general foliage of the whole district is sombre ; olive and cypress, relieved here and there by the orange and almond. The grand old English oak and elm we have not seen matched, nor yet an English orchard in full bloom, beautiful as the orange groves are, bearing fruit and flowers at the same time.

As we looked out to sea we were again reminded of Brighton and her reproach, "Sea without ships and land without trees," and we thought the same might be said of Nice, with a little added—sea without ships, rivers without water, and sky without clouds.

From the plateau a beautiful view is obtained over the sea on one side, and over the country on the other, the old town beneath with its narrow dirty streets, lined with houses seven and eight storeys high—a contrast to the beautifully laid out new town.

All the towns on this coast are deserted in the summer, when the heat must be almost unbearable, and the mosquitos very unbearable, for even at that time, the 25th of February, every bed had mosquito curtains as though their arrival might be expected. Only the poorer residents and peasantry remain, who make a good harvest in various ways, out of the visitors during the season. Flower selling appears to be a thriving trade—the bouquets of camelias, roses, violets, &c., were of immense size, and the bearer of one would be the envy of an English ball room at that period. The poor peasants, who have to bear the heat of summer, wear straw hats with immense brims, almost shading their whole figures, were engaged at their cottage doors drying orange peel and cloves in the sun.

The drives round and in the neighbourhood are very fine; and there is ample temptation for people of pleasure, who have plenty of money, to get rid of it in Nice, without gambling at Monaco.



## SIXTEENTH STAGE.

MONACO—THE PALACE—THE CASINO—THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE  
—YOUNG AND OLD SINNERS—AN EPISODE ON A COUCH—REST  
AND UNREST—HOTEL DE PARIS AND ITS CUSTOMERS—A SAD  
STORY.


THE railway journey to Monaco is very interesting, skirting the sea coast nearly all the way, through tunnels and cuttings and then emerging again so close to the sea that its waves wash the rock within a few yards of the line. Passing Villafranca and its pretty harbour, on through and under overhanging rocks, past villages with lemon gardens, and banks covered with aloes and geraniums bounded by hedges of roses, all of which appear to luxuriate without culture, and then we reach Monaco, with its old palace standing high up on a rocky promontory, and the old town with its fortifications gathered around to protect the old monarchical dwelling. Monaco, as everyone knows, was up to 1848 the smallest monarchy in the world. The palace is now the residence of the Prince of Monaco, who allows the interior to be inspected on certain days. The carriage drive from the valley winds round the rock and through some grounds beautifully laid out to the old town of narrow streets and one square, one side of which is occupied by the one palace of the one prince of this small principality. We entered a large courtyard just as the prince was being driven out by a postillion in a bright red jacket, who managed the two restless horses neither to the satisfaction of the horses or himself, plainly evidenced by the display of a little temper on the part of all three. We were then conducted up some wide marble steps with bold marble balusters to a handsomely decorated open corridor, which surrounds the quadrangle, thence through the suite of show apartments, a slippery journey over the



highly polished mosaic floors. The rooms are handsomely furnished, and the attendant has something to say about each, but of little interest.

A great many new villas and rows of pretty buildings are gathered around the railway station in the valley, or dotted about on the hill side.

Monte Carlo, with its magnificent gardens and terraces, palatial hotels, and its casino with the gaming tables, occupies a promontory about half a mile further on, where there is another station from which the grounds are entered. The luxurious Hotel de Paris and its gorgeous restaurant are within the boundaries of the beautifully kept grounds, which teem with flowers and flowering shrubs, palms and pepper trees, aloes and cacti. The casino is a large building where servants in handsome liveries pay all respect and attention to every visitor who enters the spacious hall. Facing as we enter, is the concert room, where the visitor can lounge in easy chairs covered with Utrecht velvet and listen to the strains of a full band of seventy full dressed performers, varied on certain days with vocal music, or linger in the spacious reading-room supplied with all the London morning papers, American, continental and illustrated journals. The gardens, concert and reading rooms are free to visitors, and we fear are only minor attractions to the gaming tables. The gaming rooms are two handsomely decorated salons, in the first of which were two roulette tables presided over by the bankers, between whom in the centres of the tables were the wheels of fortune, never still, restless as the poor fools who cluster about them as they rush round and round, the ball joining in the race, sometimes with a slight quiver, and the blood rushes through the hearts and brains of the eager speculators who only know black from red and have no object in life but to get rich—and for what? to gamble and get richer, blindly led on the path which is to make them poorer. Old and young of both sexes crowded round the tables, and for the few moments we remained to watch the game it appeared to be all in favour of the bank, as the money was scarcely down when it was scraped away to add to their piles by the bankers.



We were told that the profits average about 40,000 francs per day, the expenses being about 25,000. Whether this calculation be correct or not, it is clear that a large profit must be made to defray the expenses of this magnificent establishment, which has no other means of support. In the second room there is only one table for *Rouge et Noir*, the other two being devoted to *Trente ou Quarante*, at which only gold and notes can be staked, while at *Rouge et Noir* any sum not under five francs may be staked. We saw hundreds lost and won in a few moments at *Trente ou Quarante*, one gentleman we saw staking 2,000 francs several times in succession and lose each time. Ladies, some very young and precocious, and some very old sinners, were staking smaller sums in gold and notes, with varying success. And all this goes on day after day, Sundays included.

It was a painful sight to unaccustomed eyes, the players cool and business-like, apparently free from excitement, but what disturbance was concealed within might well be conjectured. What a sordid and a transparent exhibition— young husbands in one direction of the tables, quietly urged on by young wives; young wives in another striving nervously to restrain young husbands; men and women, middle-aged and old, some in deep mourning for their late partners, or ought to be—for their sins; young fellows gambling away their all, perhaps the hard earnings of a deceased father through a long, busy and self-denying life!!

A young lady came out of the crowd and threw herself upon one of the luxurious couches; a hat was in her hand—where was the owner? Scalding tears appeared to plough furrows into her cheeks as they rolled along. The owner of the hat followed shortly after. Pale and resigned, he seated himself down, his eyes gazing on vacancy; and even the intense agony of the victim by his side appearing not to move him. Remorse had not yet found a place to settle in his bewildered mind—the game was up. He was a ruined man. We were perhaps the only witnesses of that scene, a scene of such frequent occurrence that it evoked no sympathy! The play is conducted with perfect fairness; the players know before they stake, that large odds are on the side of

the bank, and that although they may have a lucky day ultimately they are sure to lose. It must then be an infatuation, a madness to persist.

We left this scene of unmitigated avarice and returned to the open air and to Nature ever bountiful, and coveting only our admiration and a judicious use of her gifts. The bright blue sky reflected on the face of the calm waters, all so calm, so different to the unrest within that palatial building. The railway station is below, from which crowds emerged and began to ascend the steps to the Gardens, all bent on business, full of hopes, of lucky dreams about lucky numbers, of nervous determination to try and recoup the previous day's losses, all unrest! all unrest! The Grand Hotel de Paris and its restaurant are for the accommodation of the players; a non-player told us he had a gentle hint that his room was wanted, after having been there two or three days, which he understood. The same informant also told us that people often go suddenly away and forget their luggage and their hotel bills at the same time; the former is sometimes redeemed by a remittance from England for the latter. Suicides, too, we were told, are not unfrequent.

Before leaving Monaco, let us sit down on one of the seats in the beautiful Gardens and listen to the relation of

#### A SAD STORY.

There are so many vices in this world, ladies and gentlemen, to make us sad when we see and reflect upon them; but I do not know of any one more saddening than when I see a young man, who has made the most of Nature's gifts, and promises to be of some use to his race, and a credit to himself, lose his self respect and self command, which he had so ardently cultivated in his undergraduate days, and plunge into the infatuation of gambling. Drink and gambling are twin brothers, they both aim to destroy their victims and often succeed, although in different ways. Drink softens a man's brains, and gaming burns them up to tinder; both of these results leaving the remnants powerless to control his greed. "All the world's a stage," and since Shakespeare's

time we have had many shifting scenes; but the set-piece now is Luxurious Villa, Self Indulgence Avenue. The universal play is greed, greed! and all the world is greed! Covetousness is *now* the root of all evil, and has struck its roots very firmly too into the rock. Covetousness for the stomach's greed destroys a man's body; covetousness for general greed destroys a man's soul.

If I moralise too much, ladies and gentlemen, it is because my hatred and abhorrence of the twin vices overpower me. My story will illustrate my remarks and bring home their truth.

The twin sons of a country gentleman, after having finished a very creditable university career, one coming out fifth wrangler at Cambridge and the other having won high classical honours at Oxford, and the latter was ordained; whilst the former, after eating and I hope digesting certain good dinners at the Temple, was duly called to the bar. Both brothers had not long commenced their professional careers, the young barrister having just joined the Home Circuit, and the young clergyman being just called to do duty under the vicar of a suburban parish, when they were summoned to attend the funeral of their father (a widower) who had died suddenly. The funeral over, the will was read, in which the testator provided that the substance of his body should be consigned to the earth, a very unnecessary clause, particularly as that had already been done. As regarded the substance of his property, he demised it to his twin sons—a small living, with house and glebe, of which he was the patron, to his son in holy orders; and the house in which he lived, with plate, furniture, &c., to his son in Temple Court. After administration and a number of other necessary proceedings, including an inspection of the property, a conference was held by the brothers, in which, upon mature consideration, it was resolved that the young Oxford divine should get married to a certain young lady of his congregation, who sang the sweetest, and came the most regularly to Bible classes, and to whom he had already said a good many sweet words interspersed with scriptural readings and professional unction;

and that the Templar should let the old house of his father, and take up his abode with the young couple. After a little more deliberation an amendment was proposed that after the words "get married," &c., there should be added "and as soon after the wedding as convenient proceed to inspect the beauties and curiosities of the Continent," all three of course to form the party. To carry out this amendment all other arrangements were to be delayed for twelve months, when they hoped to settle down, the one to his care of men's souls, and the other to the care of men's lives and properties.

When the lady is nothing loth and the gentleman downright in earnest, impediments to a hasty marriage fall like skittles scattered by a hasty ball, and the event which was to make both happy, happy, for ever and—never, never, after, to change, grieve or grumble—was consummated with all despatch. Everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, the most concerned of all being the gossips if outward appearances be taken truly.

A week at Dover was allotted to the bride and bridegroom, the first week of their ever honeymoon, which was to be everlasting, after which they were to be joined by the Templar; then the journey to the Continent was to begin, all which was carried out without any hitch in the arrangements; and the trio found themselves one evening in Paris after a favourable passage. The married brother found himself in possession of ample means and a wife to help him spend it, and the other found himself in possession of a well-stocked purse and no one to interfere with its disbursements; and the young wife found herself in possession of every earthly happiness. Time passed merrily; sights and excursions occupied the days; opera and comedy the nights. The stiff white necktie of the Oxonian was exchanged for a limp coloured one, and the long black coat, all straight lines, was exchanged for a light drab, all curves.

Time flew on, and by degrees billiards, horse racing, betting small sums, and other equally harmless amusements, to the clerical and legal minds of the brothers just let loose without restraint, were indulged in.

The young wife was happy, patient and sometimes alone,

when she mused and wondered how a young man whom she knew to be such a scrupulous observer of the Sabbath at home, should enter billiard rooms and go to races and theatres on Sunday, and play, too, leaving a young wife alone with her Bible. She read over and over on the seventh day the many passages they had read together, and which he had read and explained so beautifully to the Bible class.

The Templar indulged in champagne, which he said "suited his palate better than the dry stuff one gets in England,"—the Oxonian began to consider himself a player and a fair judge of the speed, breed and points of a horse.

And the brain of the one brother began to soften and the brain of the other began to burn, and the heart of the young wife began to doubt. For a time there was a pause, when they reached Cannes, for there were so many English there whom they knew. Billiards and champagne were suspended, the coloured necktie and the unclerical looking coat were put away, and as the black straight lines came into requisition again, the young wife's confidence was restored, and once more she was happy.

Cannes was voted very dull ; so, after a week's stay there it was resolved to proceed to Nice, where the straight lines disappeared, and the curves came out once more ; billiard rooms were frequented and champagne was quaffed, varied only with a little cognac, neat. Love and hope draws a veil over a woman's eyes. The young wife loved and hoped that the little excitement would soon pass over, and she could not see the fire slowly burning. One evening the party were seated at the *table d'hôte* and a gay conversation ensued with some cheerful people who sat opposite. The young wife was oblivious to the past and future and excited at the present. The dinner over, she went towards the salon, but passing through the ante-room she observed in one corner a kind of Chinese puzzle game, presided over by a gentleman ; the puzzle whirled round and round, and a little ball whirled with it. She was intensely amused and interested and remained some time watching the ladies winning and losing five-franc pieces. As they did not appear to be either winning or losing, to her innocent heart it appeared as harmless as playing

*vingt-un* for counters. Hurrying back to the dinner-room, she asked her husband for a five-franc piece, then back again to the little Chinese puzzle game, and put down her five-franc piece. Won, won, lost, won! Finally she found herself in possession of 10 five-franc pieces, with which she ran back in triumph to her husband and his brother (who were lingering over their champagne) innocent as a child who has won a dozen oranges at a raffle in a fair. She had never known the value of money except when she visited the poor. Her husband looked enquiringly in her face and asked the most minute particulars.

"It must be Rouge et Noir," he said, "I have heard of those tables at Monaco." And the next night he was a patient watcher by the side of the Chinese puzzle game, and night after night, but he seldom staked.

The poor wife wondered, and began to repent that she had ever seen the wonderful game, or mentioned it to her husband. One night he had remained later than usual watching the game, and his wife had gone to her chamber tired of waiting for him. At length he came in looking very excited.

"I have found it out! I have found out the secret of that game, darling. I have been watching it, and have mathematically solved the problem how to form combinations, three out of seven of each *must* be successful."

All this was indeed a problem the poor wife could not solve. She urged him, however, to be satisfied with having made such a wonderful discovery, but conjured him not to play. "You see," she said, "*I* have command over *myself*, and will not be induced to play ever, ever again. It was new to me, it was such a curiosity, but I did not know that it was called *gambling*. The fifty francs I won I have dropped all into the poor boxes of the different churches. We have enough, dear, for all our needs—have we not? Oh! don't, don't try to get richer by *gambling*."

Every morning he saw the eager flock go off to Monaco, every night he saw them return, some jubilant and flushed with luck, the majority pale and thoughtful; some in that unhappy condition of mind, sullen and savage with them-

selves. All this to him appeared a matter of course, it was because *they* were not mathematicians and had not worked out the problem as *he* had done.

Tales were circulated every night of the large sums won by *that* lady who's face was all smiles, and *that* gentleman who's face was all brandy and smoke, but not a word about the majority—the losers. Time went on and the brain of the Templar went on softening away by the aid of champagne and cognac, and the fire went on consuming the brain of the Oxonian and the poor wife's doubts went away, realities taking their place, hazy at first, but increasing to the intense darkness of thunder clouds. The Oxonian went regularly to Monaco to work out his great mathematical problem, and the Templar went regularly to the billiard room to lose large sums and make his brain still softer. Telegrams were sent to the lawyers in England and telegrams came back from the lawyers. It was all such mystery to the poor wife as she sat alone and sobbed, bewildered and wondering what it all meant. Champagne and cognac were now the ruling spirits with her brother-in-law, for his brains were gone. Still he went regularly to the billiard room to lose large sums and to enjoy the reigning spirits.

Telegrams continued passing to the lawyers and telegrams as continually were passed back from the lawyers. The mystery deepened and the poor wife continued to wonder and weep, as if that would clear it all up. Her husband left every morning cold and pale and returned every night hot and fevered. The fire had consumed his brain but the tinder was still feebly burning. He had no control over himself, and his wife had none whatever over him. He spoke to her in ejaculatory sentences, none of which had any connection. Her tears and her pale face, her weary figure wasting away he could not see; he spake, moved and walked mechanically, the body was without the control of the brain, and greed reigned supreme.

The autumn and winter had passed, and spring was gushing through millions of buds, and millions of birds were chanting her a joyful welcome. The poor wife sat in her lonely chamber, longing for home which she had left full of



joy and hope and eagerness to see the wonders of Rome and Naples, reaching only thus far to see the horrors of drink and gambling.

The Templar she had not seen since the previous day, he was not in the hotel or the billiard room, and the porter who had been to enquire returned without information. There was a telegram waiting for him ; she was very distressed, and had no one to consult ; the telegram might be important, perhaps it would be as well to open it and reply, she did so and it ran thus, it was from the lawyers :—

“Your brother’s share of the property sold some time ago. Yours must be sold at once to cover bankers’ claim. Expenses will absorb balance.”

“All gone, all gone,” shrieked the poor wife, as she fell heavily to the ground, which brought the chambermaid to her aid from the next room.

I will spare your feelings, ladies and gentlemen, as well as my own, and refrain from the attempt to describe the intense agony of the now heart-broken wife. She raved and accused herself of being the first cause through exciting his interest in the Chinese puzzle game, to her no more than a toy. The chambermaid lifting her up laid her pale form upon the bed, and after bestowing a little temporary attention left her, motionless and almost pulseless, to obtain further aid.

The telegram was on the floor and she stooped to pick it up as she left the room ; as she could not, however, read English she proceeded with it to the bureau, where it was perfectly understood by the clerks who at once consulted the books. Then a long bill was made out and the telegram handed back to the chambermaid to be returned to the chamber. Mysterious looks were exchanged. The head waiter was called, and ominously mysterious words exchanged, after which the little disturbance to the usual calm of the bureau was over.

It was late that evening when the Oxonian returned. *Table d’hôte* was over, it mattered not to him, the fire was slowly creeping over the remnants of the tinder, and rendered him oblivious to all greed, but the greed of gold. The porters eyed him as he entered and communicated with

the head waiter, who communicated with the bureau, and the *chef de bureau* issued forth with a piece of white paper in his hand.

The ruined man had gone to his chamber where, observing his wife on the bed, he supposed that she might be asleep, if he had any capacity to observe and suppose left. Relieving himself of his drab coat he threw it down upon the floor, and mechanically thrust his hand into the wardrobe to draw forth his clerical garment. After an effort or two he managed to get into it and then sunk heavily into the springs and stuffing of an easy chair. Stretching out his legs to their full length he thrust his hands into his pockets, his whole figure having the outward appearance of remorse and despair, but the pale white dial face indicated utter incapacity to feel or to think within.

The telegram was on the table and he saw it not, his poor wife was lying on the bed insensible to all feeling but that of a whirling brain—whirling—whirling. He heeded not; his twin brother had died at a wine shop of *delirium tremens* or apoplexy, and he knew it not; the intelligence had only just arrived, and a gentle tap at the door heralded the messenger of the sad news in the person of the chambermaid, who was sent to require Monsieur's presence in the bureau, and she would sit with the poor lady during his absence.

The presence of another person in the room appeared to cause a slight motion in the consuming tinder, and reason for a moment flickered up. After a repetition of the message and under the guidance of the chief of the bureau he was led to a private office and placed in a chair opposite to the manager.

A long bill was first produced and as the first stage of application for payment, called a "gentle hint," was waived, and all the intermediate stages between that and the last were also dispensed with, the last form was adopted, viz., a firm and resolute demand for immediate payment, and failing that, immediate removal from the hotel, bag and baggage, to be detained until the claim was satisfied. The ghastly features of the gamester did not move, they did not

even indicate that the demand had either been listened to or understood. The manager waited for a reply and could make nothing out of a face upon which nothing was intelligible. He put his demand in another way but in vain. He would try another tack, and began to speak of his brother and gradually led up to his miserable end. The tinder sparkled up vigorously bright—a final effort of the embers of the brain before positive extinction. Reason for those few brief moments returned, and the flickering fire revealed *all*, realized *all*, the consuming flame and the expiring fire.

He sprang to the door and flew across the courtyard, down the quay, across the bridge, through the narrow streets, into the country, and he was lost! The tinder was consumed and the light embers scattered; the body without control of the brain flew on its wild course like a runaway locomotive. Porters followed, waiters followed, sergeants de ville and the mob followed, but he had gone, gone far away, out into the darkness of the darkest night.

The telegraph was set at work to give information along the coast; and the manager with the chambermaid proceeded to the chamber of the unfortunate wife still lying insensible to all around. Boxes were searched, and at last a letter was found with an address in England. A telegram was at once despatched and another to the address of the lawyers on the telegram which had conveyed the intelligence of utter ruin to the poor prostrate wife, who within a month from that time was placed under care to be removed to England. When she had recovered her reason her first enquiry was for her husband, and she wondered dreamily what had become of him, wonder giving place to intense anguish. As the hours went on and he did not come, it was thought advisable to inform her by slow degrees of the flight of her husband and the death of her brother-in-law. No tidings of the fugitive reached Nice, and it was supposed that he had thrown himself into the sea. The whole truth was gradually broken to the poor wife, but it was too much for her whirling brain, which was as gradually giving way;

and when the voice had ceased and the tale had been told out, her brain went on whirling, whirling, for ever whirling, a Chinese puzzle game. She had lost him through whirling, and she must whirl him back again. Whirl and whirl, lost, lost, for ever lost.

Some months after a body had been discovered close to the sea and lying across the boundary line of the two countries beyond Mentone. The features were quite undistinguishable through the fall from the high rock above and decomposition had long set in. A long black coat, all straight lines, enveloped the bones bleaching in the sun.

The Italian authorities refused to take cognizance of the body, as they said the longer half was in France and that the suicide had evidently made up his mind to die on French soil, but a part of it had accidentally rolled into Italy. The French authorities did not attempt to fathom the intention of the suicide, but argued upon the material facts. They admitted that the longer half *was* in France, but as the head and shoulders were in Italy, which once contained all the intelligence of the man, it was clear to them that his last thoughts and words, if he spoke any, were in Italy, and hence that he had died in Italy. Italy answered that argument by a direct negative. No! when the heart ceases to beat, the body ceases to live; the heart was in France and hence the man had died in France. But the brain had been burnt up before the body had ceased to live and the heart had gone before the argument began and the bleached bones were only held together by the long coat, and the argument might have gone on to this day, but a whirlwind came one night and whirled the bleached fragments and the shreds of the long coat out to sea, and the remnants of the body like the soul was whirled into unknown depths. My story is ended, ladies and gentlemen, and you can believe it if you please.

Annie was deeply pained at the recital of this story and clung nervously to our arm to prevent our entering the casino again, which we had no intention of doing.

"Jack," she said, "there's more truth in that story than fiction. Let us leave this place at once."

## SEVENTEENTH STAGE.

THE CORNICHE ROUTE—MENTONE—WASHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A SAFE JOURNEY IN SAFE TIME—GENOA—UNCLEANLINESS AND CLEANLINESS—GENOA WORN OUT—CATHEDRAL—A PROFOUND SECRET—CHURCHES—PALACES—CAMPO SANTO—WAITING AND WAITER—PISA AND ITS SIGHTS.

THE prettiest way from Nice to Mentone is to drive by the way known as the Corniche Route, about twenty miles, which is generally acknowledged to be "one of the finest drives in Europe."

Ascending through olive and orange groves, lightened up here and there by almond trees, with occasionally a beautiful retrospect of Nice and its surroundings, we were charmed with the prospect of hills and valleys studded with white villas, bright in the sun's rays, and contrasting in bold relief with the sombre foliage of the pine forests which appeared to enfold them. The two large Monasteries perched on conical hills, and the bold rocks of the beautiful valley of St. André, favourite excursions from Nice, fill a part of the foreground in the picture.

Reaching the summit of the route the scenery becomes very wild, disclosing in the distance the higher Maritime Alps, slightly silvered with snow and overtopping their lower brethren.

As we descended, the road wound round the hills, affording magnificent views of the sea and coast, with the Riviera as far as Bordighera, where the terraces for the vines descended like steps far away down to the valleys below.

Passing the village of Turbia with its ruined Roman Tower, where there is a fine view of Monaco and Mentone,

the road becomes dangerous, being cut out of the sloping rock with flying bridges over the chasms, and, as there are scarcely any parapets, if the horses were to swerve down you must go some hundreds of feet. This is, however, not thought of, as the grand view completely absorbs attention. Overhanging rocks and deep chasms are all forgotten as the horses race down the hill, the mind being thoroughly absorbed in the admiration of upper and lower scenery, until, after many windings, Mentone is reached, that favourite winter resort, with a temperature a few degrees warmer than Nice.

Mentone was quite full of visitors, but really, except the climate and its beautiful surroundings, there is nothing in the place itself to attract and invite the sojourn of the stranger. The town is dusty and dirty and would not favourably compare with a third-rate English watering place, the principal buildings being the fine hotels which, like all the others round this coast, are kept going chiefly by the English visitors, and which in summer are closed, when landlords and waiters migrate to the usual summer resorts for another harvest.

The Riviera route, as most people know, is the name given to road and rail, which run nearly as possible side by side, skirting the sea from Marseilles to Rome; we might almost say to Naples. It is altogether the most beautiful in Europe, although we should prefer the road by easy stages, the railway running through such a great number of tunnels which pierce every promontory, and from which we kept constantly emerging, frequently so close to the sea that we seemed to be bridging over it, then diving again into another of the gigantic tubes—no sooner out than in again, and so it goes on. Exasperating as those constantly-recurring tunnels are, however, we are compensated by the occasional peeps we get of the scenery on our way—the lovely scenery of the bright blue Mediterranean, with its surrounding promontories and bays; its high hills with their vine-planted terraces, their white villages perched upwards on the steep; their white churches crowning the highest points; and

here and there, nestling in some hill-side hollow, a small town, with a few villas scattered around like outposts.

The rents in the hills in some places and gorges form channels for the mountain torrents, which come down in the rainy season, but when we passed them were quite dry, as were the rivers as well. So dry is everything, moreover, in the dry season that even the washing appears to be carried on under difficulties. Wherever there is a tiny stream a hollow is sunk, and the women cluster round it doing their washing after a fashion and spreading the linen over the stony bed of the absent river to dry in the sun. This, Annie observed, was a very untidy way and an idle way as well, to save themselves the trouble of erecting posts whereon to suspend a line.

"They *are* idle things, I know," she observed again, "or they'd not be kneeling and sitting around the wash tubs."

Ventimiglia, the first Italian station—what a change in a brief space of time; a new language, a new class of people, and a dirty station—such a contrast to those left behind! Everything being labelled in Italian is at first perplexing to those who do not know a word of the language; after a short time, however, it is all understood, almost intuitively. The small town, thoroughly Italian in character, composed of old, dirty, ruined houses scattered about, looked as if it had undergone a siege; and all the towns we passed as far as Genoa looked very much the same, showing lack of industry and enterprise.

The gardens, between the vines, were well stocked with artichokes and green peas; but salad appeared to be the chief growth, next to the vines, which are trained differently to those in France and Switzerland, where they are about the height of raspberry canes and trained to sticks, but here they are trellis-trained and high, the thick leaves forming most deliciously shaded alleys and bowers, which, when the rich fruit hangs above and around, form the most luscious *abri du soleil*, and that a defence from the sun of the South that can be well imagined.

We next pass St. Remo, another charmingly-situated place and favourite winter resort of invalids, for whom there is ample hotel and pension accommodation.

Tunnels, alternating with peeps at the Riviera as far as the eye could carry, still continue until Genoa came in sight. We did not observe any improvement since we entered Italy either in the stations or the towns we stopped at, all alike dirty, untidy and ruinous-looking. The women, who appear to do more than half the work, wear handkerchiefs over their heads like the Lancashire factory women, the better class wearing lace head-dresses, which fall gracefully over their shoulders, and there's no mistaking their nationality in their eyes.

About sixteen miles from Genoa is Cogoleto, said to be the birth-place of Christopher Columbus, whose memory the Genoese justly delight to honour.

The railway runs close to the port, and a good view of the harbour is obtained with its high lighthouse, said to be the highest on the coast. Genoa, the chief port of Italy, did not strike us as being a very busy one when compared with any of our leading English ones. There were not many vessels in the harbour, and none of these of any size.

At last the train drew up, after a slow journey, at a really very fine railway station.

"It is always slow travelling in Italy," Annie said, "like the people, not overworked, indeed, would not work at all, not even the locomotives one would suppose, if it could in any way be avoided."

Taking note of the time, we found that we had accomplished the distance,  $101\frac{1}{2}$  miles, in the short space of nine hours. We remember accomplishing about the same distance on the Great Western Railway of England, once by a parliamentary train in about the same time, but people now are so unreasonable and expect to do that distance in about one-third of the former time. There was no excuse *then* for an accident, *now* there is abundant.

The hotels in Genoa are very large, probably old palaces, not over clean or well situated, being near the harbour, to which the approach, to put it mildly, is not prepossessing.



A new one, however, is added to the comforts of foreign visitors in the new street, *Via Roma*, which looks tempting.

To our minds the whole place is overrated; and when people talk of marble palaces, marble floors, columns, porticos, balconies and so on, it all sounds very pretty and polished to English ears, but they should not omit to mention the "nocturnes" that bedaub and smear the fair face of the beautiful productions of Sienna and Carrara, and which require scraping off before the marble can be detected.

The houses are very high (seven and eight stories) and the streets very narrow, so narrow that the fine architecture is lost except when one runs the risk of disturbing his vertebræ by throwing his head back and balancing it at as near a right angle as possible to his neck. Some of the old streets are dreadful dens, and so narrow that we wonder any light creeps in; for where the high houses lean forward they appear to meet at the top. There's any quantity of washed linen, moreover, hung out to dry from the upper stories as if to caulk the joint and keep out light and air; even some of the better houses had "hung out" their white banners on the outward walls.

Annie said when she saw this, after her experience of some of the interiors, that "she was sure all their cleanliness was outside show."

These narrow streets wind and cross and interlace each other so perplexingly that if once involved in them there's a check at every move, and a guide must be summoned to prevent your being checkmated.

There are no *trottoirs*, all the roads being flagged; and pedestrians have to pick their way through the traffic and bustle of a town of 200,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom, like those of all other Italian towns, are very poor.

The new street, *Via Roma*, and the new Arcade are grand improvements, with marble columns and dressings, and there are fine new streets in the outskirts, some finished, and some going on slowly; otherwise, as Annie very wisely observed, "the old place, like my silk dress which I have turned three times, looks rather worn out."

One or two churches have been restored, but the others,

like the old town, are worn out. Time, perhaps, will restore all, and classic Italy may be once more herself again.

The Cathedral, S. Lorenzo, a large building chiefly of Romanesque architecture, was crowded with worshippers, chiefly the very poor. The interior and part of the exterior was covered with a mass of black drapery to give solemnity to the Mass for the Pope; hence, we could not see much of the interior architecture. Some fine pictures were unveiled by the verger for a small fee, and we observed some beautiful sculptures on the high altar. The Chapel of the Doge, behind, was rich in marble, mosaics and gilding, and the Chapel of the Sacrament had a beautifully-sculptured altar by Canova. The Chapel of St. John the Baptist had another fine altar rich in sculptured marble; and here we were stealthily led behind the altar alone, "no ladies admitted," to be shown—what? the original sarcophagus containing the bones of St. John, on the outside of which was suspended the chain that bound him, both looking remarkably well for their years.

Annie and the ladies rather objected to our going without them, but when we promised to satisfy their curiosity upon our return, they remained dissatisfiedly satisfied. Why ladies were not allowed to tread the sacred marble we could not discover. Annie solved the problem—she was "sure John must have been a Freemason."

St. Ambrosio, a Jesuit church, is behind the Cathedral, and is built entirely with marble from floor to ceiling. The floor is of many patterns in many coloured marbles; the columns and cornices being also of different marbles would, no doubt, look different if a liberal use of soap and water were applied.

St. Maria in Carignano, on the hill, is visited chiefly for the fine view from the dome. The finest church for decoration and cleanliness is the St. Annunziata, the ceilings of which and the interior of the dome are a-blaze with gilding and colour. Marble floor and marble columns looked rather new, as if polished up, like old pictures that had been cleaned and restored.

*Via Nuovo* and *Via Balbi* are the chief streets of the old palaces; but very few retain much of their former grandeur; the marble exteriors are discoloured by dirt and dust, and the coloured decorations old and faded, like frescoes in mediæval churches rescued from the obscurity of churchwardens' whitewash. Marble palaces are the houses, truly, of those imposing streets; but on the ground floor of one we observed a café; on another a furniture broker's store; on another which could not descend much lower, a green-grocer's stall. The Palazzo del Municipio (Town Hall) has, a fine piazza surrounded with a marble colonnade, corridors and marble stairs which lead to the municipal apartments, a series of fine rooms, in one of which we were shown two letters written by Christopher Columbus, and a bronze tablet A.D. 117, the inscription on which refers to some political event connected with the town. Treasured in a glass case, is old Paganini's fiddle and bow, the *one* string to the former remaining, which used to discourse such magical music. Another old palace is used as a University; the piazza of solid marble would be exceedingly beautiful if it were cleansed from the dust and dirt which covers the whole. The palaces Rosso, Bianco, Durazzo, and Balbi, are still occupied by descendants of the families. Their show apartments, always open to the public, consist of a series of handsomely furnished rooms, the ceilings and walls of which are elaborately painted, representing architectural and allegorical subjects, gorgeous in colour—indeed quite overpowering. Some of the old pictures, however, hanging on the walls were *so* black, particularly those said to be by Tintoretto, that Annie said, she was sure they must, as works of art, belong certainly to the Black Art.

The eastern suburb of Genoa appears to be the new quarter, in which a remarkably fine street of high houses in block has been built, the fronts of some of the houses reproducing the scenic decorations of the past. New roads are being constructed round the hills above the city. Embankments and viaducts were in progress towards completion, from which magnificent views will be obtained over town, country, and bay. A small park enclosing *Acqua Sola* and

Villa Negro on the hill is very pretty, the grounds of which are well laid out and ornamented with fountains and a cascade; and the Villa Negro has a small museum, and there is a beautiful view from it which repays the little toil in ascending.

The English Church, a new gothic building in the new district, was, when we visited it attended by seventy or eighty worshippers; the presbyterians following as if in rivalry, have their chapel on the opposite side.

Of all the sights in and around Genoa, the greatest is Campo Santo (Cemetery), the approach to which is not a pleasant one, through dirty streets, passing the barriers into the suburbs. Before us is the amphitheatre of hills crowned by the forts which girdle the land side of Genoa, and on the side of one of these hills is the Cemetery. The Campo Santo is a quadrangle surrounded by columned corridors of great length, filled with marble monuments of a character which we in England are accustomed to see only in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. There we see a great profusion of superb costly marbles and sculptures, most of them new, that is, within the last ten years, with richly carved details, busts and medallions of the deceased, with life size figures, some of these beautifully sculptured, and suggesting various ideas, which the Genoese erect to the honour of their dead relatives, or as Annie observed, "to their own honour." One subject we remember, was that of two sisters, rather above life size, waiting at the door of a mausoleum to enter into rest with their departed mother. Another, a widow at the mausoleum of her husband, close to whom is an angel pointing upwards, signifying that though his remains are in the grave, his soul was to be sought above. Such a multitude of subjects variously treated, illustrating reminiscences of the deceased, and the hopes or anticipations of the living, is beyond our space to describe.

We did not count, but should think that there must be many hundreds of these costly monuments in the corridors and grounds. The Catacombs are long, light, and well-paved corridors, where the dead are shelved and enclosed by marble slabs, upon which are epitaphs and inscriptions.

Annie said "I always shall like the Italians, after seeing these Catacombs, because they pay so much respect to the dead, and provide such a beautiful place for them to sleep in—good enough for the living, and quite good enough to reconcile one to dying; but oh! the idea of being put under the earth in England—there, I hope you'll never serve me like that, Jack; I'd rather suffer cremation."

About six miles from Genoa is Villa Pallavicini, surrounded by beautiful gardens and lakes upon whose shores Chinese pagodas, Pompeian temples, &c., have been erected, but it was all thought too modern and stagey for us to care about visiting.

As strangers we remarked that there were very few carts in the streets of Genoa, whilst at every turn we were met by strings of mules, that appeared to bear all the burdens; one string being laden with sacks and panniers full of rubbish, which appeared to us like the scavenger of the town, and not an economical way of removing it in our opinion.

Resisting the attractions of Teatro Carlo Felice—the splendid opera and ballet—we made our way to the hotel. Some new comers had arrived, amongst them a lean hungry visaged man, who was seated in the *salle à manger*, looking hungrily at the waiter, and somewhat demonstrative in his impatience for dinner. The waiter appeared to be tantalizing him quite unconsciously shifting knives and forks here, knocking glasses together there, doing nothing in fact, and making a great noise in doing it. The lean hungry man watched every movement, and at last boiling over with impatience shouted, "Is dinner coming to night or to-morrow morning?" "Coming directly, Sare." Now this waiter spoke very fair English, but he could not accomplish the bird-like whistling sound of S in sir. "Soon ready, Sare!" he continued, as he fussed about, now going to the door to see if the soup had come up, and now back to the table to take another survey at the knives, forks, and glasses.

"Very monotonous life mine, Sare, laying the table for *dejeunir* and diner, all day, day after day waiting *at* *dejeunir*, waiting *at* diner, same thing over and over again."

"And isn't mine a monotonous life too, sir," said the

expectant guest, "having to wait, wait, waiting, waiting for a dinner, day after day, same thing over and over again?" The dinner was not long delayed. It might have been a stock joke of our new acquaintance, who was a quaint spoken old gentleman, and it might not be new, but it was new to us to hear it made a grievance of, that anyone should have to wait day after day for his dinner, so long as it was a good one, and he could pay for it.

From Genoa to Pisa is one of the most unpleasant railway trips we ever experienced. The journey 104½ miles, is set down in Bradshaw to be accomplished in five hours thirty-five minutes; and four hours of that time we were in tunnels; in and out, and in again, every few seconds, so that any view of the country to impress the memory was impossible. We can only remember Spezia and its beautiful bay, surrounded by fine scenery, with the snow-tipped Appenines in the distance. It was near to this place where Shelley the poet was drowned, and when his friend Byron had recovered his body, which he subjected to cremation by burning it upon the shore. The ashes are said to be in the English cemetery at Rome.

We were very glad to reach Pisa, the birthplace of Galileo the astronomer, a small and tolerably clean town for Italy. The sights are all in one district and can be inspected in a very short time—the Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistry, and Campo Santo—all of the 11th and 12th Centuries—but you must go and visit them, as you cannot see them from the railway, the country being so flat that there is no possibility of a distant view, which we had rather anticipated. The Cathedral, one of the great sights of Italy, is built entirely of marble, in the style of Tuscany, and is in good preservation. The gorgeous interior is profusely loaded with marbles, mosaics, pictures and gilding. The gilding on the ceilings looks as if newly done, although it has not been touched since the restoration after the fire in 1596. There are several fine pictures throughout the interior of the building; but whether they were painted for the sustenance of soul or body, history does not disclose. Painters in those days, imbued as they were with the

superstitions of their faith, which they so ably pictured on canvasses, were taught to labour for their souls welfare, and were paid, perhaps, less than mechanics of our days.

What would Edwin Long, A.R.A. have said, if £50 only had been paid him for his "Pool of Bethesda?" Yet that sum would probably have sounded like the ring of much gold in the ears of Andrea del Sarto, for his SS. Peter and John, and poor Sodoma would not have believed his own eyes if such a sum had been put into his hands for his fine picture of "Abraham's Sacrifice." The designs of several of the altars are said to have emanated from the studio of Michael Angelo. The high altar in the choir is very fine, composed of verde antique, lapis lazuli and Sienna marble, upon which stand four solid silver candlesticks and some ancient bronzes. An immense mosaic of the 14th Century occupies the dome representing Christ between Mary and St. John. The altar dedicated to the patron saint Ranieri, has a finely carved sarcophagus said to contain the dust and bones of the saint. The silver altar in the chapel of the sacrament is a valuable work; some fine sculptures also adorn this chapel.

Galileo's lamp (so-called), is suspended in the nave: and the verger very seriously informed us that the philosopher obtained his idea of the pendulum through observing the swinging to and fro of this lamp.

"What! was this the first suspended lamp he ever saw?" we enquired. This was a poser, for his English did not extend beyond brief descriptions of the cathedral and its contents, all of which he had learned by art for the benefit of the English visitors and his own. His acquaintance with our language may be gleaned from the following specimen. Pointing to the lamp, he repeated his description in answer to our interrogatory, but in a louder tone: "Sat is Galileo's lampsh, Sare, he lare-ned de pend-shu-lum from dat lampsh."

The Baptistery is a circular building of marble, richly ornamented with French Gothic of the 14th Century, 100 feet in diameter. The interior is quite plain; a girdle of massive columns support a gallery, above which rises the

dome, 190 feet high. The beautifully sculptured font occupies the raised ground in the centre ; and the celebrated pulpit of Nicolo Pisano stands close by.

As we entered, a succession of beautiful sounds were floating about the building, and we cast our eyes towards the gallery expecting to see a choir practising, we thought, we looked in vain however, and wondered from whence the sounds proceeded.


"Its that man," said Annie, directing our attention to a short stout bull-headed individual, who stood motionless near the centre of the building, with his head turned upwards as far as his short neck could allow. We were anxious to know by what ventriloquism such beautiful sounds could be produced from such a throat.

"It's the echoes," said Annie, "listen !"

The sacristan now sounded *one* note, and a continuation of most beautiful echoes followed. Another note lower, and the echoes mingled with the former ; again, another note lower, and then all the sounds mingled like the harmonious voices of a choir, wave after wave floating round the building for a minute or so ; the slightest sound, even the soft tread of the lightest foot, was repeated in a continuation of echoes which melting into the others made one harmonious whole ; and the waves of sound seeming as if they would be never still.

The Campanile, better known as the Leaning Tower, inclines near the east end of the cathedral, and is a beautifully proportioned specimen of Romanesque architecture, thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. Whether the foundation sank in course of erection, or whether designed to be a leaning structure, is still a disputed point, each party of archaeologists leaning to its own reasoning, and which it will continue to do, no doubt until some day, perhaps, the Tower will lean a little more and come down, when an examination of the foundation will settle the question, and clear up another out of the long and learned list of archaeological doubts.

Campo Santo, the next sight close by, for the  
sights are close together in one great





the cloisters of an English cathedral, surrounding a quadrangle or open burial place. The semi-circular arches are filled with tracery of exquisite design and workmanship, cut in marble; and the walls are decorated with faded frescoes, varying in merit and preservation. Many of these are of ambitious dimensions, but not nearly so much so as the subjects which reach as high as Heaven and as low as Hades; as far back in the past as the First Judgment, and as far into the future as the Last, all of which *we* profess to know nothing about, although our deceased friends of the early pictorial school we suppose *must* have, or they could not have depicted such scenes of supernatural horror, with such unction and so minutely—scenes in which the cooking of human beings in the fiercest of fires is represented!! Annie thought that as they were so minute, they must have been painted from *sketches taken on the spot*; and she might have added that they were every one enlarged and painted to order.

A number of ancient sarcophagi, some very beautifully sculptured, and some modern monuments, are spread about. There are also some chapels at intervals sunk in the walls, carved and frescoed all over.

There is not much else to see in the town, beyond the few churches, the few pictures at the Academia delle Belle Arti, the beautiful little chapel on the Arno called S. Maria della Spina, which is being slowly restored, all of which many omit, as they are glad to get away and escape from the beggars who infest every street leading to the sights of Pisa. We happened to bestow a copper upon a poor blind man, and it was immediately telegraphed to the lazy herd scattered about, who massed with military rapidity, and surrounded us with piteous appeals for a few soldi, till we were glad to take refuge in our hotel. One of the beggars was a brother of the Miserecordians, robed in a long black cassock, surmounted by a broad brimmed black hat, and concealing his face in a black *mask*—a tall lusty man who looked more fit to plough and cultivate the land for the growth of the grain to make the bread, than to beg for it. His only mode of begging was by holding a box between his two hands, at a

slight distance from his body; but why these gentlemen should wear masks we could not divine. Annie said she was "sure they must be ashamed to beg, or they would never cover up and hide their faces like that!"

It is the custom of the order, of which we may see more before we leave Italy.

## EIGHTEENTH STAGE.

A PROFOUND PROPOSITION BY AN AMERICAN—THE CORSO AND SOME OF THE SIGHTS OF ROME—ST. PETER'S THE GREAT—AN AMBITIOUS LITTLE WOMAN—CLERICAL CRITICS—THE VATICAN—MANY CHURCHES; MANY HERETICS THEREIN, AND SOME HERETICS WITHOUT—LADIES TO THE FRONT!

THE journey from Pisa to Rome, by the Maremma, is uninteresting and tedious; the other route is much more enjoyable. The line runs through a marshy, malarious and thinly populated country, with occasionally an eminence upon which a town or village is perched, as if to lift it above the fever beds of the plain. Intermittent glimpses of the sea are refreshing, how distant or seldom soever, and relieve the monotony of slow travelling. The archæologist has much to interest him and linger for, whilst tracing the ancient Etruscan towns, and inspecting remains to be found in some of the villages, but the ordinary tourist draws up the window and studies how to disinfect the air with the aid of his pipe; or, if a lady, adds to her depression by diving into the most touching chapters of a pathetic novel.


"Anything to pass time," said a tall American, with a huge forehead and yellow face, unfledged like a girl's, without even a stray hair to cull from an eyebrow, but richly covered over the crown by way of compensation, with a long, yellowish *chevelure*, which waved every time he moved his head, like a ripe corn field stirred by the breezes of autumn. The lines of his face appeared to radiate from all corners, as if a series of diagrams had settled there to puzzle a physiognomist. The only other occupant of the compartment, except ourselves, was a short serious-looking

man, the opposite of the other; for if he had any distinguishing features they were totally hid by the quantity of black hair on his face, and the deep shade of a broad-brimmed wide-awake.

"I am pretty well posted in the history of Ancient Rome," observed the American, "but to pass time I have been reading this here guide-book; it's pretty well got up, I think," speaking to the serious little man, who made no reply. "They have still a clinging to the fable of Romulus and Remus, I guess," he went on, "for they have a she wolf in a cage outside the capitol, just to keep the story in mind. If they believe in that story, mister—but what is your name, sir?"

No reply.

After a brief pause, the American continued—"My name's Rorer, German originally, but now of the United States. Well, mister, if they believe that, they must believe that wolves were of different natures in them days, I guess. My experience of wolves, and I have seen a few, is that in these days they would have suckled themselves, instead of suckling the children, and well cleaned the bones of the pretty innocents. The last time I went to church, just before I left the States, the subject of the sermon was Dan'el in the Lions' Den; and while I was listening to that, the story of Romulus was constantly cropping up. I guessed if one was a miracle the younger story must be, because you know lions is lions and wolves is wolves. The lions must have had a good supper, and I guess a miraculously kindly feeling towards Dan'el, just as the she wolf must have had a kind of miraculous affection for the twins. And so I waited for the minister, just to put him in mind of the parallel case, for his next sermon, from the same text; and just as he came out and I was going to begin, he ran away, saying that he wanted his dinner and had another meeting in the afternoon. 'Well, minister,' I said, 'I have always heard that preaching is good for the appetite, and I don't want to interfere with yours, but I thought as I have done you the favour to listen to your discourse, for three-quarters of an hour, you might do me the favour to listen to mine



for three-quarters of a minute'; but his appetite was too strong, and he couldn't wait even three-quarters of a second, so I saw no more of him."

"I am not surprised," escaped from the little dark man's lips, who for the first time broke silence, and the American brightened up at having gained his object—some one to talk with."

"Not surprised! well I should have given you credit for being more perlitte."

"But the two stories are *not* parallel, for the one is inspired history, and the other is only tradition," observed the little dark man.

"Well, well," replied the American in an apologetic kind of tone. "I don't want to throw doubt on either. What I do want to know is, whether the lions of Dan'el's time had different natures to the lions that tore the early Christian martyrs to pieces, and whether wolves in the time of Romulus had different natures to the wolves of our time who, we read occasionally, steal young children for their suppers, without asking their mother's consent?"

A pause. No answer. The American persevered.

"There's a good many righteous men in the world at the present time, mister; and some of them are in the States and some in your country, men as good as Dan'el was. There's your Mr. Spurgeon, a man with unbounded faith; but if it was suggested to Mr. Spurgeon (or any other righteous man) that, as a trial of his faith, a bed was to be made for him in the lion's den of a menagerie for a night, would Mr. Spurgeon (or any other righteous man) expect his faith to change the natures of the lions and lead one to lie down and pillow his head and another to be a warming pan to his feet; would any one of the righteous men living accept the offer and expect a good night's rest, or to come out alive in the morning. That's my argument!"

The short dark man's face sunk into deeper shade under the broad brim, he evidently regarded the other as an infidel and wished to hide himself, and avoid conversation.

The American could not extract a reply from the shadowy depths, and so he turned round and appealed to us.

Annie, who reciprocated the indignant feeling of the little gentleman now wound up in himself, trembled at our being addressed, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American—"Don't answer him, Jack—don't! He's an unbeliever, one of the sceptics and evolutionists we read about."

Now Annie's ideas of evolution were rather undefined, but the American was in total darkness of the application of the word to the modern theories of Tyndale and Darwin. His theories had never extended beyond a dry goods store, nor his enquiries beyond making himself acquainted with everything to be seen in Europe, and the history of Rome in particular. He had heard the word applied to gymnasts and tumblers, and only in that sense could he interpret it. With strong evidence of mortified pride he turned round and faced Annie, drew himself from his lowest to his highest as he sat, and delivered the following practical commentary:

"No, Madam, I am *not* an evolutionist, I deal in dry goods—evolutionist! why I never balanced a ladder, danced a tight rope, turned heels over head, or jined a circus in my life—pshaw."

After this energetic speech, delivered with indignant emphasis, he slid away to the other corner of the carriage to nurture his chagrin and work out his own peculiar theories, chattering in a low tone as if he was exchanging thoughts with an invisible being, whilst we turned our heads in the opposite direction to exchange smiles.

A prolonged hollow sound suggested that we might be crossing the Tiber by the fine iron trellis bridge, and on looking out into the moonlight we found that we had passed it, and were rapidly winding round to the side of Rome where stands the fine station of the Eternal City.

It was late when we reached our hotel, and to appease our hunger after an extended fast, tea, raw bacon cut very thin, and bread and butter were offered us. We had to make the best of it, as the waiter said it was *very* late.

The traveller who visits Rome for the first time, if he corresponds at all with our sober judgment, will be disap-

pointed, particularly after seeing Paris. The Corso (the chief business street) we cannot compare with Cheapside, but with a Parisian boulevard comparison is out of the question. The streets and pavements are narrow (if there are any of the latter), and those streets that diverge from the Corso are for the most part without pavements, and bounded by high buildings which make narrowness look narrower.

The Tiber, not a clean river, as seen from the bridge of St. Angelo, is flanked by dirty ruinous looking buildings, from the windows of which any quantity of washed linen is suspended. The bridge, which in pictures looks so lovely, is narrow and grimy, the large marble figures of the angels, ascribed to Bernini, are as smutty and mulatto-looking as any in London.

The Castle of St. Angelo, once the Mausoleum of Hadrian, is now a barrack, but what remains of the ancient tomb chamber is shewn, as well as the chambers in which Beatrice Cenci and others were imprisoned.

Approaching St. Peter's, everything surrounding is so large that its immense size does not strike the beholder as it otherwise should. One does not begin to realize its great bulk until reaching the colonnades and passing through the centre door, when the vast and beautiful proportions of the interior burst upon the sight, the public and devotees at the east end looking like good sized dolls. Marble walls, gigantic marble columns supporting arches overburdened with immense groups of marble sculptures; huge monuments loaded with figures, to the memory of the various Popes; gorgeous pictures and gigantic copies of pictures in mosaic; grand altars loaded with statuary, precious stones, precious relics, and precious pictures, silver and gold; the colossal dome rich in gilding and colour, with its colossal figures of the saints, and mosiacs of the evangelists, all these objects overpower one with greatness, which first impression becomes more established as one moves over the cold glossy marble floor, inlaid with marbles of many colours in many large geometrical designs. We were standing before the high altar and looking down into the confessio, that beautiful

work of inlaid marbles, with faultless white polished marble steps and balusters leading to the two gilt bronze gates, which belonged to a former church, and which are said to enclose the tomb and dust of St. Peter. Round the tomb many lamps, daily renewed, are for ever burning, and above which the high altar and its enormous bronze canopy, rises high up above the dome, when a titter from behind caused us to look towards the grim bronze figure of St. Peter, resting on a pedestal at the junction of the nave and the south transept under a canopy. A very short stout woman was making continued efforts to reach the sacred toe to implant a faithful kiss upon the shapeless metal, worn out of all shape of toes by the millions of hands that have pressed it, and the millions of lips that have kissed it ; several people were waiting to take their turn, but the woman would not give way and every effort she made to reach it produced a titter. Scorning assistance, she at last planted her toe firmly between the mouldings of the base of the pedestal, then giving a spring grasped the cornice and drawing her head upwards accomplished her object with a sharp smack of the lips, and then bustled off supremely gratified. Two gentlemen, apparently English clergymen, were standing behind looking on—men evidently of one school of thought, the old school of the 18th and 19th centuries, who measured everything with their own gauge, and never proved their figures just to see if there might not be errors of even a few inches here or there.

“What gross superstition,” said one.

“What a gross waste of tallow,” said the other, pointing to the burning candles upon the altar.

“St. Peter never was in Rome,” said No. 1.

“But they have his remains in the vault,” said No. 2 satirically.

“Bah! the dust of some old monk named Pietro,” answered No. 1.

“But they believe or profess to believe, it to be the veritable dust of the veritable Peter ; why throw dust upon their faith” said No. 2 banteringly through his smiles. Their eyes met and No. 1 smiled too, and we thought we detected



an exchange of winks as well. It was clear that their opinions and thoughts were as one, and that they were perfectly agreed and agreeable to each other.

"The old chair which they say was St. Peter's chair," said No. 1 was brought from Constantinople, and a gentleman told me that a friend of his had climbed up to it and found some Turkish characters on the back which he translated, "Allah is great and Mahomed is his Prophet."

"Dear me, how did he contrive that without being seen?" said No. 2.

"And that bronze figure," continued No. 1, pointing to the figure of St. Peter, "was once Jupiter, and worshipped in a heathen temple; it is now Peter and worshipped in a Christian temple. What is the difference between heathenism and Romanism?"

"Ah, indeed," responded No. 2.

"Don't listen to them any longer Jack," said Annie, "they disbelieve everything; why they will tell us Julius Cæsar never lived in Rome next. I would rather believe everything, its more interesting."

At the extreme east end is the tribune, over which Peter's chair is suspended, which the clever clergyman No. 1 had referred to, and which reminded us of one of those very old comfortable-looking chimney corner chairs we sometimes see in old-fashioned farm-houses. Passing on to the left transept, with its gorgeous chapels and its confessional boxes labelled in many languages, where the pilgrims from many lands can confess their sins in their own tongue, we found ourselves standing before that marvellous enlarged copy of Raphael's Transfiguration in mosaic. The mosaic manufactory is underneath, to inspect which or any of the chapels a special permèsso is required. In this factory are wrought the grand mosaics, copies of the finest pictures for the decoration of the churches, thousands of different shades of colour being employed of various sizes, some of them almost microscopic. The fine copy of one of Raphael's grandest works, just referred to, is so beautiful, that many prefer the mosaic to the picture. In the north aisle is the chapel where the late Pope was laid in state, and mass was being

celebrated there as we passed. Over a doorway near rests the sarcophagus which contains the remains of Pius IX, and a great many people, chiefly young girls, were kneeling beneath it. Further on, right and left, we passed the monuments to the memory of the wife of the young Pretender, Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts. Pausing for a moment in the nave, near the circular slab of porphyry upon which the emperors were crowned, and many of which we remembered to have observed in the same positions in many of the Italian Basilicas, to have a last survey of the interior, we could not help the overpowering feeling which came over us. Beautiful as the proportions are, the magnitude, the massiveness, the grandeur of the building—all so overloaded with ornament and sculptures—is positively overpowering. There is no other word to express the feeling. Then there are the chapels and altars all overloaded, colossal monuments, pictures of colossal merit and gigantic mosaics—all overpowering, and we fled for relief to the Piazza, to contemplate the beautiful corridors which curve off so gracefully from the great temple, and the Egyptian obelisk which stands in the centre of the Piazza San Pietro, once a chief ornament in the grounds of the heathen Nero, now a chief ornament in the square of a Christian temple: that square and that temple occupying the very site of the very gardens of Nero.

The Vatican is the next attraction, after St. Peter's. To obtain an order is quite easy, with the aid of one of the Swiss Guard (the Pope's body guard) who idle their days away at the door posts.

After an ascent of the *Scala Regia*, up some hundred or two of marble stairs, the Sistine Chapel is reached. The wonderful work of Michael Angelo on the ceiling illustrating the mosaic history of the Creation, and his later gigantic work "The Last Judgment," look very much the worse for the four centuries of smoke and dust through which they have passed, besides the light is very bad. The grand conception, perfect drawing and marvellous colouring of this work has never been surpassed. Raphael's Stanze is next sought, and although the frescoes were not all executed

by Raphael, the whole is considered good enough to bear his name. A great number of rooms are passed through, all of which are covered with frescoes to the glorification of the Saints or the Popes, the two first only being, so it is said, by Raphael himself. Raphael's loggia, a corridor glazed on one side, is another example of the artist's versatile talent, consisting of ceiling decorations executed by him and his pupils. Ascending to the picture gallery, we were surprised to find a smaller collection than we anticipated, but it contains nevertheless works of great rarity by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Murillo, Guercino, Titian, Caravaggio, Guido, and other painters, whose works are cherished by lovers of the "Old Masters," many of which have been engraved. We have now to return to the Piazzas and make a detour of St. Peter's, to reach the Sculpture Galleries, on the other side of the Vatican, which enables one to realize the vast extent of this wonderful building, said to contain more than 10,000 chapels and apartments of various sizes and a corresponding number of staircases and open courts, and which as it appears on the map occupy nearly three times as much ground as St. Peter's. The sculptures in the galleries are beautifully arranged, many of which are priceless gems. Hundreds of pieces of sculpture adorn these galleries,—some perfect, and some restored by such hands as Michael Angelo's; most of which were found amongst the ruins of ancient Rome, neglected in the desolation which passed over her; how overwhelming to art that must have been is shewn when such works as the Mercury, Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, &c. were found in the debris centuries after, works which to this day, replicas though they might be as some say of an earlier school of art, serve as a school to the whole modern world and a challenge at the same time, and still these works are unrivalled. Again, the Farnese sculptures at Naples, the Capitoline Venus, which was found in an old thick wall, of which it formed part, and the Venus de Medicis at Florence, all unrivalled works, yet in those disastrous days left to sink deep and deeper into the soil with the rest of Rome's entombed greatness, now happily restored to light

after having been buried for ages, very much discoloured and bilious-looking through their long entombment. The work of search is still going on and accidental finds are often made. Only a few days after our visit to the Vatican we were passing a side street where workmen were excavating for the repair of some water pipes—such pipes, entirely lead one foot in diameter and half an inch thick, buried wealth again—and a discovery had just been made of what was believed to be the cornice and pediment of the so-called Temple of Antoninus Pius in the same street, of which only a few columns remain, and these have been incorporated with the wall of a public office. The pieces of cornice were very perfect and corresponded in style with the columns and no doubt formed part of the original building. Further search brought to light articles of greater value we were afterwards told. This will give some idea of what may still be buried, and considering that ancient Rome, except that which has been uncovered, lies some twenty, thirty and even forty feet below the present level of the soil, some good finds might yet turn up.

To return to the Vatican. After leaving the sculpture galleries, we tried in vain to get admitted to the gallery which contains the tapestries made from the cartoons of Raphael, some of which (cartoons) found their way from France, where the tapestry was made, to Flanders, from whence Charles I. purchased them. They are now removed from Hampton Court to the South Kensington Museum.

The Etruscan and Egyptian Museums follow in the order of inspection, and then the Library with its array of MSS. and books; but these are all closed books to the ordinary visitor, who, as a rule, is quite content to inspect the gorgeously-decorated chambers and their costly contents. The MS. of the New Testament in Greek of the Fifth Century is shown in a glass case, also some other curious MSS., some of which are written on papyrus. The fine Sevres china, the presents to the Popes by different Sovereigns, the Christian antiquities from the Catacombs, sculptures and pictures, add to the wealth of the grand apartments. A full-length portrait of the late Pope

Pius IX., seated, executed on glass, fills a recess at the end of one of the chambers, and the light is so skilfully managed and the work so well executed that one might realize his Holiness as he was in the flesh.

The churches of Rome are very gorgeous, and when one gazes upon the costly and elaborate work from floors to ceilings, choicest marbles, pictures and frescoes, silver and silver-gilt altars and their jewelled adornments, one is amazed at the zeal of a Church which has devoted and still devotes enormous wealth to create and maintain such magnificent temples in the midst of so much deep national poverty. So magnificent are these august fanes, that their very gorgeousness is oppressive; the eye wanders from polished marble floors to richer marble columns and cornices, thence to the elaborate and highly-coloured frescoes on ceilings and domes (some of questionable taste), dazed with this, he seeks rest in the quieter tones of the pictures, subdued by time. Again, the gaudy colours, the jewelled and gilded altars, send the pilgrim away, and from them he turns to contemplate the statuary in faultless marble swallowed by time—but still no rest, the eye wanders hither and thither wearied and oppressed, seeking in vain the soft grey tones and repose of an English Gothic Cathedral. We happened to express our thoughts very much as above whilst inspecting one of these gorgeous buildings; an English lady overheard our remarks.

"Just my thoughts," said she, "You are quite right, how well all this illustrates the two Faiths—*this* all form, ceremony, display and unrest, *ours* all simplicity and inner faith producing sweetest repose."

This, from *her* point of view, but *we* happen to know very many in *our* Church who are very much given to "form, ceremony and display" and who create a good deal of "unrest" for themselves and others and but for the Law Courts might, perchance, have "sweetest repose." The most gorgeous of the churches we visited were the Jesuit churches and those dedicated to Ignatius, Gesù, S. Maria in Maggiore, S. Giovanni in Laterano and S. Paulo on the Aventine, the latter recently finished rebuilding, the

late building having been destroyed by fire in 1823. There is rarely any service held here except on some high festival, being outside the walls and too far away from Rome, besides being situated in a thinly-populated and unhealthy district. S. Paulo's is built upon the spot where it is believed the great Apostle suffered martyrdom, and his ashes are said to rest in a sarcophagus under the altar. This church is another exhibition of the zeal of the faithful, as we understood that the money to meet the cost of this magnificent building came from all parts of the world. Among the relics are the hand of the Virgin Mary and the stones which "stoned" Stephen. A Monk shows them for a consideration; first reverentially lighting two candles, taking off his biretta, crossing himself, &c., &c., going through the same ceremony after the inspection, bowing and kissing the relics before replacing them. St. John the Lateran (the latter 'un, some of our countrymen will persist in saying) stands on a part of the Coelian Hill and upon the site of the ancient Basilica of Pope Sylvester, which was rent by an earthquake in 896, afterwards twice rebuilt and burnt down. Alterations and additions from time to time have made it one of the grandest churches in Rome. Rich marbles and frescoes, paintings, jewels and gold, fine sculptures and grand monuments help to make up a whole of costly magnificence. The high-altar encloses many relics, amongst them the skulls of St. Peter and St. Paul!

We followed a party under a guide, most of whom were unbelievers and received this and all other traditional information with a sceptical smile, as all heretics do; but an Irishman, who was one of the party, looked rather mystified and put the following questions to the guide.

"And did ye say St. Peter and St. Paul, misther guide?"

"Yes."

"The Apostles, now, did ye mane?"

"Yes!"

"Faith and I never heard before that they had two heads a-piece. I always believed that they had long heads, but I niver heard they were two-headed men."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mane! Why didn't they show me the skulls of St. Peter and St. Paul standing on the altar at Freibourg in Switzerland and now you say there are two more here; and didn't you tell us at the last church (St. Paul's) that the body of St. Paul was under the altar? Now sure, misther guide, if the head was with it, that makes three heads for *him*. Do you mane to tell me St. Paul was a three-headed man?"

The guide slipped off with a portion of the party to another part of the church before the Irishman had finished, who, after a few moments reflection, proceeded to harangue the few left behind.

"I think I can make it out," continued our amusing friend, "I was once a godfather by proxy, and I never saw the child in all my life. Who knows but these skulls are proxies?"

Having satisfactorily reasoned the problem out he proceeded to join the guide and party and we followed them to the Corsini Vault, where there is a beautiful "*Pieta*," by Bernini, that is, the mourning mother of Jesus bending over the dead form which rests upon her knees; a pale light strained through yellow glass falls upon this beautiful work of the sculptor and the effect is—sepulchral. The Corsini Chapel in the aisle above is a gorgeous and costly work, the very walls being inlaid with "*precious stones*."

"They couldn't have been very *precious* in those days," said the Irishman, "or they wouldn't have wasted 'em on these walls."

The Lateran Palace, now a museum, adjoins the church and contains a large collection of ancient sculptures and remains of ancient Rome; a Christian museum containing sarcophagi, inscriptions, and other remains of early Christians; also a picture gallery, with some very interesting mosaics and copies of early Christian pictures from the Catacombs which occupy part of the same building.

The Baptistery in the western angle of the Piazza is one of the oldest of the ancient buildings now standing in Rome and the font in the centre is pointed out as the one

used at the baptism of Constantine, but that is, as the guide said, "tradition."

The Church of S. Clement's, near the Lateran, is extremely interesting from the circumstance that the remains of three former churches have been discovered under the present building and which have now been cleared of the rubbish and exposed to view. A Monk lit some candles and conducted us to the dark vaults beneath, and upon each story as we descended the three former buildings could be plainly seen. The lowest is said to have been a heathen temple sometime before Christ; above this the work indicates the Second Century; above this again the columns and frescoes of a Christian basilica are exposed and attributed to the Fourth Century, and above the whole the present church, so that four distinct buildings can be traced one over the other.

Not far from S. Clement's and facing the Lateran is a church known as Scala Santa. The sacred stairs are said to have been brought from the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem about the Fourth Century, and which it is said Christ once ascended. The treads of these marble stairs are covered with wood and the staircase is immediately facing the entrance. The devotees ascend on their knees to the Sancta Sanctorum Capella, once the private chapel of the Popes, and when they have performed this most trying feat upon their knees they are allowed to regain their "poor feet" and descend by one of the side staircases.

In the centre of the Piazza of the Lateran stands an Egyptian Obelisk, the largest of about eleven now in Rome, part of the spoils of the conquests in Egypt. It would be interesting to know what kind of caisson they used for floating these to the Tiber, nearly 2,000 years ago, for we might adopt the same plan should we have another Cleopatra's Needle to transport to the Thames.

Ascending the Esquiline Hill we reach the Piazza S. Maria Maggiore, and the façade of the fine Basilica is before us, in front of which stands a fine column with a figure of the Virgin on the top. Of all the large and old churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin, S. Maria



Maggiore lays claim to be the largest and oldest. The interior is 279 feet long by about fifty-seven feet wide. The cornices are supported by forty-two marble columns, over which are some early mosaics. The high-altar is said to cover the remains of St. Matthew; the confessio in front is another elaborate specimen of inlaid marbles, some of rare kinds, and here will repose the remains of Pope Pius IX. when the present Pope dies, whose remains will take their turn in Popes' Corner, St. Peter's, for the lifetime of the succeeding Pope. For rare and beautiful marbles, the Sistine Chapel in this church is the most elaborate we saw in Rome. Panels of agate thirty inches square (the attendant lights a candle to show their transparency), others of amethyst, columns of Oriental alabaster, a canopy of gilt bronze with figures of angels supporting the church, fine sculptures and other rare works add to the bewildering richness and costliness of this chapel.

In the Borghese Chapel, immediately opposite, we observed a small *black* panel over the rich altar and we were told it was a miraculous picture of the Virgin by St. Luke, but in vain we tried to trace any form or colour through the blackness. We have seen so many pictures attributed to St. Luke; however, in the case of the one in question, tradition is assisted by history, for it is recorded that this picture was carried in a procession by Gregory I. in 590, so that in this case there is *only* the odd 550 years or so to account for. At most of these grand churches, services are very rare, indeed at the high-altars, as in St. Peter's, the Pope *only* celebrates mass, so that really they are little more than show churches and considering that there are nearly 400 churches in Rome it is not to be wondered that only about half the number are regularly made use of for service.

The small Church of S. Guiseppe de' Falegnami, near the Forum, is built over the Mamertine Prison, perhaps the most ancient building existing in Rome. An inscription on the front tells us that it was *restored* B.C. 22! There must have been restorers in those days as in these. We

were conducted down some stone steps into two vaults, in the lower one of which we were gravely informed St. Peter was imprisoned by order of Nero, and a small well was disclosed in the floor, which we were also told sprung up miraculously to enable Peter to baptize his jailors. Jugartha, Lentulas and many others suffered here fearful deaths under the iron rule of the State. Turning round to ascend the stairs we perceived our old friend the Irishman whom we met at the Lateran. As the guide ascended first he pointed to a large indentation in the wall which he said was caused by Peter's head being pushed against it in his descent, when the Irishman whispered in our ear:

"That's an impression Peter himself would repudiate, as he would never be weak enough to admit that his mortal head was so thick."

Annie, whose knowledge of geology was derived from the slate rocks at Penrhyn, which she had been told were formerly clay and which time and great pressure had consolidated, suggested that "possibly the stone might have been clay at the time and consolidated since, leaving the impression." But as the wall is of volcanic origin, we were obliged to correct her.

In another church, S. Maria in Via Lata (Corso), a room is shown in which they say St. Paul and St. Luke taught, and the basement, a kind of vault beneath the church, we were told was the remains of St. Paul's house (two last verses of the Acts), but there are so many places in Rome which claim that distinction. If the one in question is the true "Paul's house," the church must have been grafted on to the house in a very ingenious way to leave the "school-room" above intact whilst the walls underneath were taken away almost to their foundations.

The two Jesuit churches, Ignatio and Gesu, situated in side-streets leading from the Corso, are very elaborate, overdone with gorgeousness, we had almost said gaudiness, from floors to ceilings; but we could not admire the taste of ceiling decorations which represent *falling architecture*—balustrades, pedestals, columns, cornices, correct in perspective probably, from *one* point of view, but from all others

*falling*—with muscular figures clinging to balustrades and columns in gymnastic positions, all *falling*, startling one at first sight, and one instinctively puts one's hand over the crown of one's head and flies to the nearest niche for protection.

In "Ignatio" a service was being *performed* for Pope Pius IX., assisted by a band and about seventy vocalists, under a conductor, who stood in front, bâton in hand. As a matter of course the English people said that the whole thing was more like a musical entertainment than a solemn religious ceremony. An immense funeral trophy, surmounted by a sarcophagus, stood under the dome. Adjoining this church is the Government Museum, containing some very interesting antiquities.

The "Gesù" has also a very magnificent interior and in one of the side chapels perhaps the most costly altar in Rome, dedicated to S. Ignatius, and underneath stands a gilt bronze sarcophagus which they say encloses his remains. The altar columns are of lapis lazuli with capitals of gilt bronze. Splendid emblematic groups of statuary also add to this altar's adornments.

S. Maria in Araceli and S. Agostino, two fine old churches, possess miraculous figures; the first Il *santo bambino* (sacred baby) to which we were told a little more than the miraculous is attached. A young Nonconformist minister, whom we met in the last church, volunteered to show us the way to the Capitoline Hill, upon which stands the Church and Monastery of S. Maria, where is treasured the "sacred baby;" he had been to see it a few days before.

"The faithful," said he, "believed and many now believe that this doll has a divine power within it to succour and relieve persons who are in danger, and it is sometimes taken, with a great deal of ceremony, to the chambers of suffering (for a *consideration*, of course, to benefit the Church). When carried through the streets people used to kneel and uncover and some do now, but they are chiefly the poor and illiterate, the more intelligent and educated Italians are not so superstitious. What astonishes me is how the

priests have been able to maintain superstitions of this kind so long, which they do not, *cannot*, believe themselves. It's all doomed now, under the new regime, all these superstitions will pass away even as the heathen mythology has done."

We might have told him that we had heard the same remark with regard to Christianity from some people we know belonging to a school of thought a *long* way in advance of our times, but forbore, as the long flight of steps leading to the church was before us and we thought we might require all the wind we could muster to get up some 50 to 100 steps.

The ceremony of exhibiting the *bambino* was to us amusing. First the Priest smiled graciously and took a pinch of snuff as he received us (all Monks and most of the Priests take snuff and win strangers by their gentle manners); secondly, he graciously offered us some snuff and fortified himself with another pinch; and thirdly, he commenced the important ceremony by leisurely lighting two candles, took off his biretta and unlocked a door over the altar in the chapel. Inside were two iron doors held together by a strong lock which he turned and the iron doors opened slowly revealing a closet covered with jewels, sacred hearts and other offerings, with a handsomely-inlaid box that enclosed the *bambino*. A string was pulled and the box ran out of the recess to the front of the altar; another key was produced and the lid slowly opened which disclosed a faded white satin covering fringed with gold, and again another and another, until at last the veritable *bambino*, a little not over good-looking wood figure, with a jewelled crown and most gorgeously bedecked with satin, gold and jewels was displayed. The Priest affected to pay it the greatest reverence, but after a time he relaxed and took it out of the box as he would any other doll, laughed, joked and took snuff in the sacred presence. The feet, we observed, were the dried remains of some poor disinterred child. Replacing it in the box the Priest reverently kissed the poor feet, bowed, crossed himself, locked the doors, put out the lights and the exhibition ended—by the payment

of one franc each. The power of money is not lost sight of, and if a Monk or Priest shows anything in a church, whether it be a relic or a picture, even half-a-franc is not despised.

The Priest bestowed another gracious smile upon us, took another pinch of snuff and then adieu !

We descended the steps rather sad—sad that intelligent men should make an exhibition of such things for the money's sake, for they must know that the ridicule of English prejudice and in such cases as this enlightenment, is an inexorable result.

Annie was silent for a time as we made our way to St. Augustino, she was resolving some weighty matter in her mind, at last she broke silence—

“ Well, Jack, I had made up my mind to believe everything, but I can-not make up my mind to believe that ! ”

The miraculous figure of the Virgin and Child at St. Augustino is of marble and evidently very old. When we entered the fine church a quantity of candles were burning around it ; the figure was adorned with jewels, votive offerings, and surrounded by glass cases containing all kinds of offerings, watches, rings and other personal adornments. Pictures were hung around representing the miracles that had been performed, all of which were dated and names given, in which there was great sameness as the Virgin and Child were represented to have appeared much in the same position and in the same part of the room. Some two or three hundred men, women and children were kneeling around with their eyes fixed on the figure, apparently pleading some cause, perhaps that their small investment in the Banco Lotto might yield a prize on the following Saturday or any other small favour. Men, women and young persons approached in great numbers and kissed the toe, which, by the way, had been worn away and a brass one substituted. Mothers lifted their young children to perform the same ceremony.

The young minister who had followed us said, “ Do you see that ? ”—referring to the young children—“ implanting idolatry in their young minds, idolatry as great as any that

existed in Rome before the Christian era. Do you know the origin of this figure ?”

We confessed that we did not, except that we had read that it was attributed to a sculptor named Jacopo Tatti.

“ Ah, they may say so,” said the sceptical young man, “ but archæologists differ. I have heard it said that it was an early representation of Nero in his mother’s arms, found amongst the ruins and promoted by the church, from which it derives its name and miraculous reputation ; like the bronze figure in St. Peter’s, found in the Fifth Century, which is known to be of heathen origin.”

“ Conversions never anticipated by their original designers,” we replied, “ if what you say is correct.”

Where our young friend obtained his information upon which he had formed his conclusions we did not enquire. English people when they go to Rome for the first time must be chary of airing their prejudices. As long as they circulate them only through the valves of their own party it matters not, but some are rude enough to offend those who hold opposite prejudices.

There are some fine chapels in this church decorated with some high-class pictures and sculptures, one large picture being by Raphael.

The Capuchine Church (S. Maria della Concezione) is another attractive church to strangers and contains some good pictures, one particularly good, St. Michael, by Guido Reni, which, like most other fine pictures in Italian churches, is covered with a curtain, a gentle hint to the visitors that a fee is required to be drawn from their purses ere the drawing of the curtain can take place. But the chief motive is the morbid curiosity of strangers to visit the exhibition, in the vaults underneath, of the bones and skulls of about 5,000 Capuchine Monks who have been interred there from time to time. These remains are built up round the walls, which are completely obscured by the walls of bones ; arched niches are formed at intervals and the ceilings are decorated (?) with centres formed with skulls and leg-bones, bordered with ribs and other bones in zig-zag, galoshe or some other pattern, with corner pieces

formed with skulls, leg and arm-bones. There is some taste displayed in the arrangement, but the exhibition itself is in very bad taste. Leg and arm-bones cross and recross, vertebræ are curved and distorted, while dozens of skulls grin from every corner in ghastly fashion. The earth (as in Campo Santo, at Pisa, and some other burial places) was brought from Jerusalem and when one of the Monks died he was buried, without any coffin, in his cassock; after a time to be disinterred and the bones arranged by his living brothers as described. Some have been disinterred *entire* with the flesh dried upon the bones, the features and colour of the hair being recognizable; these are stuck upright in the niches, robed in their mouldy cassocks, grasping crucifixes. One or two of the more recent are exhibited in a reclining position.

Most people leave with a shudder and a regret that such a show should be tolerated by the Church and the State for the sake of the fees.

"What a rattle of bones will be there when the trumpet sounds," observed a gentleman to us as we came out by the little door into the fresh air, "and unless they all jump together by natural selection, what a time it will take to find their own and pull themselves together."

"A very irreverent remark, sir," said Annie in an outspoken manner, who had emerged from the charnel-house pale and nervous.

"Irrelevant!" observed another, and the stranger walked away without a word.

The Monastery is suppressed by the Government and only a few very dirty, forlorn-looking Monks remain to show the church and its ghastly vaults, to receive the fees and to contemplate to what they must come at last, when will end the Capuchins and, perhaps, their horrible show.

Returning towards the Piazza de Spagna we saw a group standing before the column erected by Pope Pius IX. "in honour of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary." A flood of Baptists had swept over from the shores of England, arriving on the previous night, their mission being to open a new chapel, and we thought these might

be of them and we halted to listen to their remarks. They had been reading the dedication on the tablet to the "Mother of God," and great indignation appeared to prevail. One little gentleman dressed in unsoiled black, Yorkshire, and white necktie reddened like an over-ripe sack apple, almost to blackness, as he denounced the dedication—

! "Mother of God!" "what blasphemy!" said he.

A slight wave of the air, rolling forth a chorus of refined sympathetic groans appeared to curl softly from the whole group which was composed of both sexes.

A few Italian boys had gathered near and appeared much amused at the strange tongue.

The little gentleman continued—

"A few years ago *only one* Protestant church was allowed near Rome by the intolerant Papacy and yet they expected us to tolerate their churches and their encroachments upon our laws, in our midst everywhere, and *we did*, showing a moderation which did not exist in Rome and *would not now if* the Papacy could prevent it. In a large room just below," pointing in the direction of the Porta del Popolo, "which is soon to be supplemented by a fine Gothic church, our Protestant brethren of the Establishment and Nonconformists huddled together for worship almost in as much peril as the early Christians in the Catacombs. But," said he with a satisfied smile of triumph undulating in every line and wrinkle of his face and which was reflected in the faces of his auditory with and without wrinkles, "it is *all* changed now under the Monarchy, and Protestant churches of A-L-L denominations are springing up *within* the walls of once intolerant and Papal Rome; already there are seven or eight."

"And there will soon be seventy or eighty," interposed several voices, the trebles of the ladies blending harmoniously with the rest.

The little man continued—

"Father Gavazzi has a Reformed Church and is making many converts amongst Italians, and the people are becoming every day better educated and less tolerant of priest-



craft. Discussions are going on all over Italy as to the best system of education for the people. And"—this with a soft and patronizing look towards the ladies—"an agitation is afloat for the higher education of women and for the promotion of their rights."

All the ladies at this moment rushed to the front and—we left them there.

Surfeited with churches, we will in our next stage visit regal, secular and ancient Rome.

## NINETEENTH STAGE.

PALACES—THE CAPITAL—MR. EDISON INVOKED AND JOHN KNOX  
REPROACHED—PARKS AND VILLAS—RUINS OF ANCIENT  
ROME—THE FORUM—THE COLOSSEUM, PROPOSITION FOR THE  
SOURCE OF A NEW MINT—THE PALATINE AND SOME UNPA-  
LATABLE STORIES—BATHS OF CARACALLA, AND THE MORALS  
OF THE PEOPLE—SOME FOOTSTEPS BLOODED—TOMBS ABOVE  
GROUND, AND TOMBS UNDERGROUND—SOME MORE OF OLD  
ROME—VISIT TO THE POPE, HIS SELF-APPOINTED FEMALE  
DOCTORS—TIVOLI.

THE picture galleries of Rome are, except one, private property, but open to the public on certain days by permission of the owners of the palaces. Artists have permission to copy, and both sexes make use of the privilege. The chief of these is in the Borghese palace, a series of richly furnished rooms with handsomely painted ceilings on fresco, overpowering with gay colours the more subdued tones of the "old masters." The best pictures have been engraved, and are well known; but many of the others claimed to be originals, as in other galleries cannot be verified.

Titian's "*Earthly and Heavenly Love*" is the favourite, and always has a crowd of admirers round it—at the Barberini palace is Guido Reni's celebrated portrait of Beatrice Cenci—some say it was not intended for her—an insignificant picture, and like the gallery, disappointing. The beauty of the great master's work appears to have been rubbed off by cleaning, although there is still some fine colouring to be traced, but really, why this picture is so persistently copied and so much sought for we cannot understand. Every dealer has one copy, some more than one; every print-shop exhibits prints and photos of the picture, and copies of the

Cenci are exhibited all over Rome in as great numbers and as prominently as the portrait of the "Old Pope." Besides there is a horrible story in connection with her history that it would be as well not to perpetuate. At the Rospigliosi Palace is the celebrated "*Aurora*" by Guido, a fresco on the ceiling of the Casino, shewing distinctly the hand of time rather than that of the master, in the faint remains of what the picture was; and the whole will gradually become fainter as the hand of the destroyer stealthily but steadily works on, until the day arrives for calling in the further aid of the restorer's hand already too visible.

The Palace itself is not shewn without special permission, and so we wandered on to the Palazzo Regia, formerly the palace of the Popes, now the residence of the King of Italy, a fine building on the Quirinal Hill. The state apartments are shewn (about fifteen) one after the other, magnificently furnished, the walls covered with silk damask, a different colour in each room and the ceilings covered with richly coloured frescoes and gilding. Beyond this there is nothing of note, for it is not likely the Pope would leave anything that he could carry off to the Vatican. The Doria and Corsini palaces, full of pictures and sculptures, can be visited by permission easily obtained. There are in all about seventy palaces in Rome, most of which contain something of interest and all accessible. To see everything, however, requires several months besides a great deal of muscular activity, as well as patience; for going on day after day, looking at fine things is very fatiguing, even in art an enthusiast experiences the *embarras de richesses* sometimes, and becomes a confusionist.

The only public gallery is at the Capitol on one of the hills, a site that has seen as many changes as any in Rome. Once the site of the great Temple of Jupiter and other pagan shrines, now a museum and picture gallery, where many of the fine sculptures, &c., that have been found from time to time are deposited. Amongst these are the Venus called the *Capitoline Venus* and the *Dying Gladiator*, well known works, both found imbedded in debris cast aside as worthless, like the fine old steel grates and carved wood chimney pieces,

the Chippendale furniture and the circular mirrors of the last century, now so eagerly sought after at unheard of prices for their resurrection (absurd comparison). The fanaticism of the christians led them to mutilate, destroy and bury out of sight, some of Rome's ancient sculptures; everything bearing the likeness of the human form, might have been regarded as a pagan idol and destroyed as a little retribution for their early wrongs. When Mr. Edison or someone else shall have invented a telephone to reach the world of spirits, the spiritual voices of those who know might condescend to settle this and other equally learned speculations.

It occurs to us that the same order of fanatical destructiveness was abroad when our beautiful Abbeys (Fountains, Furness, Tintern, &c.,) were dismantled. It was all very well for John Knox to say "if we wish to get rid of the rooks we must destroy their nests," but John was an enthusiast; all enthusiasts are bigots, and all bigots are intolerant of everything but their own idol whatever it may be. We have no objection to the dispersion of the rooks, if they were rooks, but we object to the destruction of the nests which might have sheltered pigeons and doves, after the rooks. The power that *was* and John Knox could not have had any appreciation of art; nor could the power which destroyed, or John Knox who gloated over the ruins, have had the slightest forecast that the very ruins would become a school of art for architects, who up to this day have not attempted to improve a line, a moulding, or an enrichment, but still continue to copy and adapt. Surely more would have been left, if this could have been foreseen.

The museum and picture galleries of the Capitol are full of archæological and æsthetic wealth. In the former there is a most interesting map of ancient Rome, sunk in marble slabs of large dimensions executed in the latter part of the second century.

Near to the Capitol the Tarpeian Rock is pointed out, but as usual where proof is wanting, archæologists are not agreed that this *was the* Rock from which the poor victims were

hurled: if it was, the ground must have been very much raised above or sunk below, as the fall is not more than from twenty-five to thirty feet.

The stranger looks in vain for shady boulevards, and we might almost say for parks; the only refuges from the heat of summer being the narrow gorge-like streets bordered with tower-like houses, and the Pincio with the Borghese Gardens adjoining. The latter has more the character of a park, small in extent; the former are gardens where a military band plays every evening at five to the public who sit and promenade about, whilst others drive round the small circle which occupies just three minutes (at a slow pace), and then repair to the Borghese Gardens for a longer detour.

The King when he drives out usually goes round the Pincio once, and thence to the Borghese.

The Borghese Villa situated in about the centre of the park is a great attraction when open to the public, for besides being beautifully situated and internally decorated with excellent taste, contains a collection of fine statuary, frescos and paintings. Besides the ancient, there are some modern works by Bernini.

"David" we particularly admired, the firm expression of the countenance, and the rigidity of the muscles spread over the whole frame as he is about to sling the stone, leaves an impression not easily forgotten. Another fine figure by Canova of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon the 1st as Venus is admired, although the delicacy conventional of the lady represented might be questioned. In this park are the ruins of Raphael's Villa.

The fountains of Rome are numerous, costly and handsome—so to speak—but of questionable taste *un peu trop fort*, in some cases naked marble figures belching water, and animals squirting at one another is improbable in Nature, whilst in Art they have no affinity to the sublime and beautiful. Many of these are modern, and some of great antiquity; and if they had disappeared with ancient Rome and been used to construct other and more useful buildings they would not be missed. It is well known that the temples and palaces of the ancient city were worked up in the construction of

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more modern erections ; the Colosseum for example, was a stone quarry for other buildings, and it is a wonder there is any of it left. What is left, however, of this and other temples, is taken care of ; for it is the 'ruins' that are the attractions for strangers. These after all are only beautiful from an archæological point of view, and only interesting when clothed with historical associations. The casual visitors, accustomed to modern beautiful cities, say as they would of a skinny woman, "there's no beauty in bare bones."

The Forum of Trajan, generally the first ruin visited, is in the centre of a square, some depth below the roadway, and surrounded by modern buildings. Upon a paved court stand a few broken columns *in situ*, many fragments of which, interspersed with cornices, are piled around the margin. Trajan's Column stands tolerably perfect in the midst, perfect as its modern rival in the Place Vendôme, Paris, but then it never had such a fall. Passing on we see two columns half buried, and part of a cornice against the side of a house, by some said to be the remains of the temple of Janus, all the rest with the temple of Minerva, which adjoined having been used up. So we go on to the Forum Romanum, where the guides direct attention to the temple of Saturn, the Colonnade of the twelve Gods, and a great many others, amongst them the palace of Julius Cæsar, and go so far as to point out the spot where Mark Antony stood when he delivered his celebrated funereal oration.

The arch of Septimus Severus is tolerably preserved, and the Via Sacra can be traced for some distance, being the same paving-stones over which the sacred processions passed. The three vaulted arches near the Forum formed part of the Basilica of Constantine, from which an idea is formed of the immense strength of Roman masonry, and the magnitude of the building. The arch of Titus and that of Constantine, still resist the wear of ages, and stand picturesquely amongst the surrounding ruins. The most prominent of these being that wonderful structure the Colosseum, enough of which is left to enable one to form an idea of its former use. The 'Royal box,' or rather the part where the Emperors sat, is

pointed out, also the seats of the Vestal Virgins. The gladiators' entrances and the lions' dens, are all to be made out with a little imagination to assist; but it does not need any stretch of fancy to realize the assembling of 90,000 people within that vast building, to witness the gladiatorial displays, the martyrdoms of the poor christians, and the naval engagements, when the arena was flooded to float galleys around, with warriors to contend against each other "even unto death" for the amusement of the enlightened "Masters of the World," and all "to make a Roman holiday!" Outside the remains of a fountain (Meta Sudans) is pointed out, where the successful gladiators used to wash the blood of their opponents from their own bodies after a contest. Close to this is the base upon which stood the colossal statue in bronze of Nero, 117 feet high, but what had become of the statue, our informant said not; perhaps, it might have been worked up, and is now circulating as coin of the realm in the shape of centissimi: This, if a fact, would be a boon to the travelling public, and one might very well add that if the silver altars and golden candlesticks with the other votive treasures made of the precious metals which cram the churches of Italy, were to be worked up also for a similar purpose, they would form a more agreeable circulating medium than the present wretched paper circulation of the country.

Ruins of baths and temples in the neighbourhood of the colosseum, can be traced almost without end to the search, but the Palatine hill, the site of the traditional city of Romulus, and where stood the palaces of the emperors and all their surroundings, has absorbed most attention and is being gradually excavated, the work of Napoleon the 3rd, and the Emperor of Russia, being now continued by the Italian Government. So much has already been laid bare that it takes from two to three hours to walk over it, but to dwell upon everything and to endeavour to realise everything that stood upon this Imperial hill would occupy more than the patience of the investigator would endure.

We have just been scanning a very dreary "Walk through Rome" by a clergymen, more particularly that part which

refers to the Palatine hill; a very learned retrospect of historic times, but very dreary, so dreary that we felt bound to believe the author regretted that those, to him venerated classic days, had passed away. He is welcome to treasure his sentiment and his love for those times, but we prefer our own unsentimental days, and can make ourselves in these tolerably happy. Such a reverend and learned friend would spend a whole lifetime upon the Palatine.

A street of shops, with the narrow road paved very much as Rome is paved in the present day, is very perfect, as ruins go; and *over* these are the remains of the buildings of Caligula (A.D. 37). The Romans were not particular as to what they covered up, hence one building was erected over a previous one, and one palace over another, which so raised the soil that in excavating, the remains of two and sometimes three buildings are discovered one over the other. The wall of Romulus is pointed out, which is supposed to have girdled the hill, and being the *oldest* wall discovered they christen it with the oldest name in Roman history. A private house, with frescoes on the walls, and mosaic floors, as perfect as anything at Pompeii, has been recovered, and, with the aid of a little patching, conveys a fair idea of a rich man's or woman's house in the days of its origin.

On the crown of the hill the palace of the Emperors has been laid bare, or what remains of it. The throne room where the Emperors granted audience, the chapel of the household gods, the Basilica and other portions of the building are pointed out for the edification of the visitor and the satisfaction of the guide. In the Basilica it is said by some that Paul stood before Nero; and a circular slab, which has almost ceased to be, having been carried away, a fragment at a time by visitors, was supposed to be the slab upon which the saint stood; whilst others aver that the very building in which the very Paul stood is underneath. Who's to decide?

The Triclinium (dining hall) is more perfect, the marble in the apse and the inlaid marble floor at this end being tolerably well preserved. Behind this the guide pointed out the vomitorium, and we will endeavour to recall the exact

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description he gave. "This is the vomitorium. Our ancestors were fond of good living and plenty of it, and when they had eaten until they could eat no more they would run to the vomitorium, not to 'take an emetic for another whet,' but to tickle their throats with a feather until everything was expelled, after which they would go back to the feast and begin again."

Passing on, the guide volunteered another tale. Pointing to a particular spot, he said, "That is where Domitian used to amuse himself sticking flies with a large pin, and *I have found the very pin.*" That's a—— well, never mind, let us go on.

The whole of the Palatine Hill is covered with remains of buildings, which are being gradually brought to light by the investigators; and a neighbouring convent which stands in the way having been confiscated will in time be cleared away, to make room for the extension of the search. No doubt the whole will be one of these days laid bare, and, as at Pompeii, the visitor will walk over the original pavements, bordered with the original walls of the original buildings. Workmen are now busy excavating a kind of arena which is supposed to have been a stadium, a race-course. The remains of another building, by some supposed to have been a barrack by others a pedagogium, school house, is interesting from the number of curious caricatures and words scratched upon the walls, such as school boys or soldiers would do in idle moments. Some of these are anything but complimentary to the Christians, one of whom is represented with the head of an ass, which has been cut out and removed to the museum. It was about this spot the Emperor of Russia's excavations continued for nine years, without bringing anything to light of consequence, that he could carry off to enrich his museum.

Before leaving the Palatine we will just glance at the view therefrom. On one side the Forum Romanum with all its surroundings, from the Colosseum to the Capitol; on the other the Tiber and Mount Janiculus; farther round the ruins of the great aqueduct and the circus Maximus, where from 300 to 400 thousand assembled to witness the races

at the foot of the Aventine, and which the Emperors overlooked from the Palatine. This, at a glance, but with a good recollection of Roman history and a good History to assist the memory, with time and patience, a large amount of curiosity might be gratified by the view from the Palatine. From that look out, what does exist of ancient Rome might be traced and what does not exist, as the Forum Boarium, or cattle market, might be spotted; and all might be clothed and peopled according to the powers of memory or conception of the spectator. We, alas! possess neither, and so we will pass on through the Arch of Constantine to the Baths of Caracalla on the Appian Way, in the excavation of which some of the most valuable statuary was discovered. The Farnese group, called the Farnese Bull, the Hercules and Venus, all in the museum at Naples, were found here. The guide informed us that the bathing could be indulged in by 1600 bathers at one time, but the baths occupied but a comparatively small portion of the magnificent and extensive buildings which once existed, and the other uses of a great many of which have not been determined by the archaeologists. Earthenware pipes for warming the baths are still *in situ*, and it was in these the guide unblushingly informed us that the young ladies of the period used to disport gracefully, naiad-like, in the water for the amusement of the gentlemen of the period, whilst another party of young girls perfectly nude ran races in the stadium or racecourse, within the walls of the buildings, and in the presence of the Roman youth and manhood!

This revelation appeared to shock the ladies, but one elderly gentleman thought he might improve the occasion to draw a parallel.

"And what is the modern ballet," said he, "isn't it almost as bad; and isn't it the chief amusement of the Roman youth and manhood in the present day?"

The Italians frequent the theatres for the ballet; the opera is secondary, that is to say, one act of the opera precedes and the remainder follows the ballet, which usually occupies an hour. An Italian theatre is differently arranged to ours, they have no screaming gallery, sedate upper boxes,

or full dress circle. There are only private boxes, little drawing rooms in their way, where visits are received and conversation carried on, unpleasantly to our ears, during the performance of the opera. The pit is divided into two classes for the gentlemen, who during the performance of the ballet are tolerably quiet; but at other times conversation is unrestrained.

Leaving the Baths of Caracalla we proceed along the Appian Way, passing the arch of Drusus and thence to the church of St. Sebastiano, where they show with all form and reverence the arrows which pierced the Saint and one of his hands, the teeth and hands of St. Peter and St. Paul, and some other relics, prominent amongst which are the prints of two feet *cut* into a block of marble. These the monk said were the actual footprints of Christ, but did not say under what circumstance they had come there, or what miracle. Farther on towards the catacombs of St. Calixtus is a small church, "*Domine quo vadis.*" The legend says that St. Peter here met his Master and put the question above, "*Lord where goest thou?*" and received in reply, "*Venio iterum crucifigi,*"—"I am going again to be crucified." The footprints of Christ in a block of marble are shown here also, said to have been impressed on that occasion; but in these matter of fact days people are inclined to quite an opposite impression. The woman who showed the church brought us some excellent white wine, which we drank and enjoyed at the foot of the relic.

Passing on, we come to the tombs of the Scipios and many others, for the road is fringed on both sides with tombs, some of them restored, of Rome's ancient people. The Catacombs of St. Calixtus form a small portion of the Catacombs which exist under Rome (estimated at 500 miles), but are more visited than others being, perhaps, more accessible. We descend into these subterranean regions with lighted candles and follow the guide through the various windings from which numbers of passages and chambers diverge. Tombs of the early Popes are pointed out, one of Sixtus 2nd, who died a martyr in 258, which a long inscription in Latin records. Some frescoes on the

walls are hardly visible, and we pass on to another chamber where two mummy-like bodies are shown—in stone coffins with glass lids—poor Christians who in life never dreamed that after nearly 2000 years they would have been made such an exhibition of. Could their spirits look on and behold the curious eyes day after day peeping through the glass, they might blush, if spirits do blush, to find their dust famous. After about a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes winding about, in and out, in such a fashion that one wonders the guide does not lose his way, we ascend a number of steps and rise again from the charnel house into the light of day. It is only within the last Pope's reign that these Catacombs have been discovered, cleared of rubbish and opened to the public.

The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, strangers usually visit, as there are so many curious customs to be observed, as well as some interesting buildings and ruins on the way. Among the former is the Palace of the Cenci and the ruins of the Portico of Octavia, all that remains of which Pagan temple is now amalgamated with a Christian church. The theatre of Marcellus, or what is left of it, is now occupied and adapted for dwellings, the lower part being let out for workshops, like the Baths of Diocletian on the Quirinal Hill. "To what vile purposes" some of these once fine things "come at last," is illustrated by the Mausoleum of Augustus, near the Corso, which is now used by travelling circuses.

From the Ghetto we proceed to the arch of Janus, a bold building supposed to have been used as a kind of Exchange, close to which is the small arch of the money changers, erected by the merchants or dealers in the Forum Boarium in honour of Septimus Severus—so the inscription informs us.

The old drain, Cloaca Maxima, near, is said to be the oldest known application of the Arch, and still survives, although more than 2000 years has passed over its crown. Several old churches are hereabout, all having very venerable histories, relics and pictures; one of the latter by St. Luke (?), but without stopping to dwell upon these, we pass on to the round temple of Vesta, or Hercules Victor or any-

one or anything else archæologists can agree upon, for it seems they are still undecided. The small chapel, however, erected in the centre is known as S. Maria del Sale. One of the columns is missing from the colonnade, and the one known as the column of Phocas in the Forum looks like the "missing link." Another small temple near, our learned friends are quite in the dark about, and they will not even give it a name. The house of Rienzi, with its long inscriptions, is close to these temples and appears to be well preserved. Passing on, over the Tiber, we ascend the hill to S. Pietro in Montorio, where they say St. Peter was crucified, head downwards; and they show, in the court of the Monastery, a chapel with an opening in the floor where they say the cross stood.

"History and tradition are at cross-purposes here," said an old gentleman, "for history says St. Peter never *was* in Rome, and tradition says he *was*. I am inclined to believe history and to condemn the (w)hole story we have just heard."

This poor pun appeared to afford him immense satisfaction, for he had all the laughing it was intended to provoke to himself.

There is a very fine fountain on this hill, and the grounds around are park-like and nicely planted with shrubs and trees, whilst the view over the city and campagna, with the Alban Mountains fading away on the horizon line, is one of the best to be obtained in the neighbourhood of the Eternal City.

To go to Rome and not see the Pope has been the lot of visitors for some time past, in consequence of the infirmity of Pius the Ninth; but now that there is a new Pontiff visitors are received twice a week. An invitation is easily obtained by application to the English Consul, who takes down name and address, and the bearer of the written form from the Vatican must have a lucrative post, for he always waits for two or three francs.

Joining a party dressed in the prescribed costume, viz.: full dress black for gentlemen, and for ladies black with black veils, we started for the Vatican, buying a few rosaries on our way for the pontifical blessing.

Ascending a wide marble staircase we entered a large and handsomely decorated reception chamber—"tolerably comfortable quarters for the descendant of a poor fisherman," somebody whispered—and we were received by a number of gorgeously dressed attendants, with heralds jackets of crimson silk, ornamented with raised velvet flowers, breeches of crimson corded silk, and silk stockings of the same colour. These were marshalled by some others in full dress, with gold chain collars (like so many Lord Mayors' lackeys), and a number of medals on their breasts. Besides these there were a few soldiers. Our passes and costumes were examined, and everything being found proper we were allowed to enter the long corridor which surrounds a courtyard, two sides of which were filled with the patiently attendant public—faithful and unfaithful—about 500 altogether. We observed that most people had rosaries, whilst the priests had crucifixes or some altar decorations for the papal blessing. Conversation and good humour appeared to prevail as we stood in single file on each side of the corridor, until the Pope made his appearance, when all eyes were strained towards the end of the gallery, and silence, followed by low whispering, ensued. The Pope was dressed in a white cassock fringed with gold, red morocco slippers; a small skull cap covered his head. He was attended by a secretary and a cardinal—the secretary taking the papers from the visitors and reading the names aloud, seriatim, afterwards introducing them to his Holiness, who put his right hand upon their heads, or extended his left to be kissed with the option of kissing his red slipper. It appeared to us that the whole thing was most amusing to every one concerned. The Pope smiled and spoke to every one as he moved along the single files, all kneeling as he approached; the secretary smiled, the cardinal was more stern but evidently enjoying inward satisfaction; and the people were all excitement, every smiling face brightening when the Pope approached and put some question, or made some remark to each individually receiving *his* blessing, his Holiness receiving *their* optional kiss (*i. e.* on the hand or the foot). It was amusing to see the efforts of tall men

and fat women trying to position themselves on all fours so as to reach the red slipper with their lips, as the Pope passed along. The little fat woman we had seen in St. Peter's making such efforts to reach the Saint's toe stood opposite to us, and as the Pope approached, she knelt and rehearsed her part, it was evident that she meant to kiss his toe, but how to do it?—she tried all fours but could not get her lips within a foot of the floor; what could be done? His Holiness was before her, all smiles, in a moment the sacred foot would be gone and she a disappointed woman, when with a sudden impulse of her indomitable will she threw out her feet, bruising her neighbour, who gave a small scream. In a moment the little fat woman was on her stomach, which acted as a fulcrum. Down went her head, up went her feet; and a sharp smack of the lips announced that a woman's will and wit had conquered. Everyone laughed, even the Pope himself, as the little lady got up red in the face with her exertion and jubilant at her victorious achievement. The secretary enquired the nationality and faith of every foreigner, and when it came to our turn and we answered Protestant, the left hand was placed against our lips, whilst Annie, who had not been questioned, obtained a blessing for herself and her rosaries.

From the moment His Holiness and suite entered the gallery Annie had taken a great and sympathising interest in him which was reciprocated by a lady standing next to her, and we heard at intervals such expressions as—

“Poor man!” “How ill he looks!” “How pale and careworn!” when their sympathy began to take a suggestive and practical form, and Annie observed—

“He evidently wants the care of a good wife to feed him up.”

“Some of my strong soup,” said her neighbour.

“A change of air and rest from the worrying old cardinals,” Annie observed again.

“A bottle of my husband's old port every day,” suggested the sympathising lady.

All very agreeable medicines, and would have suited the Pontiff, no doubt, if he could have taken them all; but, for

the moment, it appeared to us that a pinch of snuff would have been a temporary stimulant, although his nose and the front of the vestment bore strongly marked evidence of a good supply having been laid up before beginning the tedious visitation.

An altercation was going on just above us, in an undertone, as the Pope approached, between an English clergyman of small stature and his wife.

"Kneel down," said the wife.

"I will *not*," he replied, emphatically.

"But you must—it's expected—required of you," entreated the wife.

"I will *not* kneel," he said, more emphatically.

The secretary, in a few moments after, put the usual question, and received in reply "English Ecclesiastic;" and the English ecclesiastic was introduced to the Pope, who smiled and placed his hand upon the head of the clergyman of small stature, when, whether through the Papal blessing being too weighty and the ecclesiastical knees too weak, or the emphatic will being empowered, we know not, but we *do* know that as soon as the Pontifical hand touched the ecclesiastical head, down went the heretical knees upon the Roman floor.

The imposing train passed into the other corridor crowded with expectants, to go through the same ceremony, and we were allowed to depart. Upon the whole we were gratified with the reception; everyone from the Pope downwards appeared to enjoy it; and we did not observe a serious face amongst the 500. But looking at it from another point of view, there was a lack of dignity which is never wanting in a regal reception. The Pope appeared to us to be led round and paraded before the people like a successful schoolboy at an examination.

Amongst the many drives round and about Rome, that to Tivoli is perhaps the most popular, and as it does not lie near to any line of railway, a tramway (since completed) is being laid, 19 miles in length, which can never pay as the district is poor and thinly populated. Joining a carriage party, we started on a fine morning along the dusty road



which, as it rises, affords a beautiful retrospect of Rome and the Campagna. About half way on the road a sulphur lake sends an unpleasant odour towards all comers; the river being the overflow from the lake, rushes under the road in a thin blueish white fluid.

Hadrian's Villa, about a mile from Tivoli, is being gradually explored. It was here the Venus de Medici was discovered. The hill is covered with olive and cypress trees, amongst which the excavations are going on bringing to light the extensive and erratic buildings of the Emperor Hadrian. It was here he retired from the fatigues of government, and amused himself, covering the hill with palaces, theatres, baths, a circus, academies and other buildings, the use of which is not known.

Tivoli is on a high hill and commands a delightful and extensive view; very picturesque when looked at from the valley a mile away, but a wretchedly dirty town of poor people upon closer inspection. Indeed, the crowds of guides, donkey drivers, beggars old and young that beset the visitor, destroy nearly all the pleasure of the excursion. The carriage stopped in a narrow dirty street, at the door of the Sybil Inn, where we alighted, and followed our guide to the garden, in which stands the temple of the ancient prophetess, overlooking the gorge, with its waterfalls and the fine amphitheatre of hills which surround, in return for this privilege the visitor is expected to take lunch in the open air, and to pay the host whatever he pleases to charge, usually exorbitant. The view from the garden is very fine, but it is better from the other side, and being anxious to escape from the pests of the town we walked round and over the new fall which dashes down 330 feet. A fine view of the rock crowned with the little temple and its colonnade of Corinthian columns, the gorge and the waterfalls, is obtained, and a peep as well through the hills into the open country. Returning to our carriage we found the horses were put in and ready to start. Annie and another lady had taken their places and were surrounded by an increasing crowd, eagerly shouting, with hands outstretched towards the carriage. We edged our way through the crowd and

when Annie saw us she said "Oh, Jack! I am so glad you are come. I only gave a few biscuits, all I had, to some children, when in a moment it was noised about that a lady was giving biscuits away, and now the whole population have turned out to beg of us, and I have not any more." We soon gave the driver orders to move on, and as we drove off the crowd hooted us because we did not empty our purses into the lap of laziness.

It was long after sunset before we reached Rome, but we did not take cold or fever.

## TWENTIETH STAGE.

SOME DEFINITIONS—AN ARISTOCRAT NEWSPAPER—SOME ENGLISH  
OPINIONS—NAPLES—CABMEN'S ENGLISH—HAPPY BEGGARS—  
OPEN AIR EMPLOYMENTS—SOME SUGGESTIONS WHERE TO FIND  
THE MISSING LINK—CHURCHES—MUSEUMS—STREETS—CHIAJA  
—A WHITE FUNERAL—S. MARTINO AND HIS MIRACULOUS POR-  
TRAIT—PALACES—BAY AND ISLANDS—EXCURSIONS—SORRENTO  
—POMPEII—VESUVIUS.

A MAN with a fine, clean linen shirt and a Poole suit on his back, a pair of Sparkes Hall's boots on his feet, and over all a Lincoln and Bennett to cover his head, must be something; and a man who takes the *Times* every day in Rome must be somebody. Such a conclusion was arrived at by a rapid process of reasoning, as a gentleman fulfilling all these requirements entered the salon of our hotel and sat down to read his *own Times*, although the tables were covered with newspapers—German, American, French, Italian, English, and to represent the latter, conspicuous by its firm white paper and clean type, the grand old *Times*.

Never before did it strike us that such a contrast to every thing of its kind should exist in the world of type and its paper as so prominently and often unpleasantly proves existence in the world of men and manners—an aristocrat of newspapers. The blotting paper and blotchy self important heavy type of the German press; the bilious paper and self-sufficient type of the American; the unsubstantial paper and erratic type of the French; the poor but respectable Italian; and then look at the English *Times*! Feel it, how substantial and genuine is the fabric of its broad sheets, white and firm as the front of a linen

shirt turned out by a west end *blanchisseuse*; look at the type, clear and distinct as a schoolboy's roundhand; read it and you feel (although creeds may differ) that there is an aristocracy of intellect, an authority of information, in every line. Cast your eye at the advertisements and you feel that it is a mighty power for disseminating all the wants of the human race, and the human race is ever wanting—wanting to sell, wanting to buy, wanting to know or to make known. Look at it upon a table with many others of different nations, and it falls into order of precedence for selection as easily as a fine old English aristocrat stands conspicuous amongst betting men, publicans, touts and rabble of all sorts at a local race meeting. Never before did pride in our nationality rise so rapidly as it did when we selected this aristocrat from its plebeian-looking cotemporaries in the salon at Rome and sat down to read the grand old *Times*. We were not allowed our "spell" very long, for the bus drew up at the door and we were soon *en route* to the station, set down and huddled together in the crush room, with nothing to do but to admire the frescoed ceiling or criticise one's neighbours. To get as near the door and escape with the first rush appeared to be the object of many, and of the English chiefly; people who go through the world in a hurry, hustling others and pushing their way to the front, generally speaking, at the expense of delicacy, and now and then of ordinary decency.

"Oh! the dreadful English about! I hate them; they spoil everything; Rome is full of them; I'll go where there are not any English!"

This was said by a lady to her maid, both of whom came in last and were making their way to get out first, as soon as the doors opened. There was no doubt about *their* nationality, they were English, with a northern accent, and we wondered where they could be going to escape from *themselves*. A party of gentlemen (all English) were discussing the foreign policy of our government at home. The *Daily News* was in the hands of one of them, who was evidently referring to it as he held it with one hand and patted it with the back of the other. He was speaking in

a back-handed way, I very soon could hear, of his country and her policy, a very common habit of red-hot liberals and Nonconformists, who swear by the veracity of the *Daily News*. There are too many of this class who leave their patriotism at home when they travel, and carry their politics in their breast pockets for occasional display, superinducing and encouraging foreign people to believe that England is retrograding from a first to a third rate power. Such people should be expatriated to live under continental laws and liberties (?) some of which at least would teach them to value their own.

Messrs. Gladstone and Bright, when they went touring on the Continent, had all their paths made straight and smooth for them by their friends and admirers, but if they had shouldered knapsacks and tramped the countries, dining at the cafés and resting at the cabarets, they might have listened to the conversations of all sorts and conditions of the people, and have returned with the knowledge that England was *not*—we write of 1877-78—regarded by foreigners as such a mighty name in Europe, as they had fondly imagined; but, on the contrary, something less, by a good deal, than a first rate power. We are not politicians, we write of facts—patent facts that were poured into our ears continually.

“What can England do? She has no army; and her fleet can only protect her shores and colonies.”

“England’s day is gone by; her glory is in what she has been—in her *souvenirs*.”

In this way was England pooh-poohed by French, Germans, Italians and Swiss—the Germans and Swiss more vehemently and confidently—the wish being father to the thought; the desire, no doubt, for our decadence paternizing the opinion. The great majority in the two last-named countries—we might almost say the whole of these two peoples—we found decidedly Russian, in their sympathies, in contradistinction to England.

People who travel in Italy during the first three or four months of the year should provide themselves with warm clothing, as the changes are sudden and severe. After a

continuance of, to us, warm, brilliant, summer weather, a cold east wind began to shiver up everybody, as we left Rome for Naples about the middle of March; we had rain, hail and snow falling during the journey, and everything looked dull and cold, as on a March day in England, under a leaden sky. The Sabine and Alban hills were seen covered with snow, as we rolled along over the campagna, studded with the ruins of buildings, tombs and aqueducts of ancient Rome, and skirting the two great historic roads, *via Latina* and *via Appian*. The Volscian Mountains, clothed with snow, soon appeared, and the very dulness of the atmosphere only served to make the towns and villages on the heights and the hillsides look brighter—seen from afar, be it understood—dirty enough, no doubt, when more closely inspected. The country appeared to be well cultivated, the gardens well stocked, and neat as English gardens in June, for vegetables were quite as forward, although we must not forget that they exhibit crops of peas and potatoes nearly all the year round. Two and three crops can in some parts be gathered in the year, with corn and grass as well. The vines in the South of Italy are trained very high, often to poles, but mostly to mulberry trees, the canes, hanging in festoons from pole to pole and tree to tree, look like lines for drying clothes, or, if they were straighter, like telegraph wires, but what they look like when covered with fresh leaves of summer, or the rich brown leaves and pendant fruit of autumn, can be well imagined. Work in the fields and gardens is more largely attended to by women and children than in England. The labourers are very poorly paid, but as their wants are more moderate, their habits simpler, and their supplies cheaper, their condition is perhaps not worse than that of their fellows in our country. The line of railway continues to wind through the beautiful valleys, sometimes approaching the sea, with not a tunnel in the whole journey of 163 miles, the valleys being of the loveliest scenery throughout, skirted by the Appenines and silvered over with snow, and reminding us very much of Switzerland. Every town has its history and mystery, dating from B.C., many of them registering well-known pages in classic lore and prominent names in the

ancient world of letters. Several monasteries are seen on the hills as we proceed steadily, but the most important is Monte Casino, which was founded by St. Benedict in 529; and here it is said that his remains and those of his sister are entombed and treasured under the high altar in the church. The library is celebrated for its very early MSS. and rare books, early letters, and Papal bulls, which attract visitors from all parts of the world. A great many priests and laymen, pilgrims for the famous shrine, left us at the station. The establishment, since the suppression of monasteries in Italy, is now an educational college for theological students.

Just before passing Capua, near which are the ruins of an amphitheatre, said to be, next to the Colosseum, the largest in Italy, we obtained our first view of Vesuvius, *covered with snow*, and the smoke from its internal fire coiling upwards and onwards before the wind. In a short time Caserta and the suburban palace of the late king were passed, and in about half an hour we reached the fine station of Naples. Seizing our luggage to prevent its being carried off by a host of ragged wretches who struggled one against the other for a job, to earn a few soldi, we made a rush for the Hotel Omnibus, glad to escape from the loafers and beggars, through whom we had to fight our way.

It has been justly said that Naples is the most beautifully situated city in the world. It were more considerate and more just to say that it is *one* of the most beautifully situated, at the same time that it is universally renowned for being populated by the largest number of dirty rascals. Facing nearly due south, the climate of spring and autumn is delicious, but the heat of summer is almost unbearable. In March the east winds are cold, but not so piercing as in London; and the small waves in the Bay show "the whites of their eyes," otherwise they are usually unruffled and calm as a lake. Our experience indicates that the best time to visit Naples is after March, or in the autumn. The latter is deemed preferable, as then all the trees are in full foliage, and the vines covered with leaves and loaded with fruit. In early spring only the

olive, orange, lemon, and other perpetuals are in leaf, the beech and plane leafing about the same period as in England, but they are smaller, and the foliage of South Italy is not to be compared for grandeur with the foliage of our own country, Burnham Beeches, for example, or Studley Royal. Flowers of certain classes are always in bloom and cheap, a large bunch of red and white camelias or roses being purchasable for a few soldi from the women and children who pester the visitors to buy; in fact these vendors are far too numerous, too diligent, and too saucy. Beggars abound and their importunities are intolerable, add to this the shouts of the cabmen, "Hoy, carriage sir," and then the cracks of about a dozen whips to arrest attention follow simultaneously. These few words and "Yes" are about all the English the cab drivers know, and like the beggars they are equally persevering; two or three will often dart from the stand and charge the visitor in the front or rear, as his position may be, and follow him with shouts of "Carriage, sir," accompanied by a volley of cracks, until, in despair, he seeks the shelter of a friendly restaurant to escape the nuisance of the crack, crack, crack, and he feels as if the tympana of his auriculars had cracked as well. The public cabs are very dirty and badly constructed, drawn by poor little creatures of ponies looking half starved and perfectly wretched. It is not surprising, as the fares are so cheap, 70c., about 6d., for the course, to any part of the city.

The poor are *very poor* and dirty; the little costume they wear is very much the same in character as that worn by the very poor of London. A handkerchief tied round the head and a few rags to cover the body, slipshod in wooden shoes, and without stockings, is the normal style. The Italian organ grinders about England are dressed for the occasion, no such dresses were seen on our route, except the dressed up artists' models in the Via Sistina at Rome. They appear happy enough, however; they dance and shout, beg and plead very hard, following a carriage for a mile in the hope of getting a sou. If the hard-hearted Inglesse cannot be induced to accede to their pleadings, a volley of curses is hurled at the carriage one moment, and they execute a tarantalla the next.



It is said that Italy has very much improved under the new regime. There is very great room for improvement notwithstanding. The drains offend fearfully, particularly at Naples, where the effluvia is most sickening, puffing about the atmosphere with anything but balmy breath. All this is to be remedied, however, when the new water works are complete, which are now being constructed by an English company and with English capital of course. The street scenes are curious; first the letter writers, who sit at their tables with pens, ink and paper before them and appear to be doing a good business—men corresponding to the London lawyer's clerk of the poorest class. In another part are the watch and jewellery repairers working at their little stalls, bookbinders, lace workers, and in fact all kinds of toilers whose work is carried on in the open air. Glove making is another out-of-door industry, but the greatest street craft appears to be begging, to live without actual work. If a man can beg a few sous a day he manages to get along and be content. He perhaps will feel grateful at being enabled to live without manual labour. The streets are always crowded and noisy as Cheapside, before the days of asphalt, blended with the noise of Norwich on a Monday night. It is surprising that there are not more accidents looking at the way the roads are paved, for here, as in all Italian towns, they use paving, *not pitching*. In wet weather the horses crawl, and upon the ascents it is often very painful to see the poor ponies struggling over the slippery slabs. Donkeys and mules dressed with gaudy trappings and tinkling bells are largely employed; few carts are to be seen; large panniers made of straw or jute, like long sacks with openings in the centres and closed at both ends, are balanced on the donkeys or mules backs and filled with vegetables or anything else to be sold or carried. We have often seen the poor wretched animals struggling home after having been about the town all day, with half a ton of manure piled up as though it was a part of themselves, like the hump on a camel's back. Looking at the traffic of some half million inhabitants and visitors, it is not surprising that Naples is a busy noisy city, the cries of the newspaper boys

and cadgers of all kinds helping to swell the ceaseless din of the *race criarde*, as the French call the Neapolitans. The roar of the popular monster is not worse, perhaps, than the Borough on a Saturday night ; and even the dirt, filth and poverty might be matched in modern Babylon. Amongst the many disgusting scenes the worst to our mind is to see men, women and children engaged in a coursing match over the heads of one another, the game being vermin, and no shame attending the popular pastime ! Need Mr. Darwin go farther for the missing link between the monkey and man, for here is an approximation assuredly. All the duties of the toilet are done *sub Jove*, as openly and unaffected as possible, and it appears to be a pastime amongst the lower class of females to comb and dress the hair of each other. We were not at all struck with Italian female beauty anywhere, they have eyes and hair dark enough, but their features are fierce and coarse, and the expression Israelitish. Some are good figures, but they are so untidy, and do not pull themselves—so to speak—properly together. The author of “An English girl for me” was a pretty good judge, he must have travelled for experience.

The better class of Neapolitans dress in the latest Paris style and show their figures in the tightest of dresses.

Notwithstanding its drawbacks there is something very fascinating in Naples, the clear atmosphere, absence of smoke, everything so bright and highly coloured between the bright blue sky and the bright blue ocean to remind one of many of the bright sayings of the poets of the fair Parthenopé of old, and to render it a charming residence, the excessive heat of its summers always excepted. The hotels are reasonable, and if one is accustomed to bargain a pension can be arranged for 6s. a day (8 liras), which includes bedroom, breakfast, lunch and table-d'hôte, with wine included, i. e., if you bargain well. Frequent illustrations have made Naples as well known as any city in the world. It has been sketched, painted and illustrated, and it is, as represented in the pictures, a great city piled up on the sides of a rocky eminence, house over house, like the houses children build with a pack of cards, to be shaken down as easily

perhaps in this land of earthquakes. At present, however, Vesuvius is quiet, and excepting a small quantity of smoke which curls gently from its mouth there is nothing to indicate fire within.

About 300 churches provide for the spiritual wants of the people, and the people provide for the temporal wants of the church in return. Some are very grand, as far as marble, statuary, gilding, pictures and frescoes can make them. Being Lent the bells were continually going for service, the Cathedral was especially busy, matins in the chapels, preaching in the nave, and confessing in the aisles. All the confessional boxes were occupied, and the priests were paying due attention with varying interest according to the nature of the revelations of the poor women. We saw no men in the places of penitence whatever, they do not consider themselves perhaps such sinners, or have such bad memories that they cannot remember any sins to confess. Dedicated to S. Januarius, it contains also a chapel of most costly work, in which there is treasured a vessel represented to contain his blood, which miraculously liquefies three times a year, and is exhibited to believers and unbelievers. In the cathedral at Genoa they have a vessel which is said to contain the blood of the Saviour. At Hayles Abbey, in Gloucestershire, a similar relic used to be exhibited in the time of Henry VIII., and proved during its merry day a very profitable perquisite for the Abbot. This relic, we read in Hollinshed, was exhibited at St. Paul's Cross in November, 1538, by the Bishop of Rochester, who then and there declared "the same to be no blood but honie clarified and colored with saffron, as it had beene evidently proved before the King and his Council." Another ancient authority said "it was no better than the blood of a duck renewed every week."

The museum is known all over the world for its treasures of art and its antiquities from Pompeii and Herculaneum, consisting of wall paintings, articles in gold and silver, bronze, glass, earthenware, in fact everything for use or luxury is represented, the people of those times being as luxurious and self-indulgent as in the present day.

The gallery of inscriptions requires a good Greek and

Latin scholar to work his way through, but the pictures and sculptures are more easily understood by the unprivileged. The collection of the two latter is very large, many of the best works having been brought from Rome. The Farnese collection of sculptures and many others, some of which are mutilated, exhibiting the high cultivation of the sculptor's art in those days, when, as far as we have any knowledge and the remains of the oldest examples enable us to judge, the sister art, painting, was very much in arrear of the perfection it has since attained. The galleries contain some of the best pictures of the different schools, all classified; and artists were busily engaged copying, many of whom offered their works for sale. A figure from one picture, a group from another, and a head from another were offered at ridiculously low prices—many visitors carrying off very pretty little pictures for a few francs.

There are so many collections in the Museum of different kinds that one might spend weeks and not exhaust the objects of interest, but the casual visitor, after he has sufficiently admired the sculptures and paintings, transfers his interest to the curious remains of the articles of food collected from Pompeii, which are very much the same as the articles of consumption used at the present time—onions, raisins, beans, fruit, wine and oil in the original jars, and most perfect of all, loaves of bread, one loaf having the baker's name upon it. All are carbonized by the fire, but still retain their original shape after nearly 2,000 years' entombment.

Leaving the Museum, we strolled down the Toledo, now Via Roma, the busiest street in Naples, which, it naturally follows, contains the best shops. The thoroughfare is very long and terminates in a piazza, when we come upon *Palazzo Reale*, the *Teatro S. Carlo*, next to *La Scala* the largest in Italy, and the *Pantheon*. Thence to the *Chiaja*—the long route by the sea—skirted by some of the best hotels (and the unhealthiest), the Public Gardens close to the shore and the new promenade and drive, which, when finished, will be another "finest drive in Europe."

A *white* funeral procession passed as we sat for a rest

upon one of the seats in the Gardens ; one of those curious—to describe it in English most easily understood—*Club funerals*, so common in Naples. The same dread which makes all the impecunious “world kin” exists in that city of azure seas and tainted atmospheres, bright buildings and funeral cypresses, moderate luxury and fashion, extreme poverty and squalor—the same dread as that which exists in England and throughout the civilized world amongst the poorer classes—the dread of a pauper’s burial. The poor who die without any means or any friends able and willing to attend to and pay for their obsequies, are cast into a common pit “like dogs,” with quicklime thrown over them. Hence the dread, and hence these Clubs which undertake the ceremonial of “decent burial” when a small sum of money has been provided from weekly or monthly savings. The Priests manage all this—the fund and the ceremonial. A *white funeral* ? Yes, all *white*, the coffin rested upon a bier, covered with a *white* pall, drawn by white horses driven by a *cocher* in white gown and mask ; the mutes are dressed in the same style ; even the mourners wore white gowns and concealed their grief under white masks. It is a gratification for the poor subscribers to contemplate the ceremony with which they shall one day be paraded on the *Chiaja* on the route to the grave and everlasting extinction of all care and anxiety for the body’s weal ; and then, what for all these self-denying poor savings, these stintings of a body’s cravings for its necessities, a body which hath no longer any cravings and for which the worms only crave ?

Another sight, of a very different character, often seen on the *Chiaja* is the “*corricolo*,” a two-wheeled light cart, piled with a living load one above the other, drawn by a wretched pony and driven at a killing pace.

The *Chiaja* is the fashionable drive of Naples. From four to six o’clock in spring every imaginable vehicle is there, from the first-class carriage and pair “fit for Hyde Park” downwards—very low down indeed.

The healthiest and pleasantest part of the city is the new *Corso Vittorio Emanuele*, which winds round the hill for

two and a half miles, skirted by fine buildings and hotels. Higher up is the Castle of *St. Elmo*, and close to it the suppressed Monastery of *St. Martino*, the chapel of which is one of the finest and most costly memorials of a people who, it appears, too plainly showered all their wealth upon the Church, leaving almost everything outside neglected and bare indeed. A little gratitude is due to the zeal of these devotees for creating the multitude of fine things which we now travel so many miles to feast upon. The pictures include Guido's last work, the *Nativity*, unfinished, some fine examples of Lanfranco, Spagnioletto and many others. The marbles and fine sculptures so elaborate and so plentifully bestowed throughout the main building and in the various side chapels, puzzle one's arithmetic to estimate their cost, which problem even the science of "unknown numbers" would, we are afraid, fail to aid us in solving satisfactorily. The frescoes in the chapels are carefully studied and beautifully finished, that on the ceiling of the chapel dedicated to S. Martin is one of the most wonderful illusions we ever remember seeing. We all know how the eyes in a portrait will follow us, whatever position we may take in a room; but in this case the martyred saint is represented lying upon the ground in the centre of the ceiling with his face and body, to the soles of the feet, towards the spectator, and whatever position we took in the chapel still the Saint appeared in the same position—the soles of the feet, body and face still towards you the same. We tried every angle, but it was the same, an effect which the ignorant mind might easily regard as miraculous, whilst others, less superstitious, might think the ceiling revolved as they moved. The singular effect, however, is due to the marvellous skill of the drawing—that most difficult grade of the art, known as foreshortening.

The view from the terrace of this Monastery is very extensive, the town sloping away down to the bay, the bay rippling away to the open sea, Vesuvius and the Appennines on one side, the Islands Procida and Ischia on the other; Capri standing alone far away, like an outpost, and farther

and farther still, waves the blue surface of the Mediterranean, waving on faintly and still more faintly blue, then softly and more softly, dying away at last in neutral faintness on the pale horizon.

The nearly empty Palaces of the late King are scarcely worth a visit, not any of the pictures being of much note, Capodimonte, however, on the hill containing a collection of modern pictures and the grounds beautifully laid out, formed, no doubt, a very charming summer retreat for his Majesty.

Of the marine excursions to interesting places, Sicily and the nearer Islands are popular, Capri for its charming views and its "blue cavern," being perhaps the most in favour. The entrance to this Cerulean grotto is scarcely large enough for the boat, hence very little white light finds its way in overpowered as it is by the dazzling blue refracted through the water and casting a blue light on everything, just as a window glazed with blue glass would shed a blue light over a room.

Excursions are made by rail to Amalfi, Salerno and its beautiful bay and thence by road to the very interesting and beautiful Greek temples at Pæstum, twenty-six miles over a road once infested by brigands and which, even now, has to be watched by soldiers when excursions are made.

Baja, the ancient Baïæ, and intermediate places form another interesting excursion. Passing what is said to have been the tomb of Virgil, we entered the tunnel called the Grotto de Posilippo, nearly half a mile in length (lit with gas), and which is now as it was in ancient times, the high road and probably a continuation of the Appian Way. On the other side of the tunnel the volcanic origin of the district is very perceptible in the lava rocks; and when we reached the now dry lake, the "Lago d'Agano," and entered a chasm in the neighbouring rock it was equally so to taste and smell. In this chamber the sulphureous fumes are collected for medical purposes; the floor was so hot that we had to stand upon a mat and the walls being also too warm for the hands, we found it altogether too unpleasant to remain. Another natural chamber in the rock

is shown where carbonic acid gas is thrown off, which upon first sight looks like a chamber with the floor covered deep in water impregnated with lime, but upon close inspection it is found to be vapour through which we were invited to walk and came out dusty and languid after the experiment. A torch was lit and put into the vapour which, of course, went out immediately. Two poor dogs were waiting to be experimented upon for the gratification of those travellers who could be cruel enough. We did not wish to see the poor things subjected to insensibility, semi-death and then the pains of revival in the fresh air. Indeed, we would rather pay a franc *not* to see it.

A little farther on is Pozzuoli, where St. Paul spent seven days on his way to Rome—"And we came the next day to Puteoli" (now Pozzuoli), &c., &c., Acts xxviii. 13, 14. The ruins of the old town are close to the modern one, and the large amphitheatre is the only remaining relic that is tolerably well preserved.

The Solfatara, a nearly extinct volcano, is close at hand and was more attractive to us. We entered the crater, not unlike a huge stone quarry in the Portland Hills. It is now used for the manufacture of cement. At the extreme end of the crater sulphureous fumes were rushing out of a small aperture in the lava, with the noise and force of steam from a locomotive. Within the aperture the pumice was all in an incandescent state; and the guide put in a few pieces of lime stone which soon became coated with sulphur. We need not say how hot they became; and a visitor who had put a few into his coat-tail pocket, found when he reached home that they had burnt their way through.

In another part of the crater a trial pit had been sunk, where mud was boiling up with air bubbles on the surface about the size of a man's head. The volcanic caverns are evidently near the surface; for the ground trembled when a large boulder was thrown heavily down by way of experiment.

The wretched beggars that beset every avenue to this place, destroy half the pleasure of the excursion, and are so pestering that visitors hurry away from the district, but only



to run the gauntlet of others, who beset the high roads. Before the monasteries were suppressed, the monks had a little resource, but now that the State has absorbed their properties, and left them to wander as they please, with only a small life pension, the poor who have no self-reliance, and nothing else to rely upon in fact, are thrown entirely upon the public. But, as the guide observed "A great change is coming over Italy now the State has taken everything into its own hands, and quite time." Of course the priests tell the people that everything evil is caused by these reforms, but when the State is able to establish more schools, and enforce education the people will be better able to judge. "There are not nearly (he continued) so many beggars now; the profession does not pay, and those who are able, go to work."

Lacus Avernus, regarded—as all know—by the ancients as the mouth of hell, one of two lakes was passed, and there is no doubt that it is pretty warm thereabout still, for water boils up from the earth hot enough in all conscience to cook one's goose. In Iceland the natives cook their potatoes in the boiling streams on the mountain sides, so here they cook eggs for the amusement of the curious. Baths and lodgings are established for those who visit the neighbourhood for the 'benefit of the waters.'

Ruins of the ancient Baiæ, of interest only to the archaeologist, are scattered about, and of temples to which all the names in heathen mythology are given, having only the distinguishing features at present of piles and heaps of old stones.

A circular building open to the sky, with part of the old vaulting still holding together, attracted our attention; and we were invited to enter by an elderly woman with a tambourine under her arm. As soon as we were inside the ruined walls the woman struck the tambourine, when a succession of beautiful echoes followed; and although the place is ninety feet in diameter, two persons on opposite sides were enabled to hear the faintest whisper one from the other by placing their faces to the wall. Some of our modern architects who design buildings in which the voice is stifled

or lost in echoes, would do well to investigate this mystery in acoustics. Four girls, not one of whom would grace an artist's sketch book, danced the tarantalla to the sounds of the tambourine vigourously belaboured by the old women with the usual effect upon our purses. The *picina mirabilis* beyond is not worth going to see, it is simply the remains, very perfect too, of the ancient reservoir, which supplied the ancient town with water, and the construction is very much the same as the reservoir at Pentonville, belonging to the New River Company. This excursion is often extended to Cumæ, once the oldest Greek colony in Italy, said to have been founded 1050 B.C., but fading day warned us to return, and we did.

Another, and the most interesting excursion from Naples is on the Vesuvius side of the Bay to Sorrento, returning by Pompeii which should occupy several days. The railway crosses the plains which lie between Naples and Vesuvius, and in about an hour Castellamare is reached, a good sized but very dirty town, which is also a favourite resort for English and others who require a mild climate to enable them to pass the winter with peace in their bronchials. The drive from Castellamare to Sorrento along the coast round the bays and up and down the ascents is another "finest drive in Europe." Of these we have seen so many, that we are at a loss to say which deserves the palm. This one, however, we must say is unquestionably grand in its picturesque scenery. The blue bay with Naples shining on its shores in the rear distance; lofty hills covered with olives or terraced for vines on our flank; deep ravines beneath; picturesque villages and towns on all sides; here and there high peaks starting up, crowned with monasteries and robed with pines. The road winds on, now over a deep ravine bridged by a good stone structure: onwards through orange and lemon gardens, through vineyards and olive groves; now emerging close to the sea which curls and dashes softly, not madly against the rocks, and now turning inland for a short distance only to turn out again to a "surprise" corner, when the beautiful blue of the sea suddenly appears once more before us, a relief to the sombre green of the

olive which for a few minutes had afflicted our eyes, and that affliction was perhaps a relief afforded for the moment by kind Nature.

The promontory stretches away to its full extent, immediately before us is the white road winding to Meta and Sorrento, two large towns close together with large suburbs spreading out on either side containing together a population roughly guessed, at 40,000 inhabitants, and yet *no gas*, which indicates the extreme poverty of the district. "Banco Lotto" is written up in every village and town, (throughout Italy) offices for the sale of State lottery tickets, bringing to the revenue we were informed 60,000,000 of lire per annum. A drawing takes place every Saturday; and the winning numbers are published about four in the afternoon, when the poor wretches who had staked a few soldi gather round to learn the fate of their poor investments, which alas! nearly always turn out a sad disappointment! But not the poor only, the better classes stake and heavily sometimes. It is a system of betting and we must hope that the State will be able at an early time to raise more legitimate resources, and stamp out the gambling spirit which it now evokes and encourages.

United Italy is a lottery. Will she achieve what she has set herself to do? Will she revive her past history and her glory? Ages, we are afraid, must roll away first, and so we need not trouble ourselves to speculate upon that.

The hotels at Sorrento, like their congeners in Italy, are for the most part supported by English-speaking people, chiefly the better off middle-class. They are handsomely furnished, and the salons decorated with frescoes on the ceilings and walls; works of art in their way, to which even the bedrooms are treated, so great it appears does the love of coloured decoration still flourish; and we do not see why efforts to rival the ancients should not be indulged in by their descendants.

The town is poor, its chief support appears to be *tarsia* work, inlaid wood, which is sent all over the world, made up in boxes, bookslides, hand-screens, &c. There are also a few silk factories, where English ladies believe they supply

themselves with silk ribands and stockings at about half the London prices.

A few excursions can be taken from this place, the most popular of which is to Deserto, a suppressed monastery, upon an eminence some distance from the town. It is now an orphan school supporting only twenty-five boys. The prospect from the terrace of the building is very fine, taking in the Bay of Salerno on one side, and the bay of Naples on the other, with a nearer view of the Island of Capri in the centre. We were received by a monk, and as soon as we entered there was such a clatter upon the floor of the stone corridors; the poor little orphans had rushed forth, with bare feet and slipshod wooden shoes to stare at the visitors. Lunch, consisting of bread, fruit and wine was offered, in return for which a donation for the orphans is always expected; and, as far as we were concerned the expectation did not end in disappointment. Dinner for the orphans was laid in the refectory, consisting of bread and vegetables; poor boys! they looked hungry enough to do justice to a more substantial meal.

From Sorrento to Pompeii is a drive of two hours. We are at a loss to describe this disentombed city within our limits and so we will not attempt anything but a bare outline. There are a great number of excellent books, containing exhaustive accounts of it, from its foundation to its destruction in A.D. 79; thence up to the middle ages when it was forgotten; onward to its discovery by accident in 1748, and the progress of its recovery from the dust and ashes under which it lay entombed. We cannot add anything to that which has been so well done, with its every detail so well filled in; and we will content ourselves with taking a walk through, a peep at Pompeii as it is, or *Pompey* as the Americans pronounce it. We entered by the Porta Marina and looked into the museum, the first object for inspection, where are deposited the various articles found amongst the dust and ashes during the progress of the excavations. Bronze ornaments and vessels, domestic pottery, wine jars, carbonized food—eggs, bread, figs, prunes, chesnuts, &c.—

Casts of the impressions left in the cooled debris by the bodies of some of the 'ancient inhabitants,' create a morbid interest; one of a young girl lying upon her face, another of a man with features distinguishable, and amongst the others a poor sad dog. Leaving the museum, we proceed up the narrow street Via Marina, still paved with the original paving and still having the marks of cart wheels and other indentations of the wheeled traffic of that time. The stepping stones to enable passengers to pass from footway to footway without soiling their feet, lead us to suppose that the roads served the double purpose of road and drain, for surface drainage, if nothing more.

The great Basilica, with broken columns and shattered walls, with the tribune, has been well cleared and is very distinct. After this, we were led to the Forum, the Theatre and Amphitheatre; the temples dedicated to the Gods; the Baths and private Villas, the latter like many of the private houses, having fresco decorations very well preserved. The houses of business had, in most instances, signs, by which the trade carried on could be determined, jeweller, baker, barber, wine and comestible shop, with the wine jars *in situ*, and so on, to the Barracks. Continuing our walk to the more closely-built quarters; the immoral street where the *femmes publiques* lived and congregated; thence to the excavations now going on (for only about one-third of the town has been excavated); back again, threading our way through the narrow and once crowded streets. Looking into a cellar on our way we saw the remains of a man who was apparently in the act of making an effort to release himself, and on again to the town walls and the street of tombs outside the gates. The tombs, as was the Roman custom, line either side of the high road, many of them very perfect and the inscriptions clear and distinct. The house of Diomede, who must have been a large wine merchant, is at the end of the Street of Tombs, and under which are large cellars with some of the wine jars *in situ*. One of these contained wine when found, which was removed to the Museum at Naples. Discoveries will continue to be made as the excavations go on, so that

the interest will continue as no one can foretell what surprise may turn up. The guides are civil and attentive, but they hurry one over the ground too quickly, although even under these circumstances it takes from three to four hours. One visit, however, is not enough, and it is best if you make a second one to go alone and work your own way without a guide, which might be done day after day with increasing interest.

The guides speak very little English; our guide's knowledge of the tongue might be summed up in four words—"Baker's shop" and "by-by" for bye-and-by. Whenever we asked our conductor a question, he invariably answered "by-by," except when he said "baker's shop." He had evidently studied the meaning of those words very deeply, and he meant us to understand that his interpretation was, that if we would be patient he would show us all—bye-and-by. He had not, however, an idea of the other applications of those sounds by the English mind. How nursemaids order the children to "by-by;" how languid swells when parting say "by-by, old fellow," and when we said "by-by, Mr. Guide," he opened his eyes to their fullest and stared at us till we were out of focus.

The ascent of Vesuvius can be made from the modern village, Pompeii, by carriage to the Hermitage, some time before reaching which the old lava streams, or as a Scotch lady said laa-vey streams, are crossed. From thence over the lava and pumice to the foot of the cone where the tug of war begins, sinking knee-deep into the ashes, slipping every other step for 1,500 feet, altogether a most fatiguing journey, requiring a strong man with good legs and lungs to get up without assistance. There are always plenty of *chaise à porteurs* and fellows with straps ready to help one up, but, with snow on the mountain and a little more smoke than usual issuing from the crater, we did not attempt the cone. The ascent, from all we have heard, scarcely repays the toil and expense. There is usually such a cloud of smoke that very little can be seen, and as you must descend into the basin a short distance, there's a risk of being half-suffocated by the sulphurous fumes. The

interior is like a huge stone quarry worked out, with cones of *debris* here and there from which clouds of smoke arise and unite as they ascend. We have known many return disappointed, people who had expected to take in the whole of the crater at a glance from the margin, and to see it boiling up like a pot of boiling broth on a blazing fire. We preferred to linger lower down, entranced by the grand view. Lingered still lower down, we were refreshed with a bottle of Vesuvius wine at the grower's door, the Virgin "*Lacrimæ Christi*," a sweet cyderish sort of wine, not over clear, but then it was *genuine*.

Herculaneum is really not worth visiting after Pompeii. In the first place it lies some thirty or forty feet under the town of Resina, which has been built over it; and in the second place a very small portion is exposed, in consequence. The Amphitheatre has been excavated, but to see it a descent has to be made into a cavern lit with a few farthing rushlights, making darkness more dreary; and that which has been laid bare to the light of day is, after Pompeii—tame and disappointing.

## TWENTY-FIRST STAGE.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE — A LITTLE MORE CLEANLINESS SUGGESTED WITHOUT REFERENCE TO GODLINESS—THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS—THE GREAT GALLERIES—THE PITTI PALACE—COPY AND PATIENT COPYISTS—GRAND CATHEDRAL—CURIOSITIES OF TAXATION EXISTING AND SUGGESTED—THE MISERICORDIANS AND AN ENQUIRING MIND—OTHER CHURCHES—VIA DEI COLLI—CERTOSA—FIESOLE—THE AMERICAN AGAIN—THE BEGGAR'S SPECIAL PLEADER—FLORENCE TOWN AND PARK.

TRAVELLERS usually return from Naples to Rome, resting a few nights and then proceed to Florence. The through journey is too fatiguing, but the "personally conducted" do it, that is to say those of them who have strength enough left. Of the party "personally conducted" whom we parted with at Avignon, not many more than half returned with the conductor. Some we saw "knocked up" in Rome; others in Naples and Sorrento "knocked down" and left behind.

To Florence, by Perugia, staying a day or two in that beautifully-situated and most interesting town, is the best route, but we will now proceed direct.

The line takes a wide circuit round the "Eternal City," affording fine views of its buildings and the mountains beyond, and then creeps off into the country skirting the Tiber, with beautiful views over well cultivated corn fields and their long lines of mulberry trees festooned with vines.

The mulberry tree is small and branched in the autumn for the shoots and new young leaves of spring, which produce the best silk.

All the country people keep silkworms and some towns-



people as well. They purchase the leaves of the farmer, which are taken to market in sacks and sold like any other green produce. So we see the land produces simultaneously, food, drink and raiment, corn, wine and silk, to say nothing of the oil from the olive groves, the fruits and some spices.

A number of interesting towns and villages are passed and then we arrive at Orvieto, perched on a high rock, with its interesting Cathedral prominent, and, like most of the ecclesiastical buildings in Italy, overdone with adornments, sculptures, paintings and mosaics.

Orvieto also possesses a good Museum of Etruscan antiquities, the result of excavations going on all over Italy, and in Lombardy (the ancient Etruria) there have been some good finds. Nearly every little town has a Museum of more or less interest and value.

Skirting Lago Transimeno, a very pretty and refreshing object with its islands and wooded slopes, we get on to Cortona, and thence through charming scenery to Arezzo. Approaching Florence a fine view of the town is obtained with the beautiful hills which surround it, and in the distance the snow-tipped Appennines.

Florence has a population of 170,000 souls, and is one of the best-built towns in Italy. It is the old residence of the Medici, the chief art depository of the world (the old school), and still endeavouring to maintain its reputation for art, in sculptures and mosaics. If the artists, like Michael Angelo, were to diversify their labours and plan a better system of drainage for the town, visitors would not have one of their senses so tortured and the health of its inhabitants and visitors alike would be improved. The stench from the river Arno running through the centre of the town, is intolerable, which, with the heat and mosquitos, makes the classic city a place to be avoided in summer. Strangers usually direct their steps first to the Piazza della Signora, and, to be orthodox, we did likewise.

In this Piazza, Savonarola and two other outspoken Monks were burned in 1498, like many other devoted pioneers of the Reformation. Here is the Loggia dei Lanzi, an arcade in the Tuscan Gothic style, where are

some sculptures, many of doubtful merit, but there is no doubt that *all* merit a liberal use of the scrubbing brush and a little powdered pumice vigorously applied to their smutty muscles and dirty faces. Opposite is the Palazzo Vecchio, originally the seat of Government of the old Republic, now the Town Hall. On each side of the entrance are two colossal figures by Bandinelli, who was considered good enough to be a rival of Michael Angelo, and why these figures are left in the open air to rust and blacken is one of the mysteries of Italy. Some beautiful tapestry we saw in the Museum nailed round some rough framing, instead of sack cloths, to form a screen for workmen making alterations! and that's another mystery.

The Great Hall where the Italian Chamber sat before removal to Rome, is a very fine one, adorned with frescoes representing scenes connected with the history of Florence. A number of chambers said to have been the private apartments of the Medici, and a small but very attractive chapel are shown, but the most part of the building is now used for public offices.

The chief attraction centres in the Galleria degli Uffizi, nearly "next door" to the Town Hall and within the shadow of its splendid tower, which forms one of the most prominent objects in the views of Florence. The exterior has a number of niches, wherein stand marble figures of some of its most eminent citizens. The gallery contains the celebrated Medici collections, to which additions have been made from time to time.

The Palazzo Pitti, on the other side of the Arno, is connected with the Uffizi by a corridor over the shops on the bridge and the two have the reputation of containing the finest collections in the world.

The long galleries of the Uffizi occupy three sides of the square known as the Portico degli Uffizi and are lined with pictures and statuary, parallel with which are a series of small galleries, containing the gems of the collection, and which are entered from the long galleries. The chief of these is the Tribuna, where stands the Medician Venus, not so large a figure as most people expect, somewhat under


life size and of a very jaundiced colour ; but the perfection of form, however, and the delicate chiseling of the Greek artist is unmistakeable. The Wrestlers, the Apollo, the Satyr, the Cymbal Player and the Grinder are all in this room, bearing evidence of their having been "buried and dug up again," as well as the high perfection of Greek art.

The walls are covered with the painters' gems by Raphael, Van Dyck, A. Carracci, Perugino, Corregio, Michael Angelo and many others. Titian's Venus, Guercino's Sybil of Samos, Guido's Holy Family, and many others well known by the engraved works, look wonderfully well preserved, considering the centuries of their existence. We often wonder when we look at modern art whether its best productions will last so long.

An ambitious copyist was evidently making the attempt to send his picture a long way down the stream of posterity, for he had first carefully painted it with neutrals, with a good body, which he said he intended working over a good many times with proper colours until he attained the depth and richness of the original.

Other rooms contain the classified pictures of the Tuscan, Venetian, Italian, French and other Schools. The Venetian Saloon has some very fine specimens of Paulo Veronese, Tintoretto, Titian, &c., and among the works by the last the well-known "Flora," a portrait of Palma Vecchio's (Titian's master) daughter.

Room after room continues, two being devoted to portraits of celebrated painters, amongst which are some well-known English names—Lawrence, Reynolds, &c. Then there is the famous saloon of Niobe, which contains the statues of Niobe and her seven sons and seven daughters found outside Rome in 1583 ; the cabinets of the cameos containing a fine collection of these works of art ; the cabinets of the gems which contain precious stones and valuables once the property of the Medici ; and so on, until the wealth of the place amazes one, especially as we see it in the midst of so much poverty. The galleries of old woodcuts, engravings and drawings of the old Masters lead to the Pitti Palace over the water, about ten minutes' walk, if one does not stop



*en route* to examine the works of art covering the walls, and the sketches by Michael Angelo and others, carefully preserved in glass cases.

The Pitti Palace derives its name from the founder Luca Pitti and is now used as a Royal Palace where the Royal Family reside when they visit Florence. The upper floor of one of the wings is devoted to the galleries which contain the world-renowned pictures. The finest works of Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto and a great many of Raphael's finest works are here.

The pictures are arranged on the walls of a series of handsomely-decorated and palatial rooms, variously named from the designs of the frescoes on the ceilings, such as the "Saloon of Mars," "Saloon of Venus," and so showily painted that vulgar minds prefer the frescoes to the pictures. The subjects are made up of any number of nude men and women—gods and goddesses never run tailors' and drapers' scores—balancing themselves in all sorts of positions, under all kinds of emotions and attended by little naked boys like birds on the wing. As the churches, so are the palaces and public buildings overcoated with frescoes, and when one's eye is cast upwards one might fancy the gods and goddesses making a descent upon the earth.

The ceilings of private houses are much the same, and a plain whitewashed ceiling or wall is scarcely known in Italy. Decoration is not confined to interiors, for scenic displays of the painter's art are indulged in on the outside; a mock parapet, pierced and enriched, an open window, where no window exists, with a quiet cat soliloquising as it sits upon the sill, a parrot distressing no one with its screech, a motionless man leaning over the balcony—thus they treat the blank spaces, as it suits the caprice of the painter, for the Italians dislike blank walls; we know not for what reason unless, perhaps, it arises from their objection to blank numbers in the State Lottery.

To return, however, to the Pitti Palace. The picture most valued and sought for is Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola*, which has been copied by painter and engraver


more than any other picture in the world. Oleographs and photographs of it are in every shop, and yet there would seem not enough; copyists are still waiting their turn, for which they have frequently to wait ten years, more or less, so many names being down for the privilege of copying this famous picture. Often and excellently as it has been copied, not *one* yet has transferred the divine expression of the work to his own canvass. Who shall say after this there is not a supreme divinity in art.

The Palace is surrounded by the Boboli Gardens, which are very extensive and beautifully laid out with terraces, avenues and groves, sculpture and fountains.

The next attraction is the Cathedral, poor as to the interior, but for the richness and costliness of its exterior rivalling that of Milan, and having a dome higher than St. Peter's at Rome—that is, the dome *itself* is higher; but as the body of the building is lower, the whole is not so high as St. Peter's.

The building was commenced in the 13th century, and is not finished yet. The outside is cased with marble of different colours, inlaid, from the ground line to the lantern of the dome.

In the Gothic peculiar to Italy in the 13th and 14th centuries, the porches are the most elaborate examples we have seen; and being entirely of marble the rendering of the carving and the undercutting are simply exquisite. Being favoured with a sight of the drawing for the West façade, the elaboration and apparent costliness of the work set us wondering how it was to be paid in a poor country, where a great deal of the Church's wealth has been absorbed by the State; where property, moreover, is taxed forty-five per cent. and paid patriotically; and where nearly everything is heavily burdened with taxation to meet the public obligations under the new regime. In Italy a tradesman cannot ticket his goods in his own shop window without a five cent. stamp upon the ticket. A play bill or sale bill bears the same penalty before it can be exhibited. A bucket of water cannot be taken from the sea, because it contains salt upon which there is a heavy duty. Travellers have to pay a tax upon their railway tickets, in addition to the fares, also in



addition to the taxes imposed upon the companies and considered in the said fares.

As in France tobacco is a Government monopoly. It is a pity that begging is not included, for if the beggars were taken in hand and taxed, as hawkers are licensed, by the State, they would, in self defence, or those who could at least, go to work. They haunt the churches and the thoroughfares, some of them such horrible deformities, that when we remember as Moses tells us, that "God made man in his own image," we wonder in whose "image" made He these? So pauperised and dependant on charity had this class of people become, that they looked upon a child born with a fortune, were he only launched into the world with some hideous deformity, to excite sympathy, and afford his parent an excuse for begging. And yet the magnificent churches go on, and the money is found somehow for them, and for the shoals of priests who appear to wander about with no resource to kill time but their snuff-boxes. A woman most respectably attired, darted towards us from the shadow of one of the columns in the Cathedral, as we thought, to make some enquiry, but it was to beg. It is quite common, some of the respectable classes will beg of the English and Americans; and in the country places, we have seen respectable farmer's daughters run out of their houses and hold forth the palms of their hands when a party of foreigners were passing.

The Campanile or bell tower, near the south-west corner of the Duomo, is in the same elaborate style as the main building, inlaid marble from base to parapet, enriched with tracery and reliefs, statuary and carving, graceful in proportion and towering to a height of 300 feet. Opposite is the Church of the Misericordia, or brothers of Charity; and we peeped into the choir. A corpse, or perhaps, only a coffin, rested upon some trestles in the centre, covered with a pall. The brethren were lying upon the benches in the sacristy adjoining, apparently idling and chatting. These are the brethren who go about the streets in black cassocks, and hoods drawn over the face with two holes for the eyes, begging for the poor, to obtain means for their missions of charity. The following

morning we peeped in again ; the coffin and pall were still there, and they were chanting the psalms in doleful strains, sitting at ease in their stalls, some occasionally resting to pass a remark, taking up the strain again more vigorously and dolefully.

Annie who had been very quiet for some time, and had not ventured a remark, after she had heard their mode of life explained, said

"Would it not be more creditable, strong and able men as they are, if they were to work for the poor instead of begging for them?"

All we had time to say in reply was

"But you don't understand"—when she suddenly seized our arm and said, "Oh Jack! there's that infidel we met in the train going to Rome—don't speak to him!"

The cadaverous, closely shaven American was being piloted by a guide, and they entered the Misericordia together without seeing us. They would not remain long inside we thought; and we should like to hear his remarks. We were admiring the beautiful Campanile from the edge of the paving as they came forth, and the American began questioning the guide (an Englishman) immediately, without recognising us.

American: "What do ye call them?"

Guide: "Miserecordians."

American: "Were them the misery chords they were singing?"

Guide: A smile, and no reply.

American: "Why don't 'em get Moody and Sankey's hymns, and sing more lively tunes?"

Guide: Another smile.

American: "Do they always sit down?"

Guide: "Yes, except when they *lie* down."

American: "Do they ever do any work?"

Guide: "They attend services in the church, visit the poor, and beg."

American: "And what's that coffin for in the middle of the church?"

Guide: "Oh that—that is to remind them that they must die."

American : What ?—are they apt to forget it then ?

The guide appeared to have had enough questioning, and led the way to the Duomo with a smile playing over his features.

A stone in the wall near where we were standing is said to have been Dante's favourite stone seat.

Opposite the West front of the 'Duomo,' is the Baptistery, an octangular early Gothic building, celebrated for its bronze doors. The first were made in the 14th century, and occupied the artist twenty-two years, the panels representing incidents in the life of St. John. The second dates from the 15th century, and represents various scenes from the Old Testament. The work was in the artist's hands twenty-seven years, and Michael Angelo said 'it is worthy of being the gate to Paradise.' Castings in plaster of Paris of this door, are to be seen in the principal museums of the world. The third door represents events in the life of Christ, the Apostles and Fathers.

It is a pity such unapproachable work should be so exposed, losing its sharpness by the action of the atmosphere which does more mischief than the hand of Time, although less, perhaps, than the mischievous hands of visitors.

The interior is of the usual ornate character. The silver altar and cross belonging to the choir, and which weighs between four and five cwt., is only used on festivals, in the meantime it is treasured in a building behind the Cathedral where it can be inspected for a fee.

Giotto for frescoes, Michael Angelo for painting and sculpture, Dante for poetry, Donatello for bronzes, and Lucca della Robbia for terra cotta, are all worshipped as gods by the Florentines. The house of Michael Angelo is now an exhibition, and contains drawings and some other works by the master. Dante's house has been recently restored ; consequently, very little of the original remains. The National Museum contains an armoury, sculptures, bronzes, and other works of Florentine art. In another part of the city, there is an Egyptian and Etruscan museum, in fact, in nearly every street of this city of art there is something to be seen and admired.



Some of the churches are fine, some grand, and some tame. We will select a few to inspect.

The church of St. Michael (San Michele) is adorned on the outside with twelve large marble statues in niches, placed there by the ancient guilds.

The church of the Annunziata has a very large entrance court adorned with frescoes, and the church has a richly gilded and coloured ceiling and dome, with a fresco of the Assumption. Chapels with costly altars, fine pictures, sculptures and frescoes, crowd the aisles.

The church of St. Marco and the suppressed Monastery—now a museum—is interesting, having been the home of the order to which the preacher and reformer Savonarola belonged, where his cell is still shown. Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo were brothers of the same order, whose frescoes adorn many parts of the building, portraying all the emotions of the soul stirred by piety; and the souls of the painters must have been stirred by corresponding emotions and enthusiasm to enable them to conceive and depict so pathetically, agony and fervour so profound. In the Academy of Fine Arts many of their best works are to be seen, as well as a large collection by other Florentine painters.

The church of St. Lorenzo, has attached to it the celebrated sacristy designed by Michael Angelo, which contains his famous sculptures, on the tombs of the Medici family. The two figures representing Day and Night are known all over the art world, also the others representing Evening and Dawn.

The octangular chapel of the Medici family adjoining, (called the chapel of the princes), has a dome ceiling most gorgeously painted. The floor is of choice marbles, inlaid and polished like mosaic, and in six niches stand gigantic polished granite sarcophagi, with gilded bronze figures and enrichments, containing the remains of the Medici princes, whose family it is said, spent nearly a million pounds sterling, in the construction of this gorgeous receptacle for their dust, accomplishing a two-fold end; first, the perpetuation of the memory of their family; second, adding

another costly and beautiful work for tourists to stare at, and wonder.

We must pass over many fine churches containing beautiful works of sculptor and painter, and conclude our brief notice with St. Croce, a Lombardic Gothic building of the usual cruciform plan and recently restored; the west façade, like the cathedral, is of different coloured marbles, inlaid. The interior is the most interesting in Florence, nearly 300 feet long, and recent repairs have brought to light from beneath, what we are accustomed to call in England, "the church-wardens' whitewash," some of Giotto's fine frescoes. In the aisles are the grand monuments to the memory of celebrated Florentines—Michael Angelo, Dante, and many others. A fine monument to the Countess of Albany, widow of the young Pretender, occupies one of the side chapels. Galileo's Monument is another attractive one, but there are so many in this church that our space will not allow us to particularize. For the same reason the chapels and their adornments which crowd the aisles, must be passed over—one by the way, we noticed belonged to the Buonaparte family. The old missals with miniatures and illuminations in the sacristy are curious. Thence we proceed to the cloisters and the refectory, with its faded frescoes, where once the tribunal of the Inquisition held its sittings.

Taking another glance at the interior of St. Croce, and casting our eyes upwards to the open timbered roof, with its whitewashed ceiling, we wondered if there were anything underneath, and if so, whether it would ever be cleared of its vulgar coating which so ill accords with the surface decoration of other parts of the building. In the open square outside, stands Dante's monument, altogether nearly fifty feet high, which was inaugurated on the 600th anniversary of the poet's birth.

Seeking a cab for a drive round the outskirts, we first shewed the driver a watch, when he perfectly understood that he was engaged by the hour, and his horse too, who did "by the hour" pace of from three to four miles, and we passed some fine boulevards, lined with rows of trees, and bordered with some fine modern buildings, to the English

Cemetery full of sad memorials. Proceeding to the other side of the Arno, we ascended the hill shaded by elms to St. Miniato, resting a few moments at the piazza Michael Angelo, to contemplate from the terrace the grand view of the town and the surrounding country, then passing through the old fortifications constructed by Michael Angelo for the Republic (1529) when he defended the city, proving himself to be a good engineer and soldier, as well as architect, sculptor and painter. The old church of Miniato has a marble façade, and the interior has been restored, but a great deal of the old work remains. The mosaics, the frescoes in the sacristy, the inlaid woodwork, together with many other sumptuous adornments, evidence the zeal with which money was lavished upon the church in the old times.

The grand road "Via dei Colli," continues winding round the hill, overlooking Florence, shaded with trees. Villas surrounded by shrubberies, and hedged with roses, skirt the road for more than three miles, while from the hill above, Galileo's house looks down from its eminence. We now strike off into the country three miles for La Certosa, a suppressed monastery, which stands on a height, grey with time, and green with the funereal cypress, guarding it as if it were a tomb. This must have been a gigantic establishment in its day. The Chapels and their costly treasures are untouched, which one of the few monks who remain shew for a small fee, conducting the visitor over the building, and to the cloisters for the extensive view therefrom. A drug-gery was always connected with this monastery, celebrated for its drugs as well as liqueurs. We were conducted to the extensive chemist's shop on the basement to taste the liqueur, "Certosa," where articles for the toilet, and the specialities of the old monks were displayed for sale.

Another favourite drive is on the other side of the town to Fiesole, which commands a grand view, and where there is an Etruscan Amphitheatre and a wall of great strength belonging to the same era, or rather that which remains of both. Whilst we were inspecting these disentombed remains the lean American appeared upon the scene with his guide. Recognising us he at once commenced to relieve himself of some weighty remarks :

"And this is all that's left of the old Etruscan town. Well, not much. Say mister—mister if those old chaps had foreseen thousands of years ago the interest we take in all they did, they would have taken more trouble to hand down better accounts, I reckon. I thought when I was on the Palatine at Rome and the chap was lecturing, how the spirits of the Cæsars must laugh at his mistakes. Pity we can't communicate if only to clear up them doubts about Romulus that ——"

Fearing another dissertation on Romulus, we interrupted him and excused ourselves, pleading "time" for our hasty departure.

There is little worth notice in Fiesole, the cathedral, after St. Croce, is not worth inspecting; and we might say the same of the small Museum. One great industry of the place amongst the poor people is the manufacture of baskets and fancy articles, with plaited straw; and another industry is to dispose of them to the visitors, which, with the industry of the beggars, mars what would otherwise be a pleasant excursion. Just as we were about to depart the American stood in the way again. He had evidently something to amuse him, as a huge grin spread all over his face, perhaps at our annoyance through being so pestered by vendors and beggars.

"Mister, mister, don't call 'em lazy beggars; never saw such hard-working beggars in my life, they'll run a mile for a cent. See that fellow" (pointing to a lean and ragged wretch), "he ran all the way from Florence, followed my carriage, for two cents. I made him earn 'em when we came to the hill, and I don't know which worked hardest for their living, the horse or the beggar. There he is keeping the coins warm in hand for want of a pocket. Don't rush off to a wine shop to spend it. I guess he's thirsty after that spin and he looks hungry enough. They'll work, give 'em an object to work for. Don't call 'em lazy, mister. In New York they call the Italian organ-grinders lazy fellows. Jes let them who say so carry about an organ all day, and put a monkey through his facings every five minutes, to say nothing of the strain on the hand grinding ——"

"And the strain on the ears and the grinding on the brain," we interposed.

"Yes, mister, that's one to you ; and if you call 'em lazy, jes you try their lazy occupation for half a day and you'd give up and say it was the hardest half day you'd ever done."

"Man naturally likes to select his own occupation," we answered, "and an organ-grinder selects his. Beggars are, as a rule, beggars from choice. If they were forced to labour for their living in a condition for which they have no love, they would be slaves. As beggars they are free. Those who work in grooves for which they are not adapted, labour for greed. It is only a favoured few who have found sympathetic grooves and labour for love. The poor in Italy, and perhaps all over the world, are like the cattle upon the mountains, who prefer the bare herbage and freedom of the hills to corn and hay with labour and burden in the towns."

"Very right, mister, and I hope you have found *your* right groove, and keep it well iled with something stronger than sympathy."

"What a rude man, why did you talk with him, Jack ? Let us hurry back to Florence."

The show palaces of Florence are not so attractive as those at Rome ; the Corsini contains perhaps the most valuable collection of pictures and valuables. The town has some fine business streets and shops, but the great majority are narrow and without footways ; horses and pedestrians share alike. The houses are as usual high and the streets shady and endurable, but it must be terribly fatiguing to the poor horses, who have to trot over the hard slabs all day, and what with the loud cracks of the whips and the continuous echoes of the noises in these narrow crowded thoroughfares, it is trying to the nerves of strangers besides being dangerous. If a man is knocked down and driven over, the law holds *him* responsible and not the driver, upon the principle, "serve him right, he ought to have got out of the way." He is also liable to be summoned and, in addition, he is held responsible for any damage to horse or carriage.

The Cascine, about a mile west from the centre of the town, is a beautiful public park and drive of considerable

extent, and from four to six in the evening very gay with promenaders and the equipages of the Florentine nobility, residents and visitors.

There are numerous excursions to the beautiful country places and surroundings, Vallambrosa, the Casentino Valley and Camaldoli, but many of the best are considered too far for the ordinary tourist to visit, who, as a rule, takes his farewell of Florence with regret, leaving so much unseen, and having been unable to dwell long enough upon that which he has seen. Those who take up winter quarters in the town or neighbourhood have a better chance, but the South of France is now so popular with English people who winter abroad, that Florence suffers, and in consequence there is a great deal of distress, both on that account and the old complaint "general depression." The amusements suffered from the same cause, the best theatres exhibiting closed doors.

The hotels and pensions are more moderate than at Cannes or Nice, and furnished lodgings are very cheap. We heard a joke about one of the pensions which has a reputation for receiving only *first class* English people, and hence commands a higher price. People who wish to be thought what they are not go there and pay for it, and meet, as a rule, people who are performing like themselves, trying to deceive one another.

## TWENTY-SECOND STAGE.

**FINE VIEWS *en route* TO VENICE—A PLAGUE OF TUNNELS—BOLOGNA—OVER THE WATER TO VENICE—CABS AND OMNIBUSES WITHOUT WHEELS OR HORSES—THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK BY NIGHT, AND THE SAME BY DAY—THE GRAND CATHEDRAL—DOGES' PALACE—THE GRAND CANAL—THE LOTTERY—ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, AND AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF VALUE—SOME CHURCHES—THE RIALTO—SHAKSPEARE MISINTERPRETED—IN A MAZE OF STREETS AND CANALS—AMUSEMENTS AFTER DINNER—A GERMAN GIANT ATTACKS AN ENGLISH DWARF—THE LEDO—LEAVING AND RELIEVED.**

PASSING slowly out of Florence we saw the continuation of a funeral, which we had noticed on the previous evening, when the body in its coffin, under a canopy, with lighted candles at each corner, which kept alight—thanks to the reverence of the wind—was being conveyed to the church for the night. It was now on its way to its last resting-place, accompanied by a number of men, with white sheets over them, pierced with two holes for the eyes. Annie observed, that "to be covered in such a way, it looked as if they were ashamed of the whole proceeding." Funerals are conducted in the same way all over Italy.

The journey as far as Bologna is one of the most beautiful routes in Italy, running over a magnificent country, studded with villas, surrounded by gardens and vineyards, gradually ascending and passing several towns, with apparently some very fine churches, amongst them Pistoja, where Cataline fought his first-last fight, and where they say pistols were first made, and hence the name.

The journey still continues upwards, crossing ravines on viaducts balanced on stilt-like piers, which we see high up in the mountains one after the other, long before we reach them, as we go on winding-up, now piercing a rock, and

then skirting a precipice—so near, that the train appears to be partly hanging over, as if making an excuse for an accident to explore the valley, a long way too far below for a hurried visit. From these lofty heights, beautiful and extensive retrospective views are obtained of the plains of Tuscany, fertile and luxuriant, with the white country houses nestling amongst the green foliage, and the bright yellow towns standing out boldly on the plain, watered by glittering streams racing away from the mountains. Dashing into another tunnel and darkness, dashing out and into light again, we cross another viaduct, supported on spiderlegs, with the magnificent view again in our rear, and huge rocks above and beneath, until we reached the highest point—2024 feet above the sea. After this the line enters a beautiful ravine, through which a torrent rushes, fed by numerous waterfalls, and appearing to run in rivalry with the train, as both hurry on in their descent to the valley.

More tunnels—some say twenty, some say fifty, so we will say between twenty and fifty—and we soon leave the snow-capped Appennines in peace, having pierced them, bridged them, and run over them quite enough for one day. In a short time we reach Bologna, the city of sausages—we might say, the world's sausage producer, for Bologna sausages are sold everywhere; but whether they are *all* made in this town, we will not be dogmatic enough to say; rather would we pusillanimously shelter ourselves from all enquiries upon the subject.

Bologna is a fine city of over 100,000 inhabitants, with a grand picture gallery, some good churches—crammed with wealth, of course—and two leaning towers (mere chimneys).

Fertile plains, well wooded and cultivated, are crossed. Soon after Ferrara is passed; then Padua; then the junction Mestre, until we come by the bridge four miles long over the Lagune, or shallow water of the Adriatic, to the sand islands upon which Venice is built. Surrounded by water; and with numbers of boats sailing around, we begun to fancy that we were on a steamboat instead of a railway train, rolling along over the sandy shallows, but



with channels deep enough to float the largest ships in some parts.

The station is a very fine one on the Grand Canal, terminating the first and only *road* to Venice from the mainland—the railroad.

We were amused whilst waiting for our luggage to hear one tourist enquire of another if he had noticed the turn-pike road to Venice. To which the other replied, "No," but he thought there were no "pikes" in Italy, except under water, where they all ought to be. Perhaps the turn-pike road to Venice was under water as well.

An omnibus gondola, and a great number of cab gondolas, were waiting to convey the passengers to their different hotels. Instead of going down the Grand Canal, the gondoliers dart into the labyrinth of narrow channels, bordered with high houses—not over clean—under bridges, turning corners, avoiding collisions with wonderful dexterity, and reaching at last the destination to which they had been directed,—stopping first, be it observed, in mid-stream to beg a lira for themselves. Some books we have read say the Italians are dignified and proud: we never found them too proud to beg.

The best hotels are on the Grand Canal, those in back streets—that is to say, on the side canals—are very good, but being bounded by houses on every side, are not so open, or so redolent of untainted odours as the others.

The unique city was looking its brightest, under a clear blue sky and spring sunshine, when we arrived. The dirty-white houses started up from their waters bed like clusters of dusty water-lilies, and the waters' bed appeared to have risen to the surface like itself, sandy and slimy. A city of bipeds is Venice—a city without quadrupeds, a few pet dogs excepted, or a fugitive cat escaped from one of the vessels in the harbour. It is the quietest of cities, moreover; and, after the roar of other Italian towns, it is like the stillness of a waiting room at a small station after a long day in the train. An occasional street cry; foot-steps beating various tunes on the paving stones, according to the business or the caprice of the players, with that mar-

vellous instrument, the "human frame"; the plash of an oar as the gondola glides under a bridge, and the warning cry of the gondolier, coming near a turn, which sounds very much like "gee," are the chief noises which Venice produces to add to the great din of the cities, except the church bells, which were continually going "like mad." But it was Passion Week during our sojourn.

The square of St. Marco, and the western façade of the cathedral, the palace of the Doges and the Campanile, so frequently and beautifully illustrated, when realised, is, at first sight, disappointing—wanting the gay colours and the cleanliness of the representations, but the grand architecture is not wanting. It was night when we first entered this square from a dark sideway, which made the first sight more dazzling. The Piazza was brilliantly lit; the shops were glittering with silver and gilt, mosaic and Venetian glass; the cafés were overflowing, and every seat outside occupied; the colonnades were crowded with promenaders of many nations; the flower-girls, gaily dressed, were skipping about and pouncing upon every stranger, politely affixing a flower to his coat, and smiling a demi-lira from his pocket in exchange. Venetian girls, of commanding and dignified presence, and eyes sparkling in rivalry with the French diamonds under the gaslight, mixed with the throng in pairs and trios. Altogether it was the most singular sight of all the sights of this unique city.

In the morning a military band plays in the square, whilst the idle partake of *dejeuner*, and smoke and sip coffee at the tables in the open area, assisted by the pigeons, who are so tame that they will frequently pitch upon the tables and help themselves. They are fed every day at the expense of the town, but casual contributions are acceptable, for which they follow the children in droves, and will sometimes perch upon their shoulders. We saw a nursemaid sprinkling crumbs and feeding a few from her hands, which was soon noised about from flock to flock, when suddenly hundreds, perhaps thousands, bore down upon her, and she left the crumbs and the feathery mob to escape suffocation. They are supposed to be descendants of the

traditional birds which bore intelligence of Admiral Dandolo's success in the thirteenth century while besieging the island of Candia.

Gorgeously-dressed nurses, bedecked with jewellery, gay colours, and pearl-white caps, air their little charges in the square, and themselves at the same time, for the admiration of strangers, in which exhibition their mistresses appear to take pride and delight.

The cathedral of St. Mark is always open, and always full of devotees and sightseers; for here, as in all the great Roman Catholic churches, devotion and flirtation, business and pleasure, the affairs of this world and the next, go on together. Priests are engaged at the altars, around which the devotees kneel and look about them; other priests are otherwise engaged, looking after the strangers as well as the fees for showing covered pictures, chapels, treasures, or whatever else may be reserved, to challenge the traveller's admiration, and extract his money. On Good Friday the relics were carried in procession, consisting of a glass vessel, which these holy men devoutly believe, of course, contains the blood of the Saviour—a piece of the true cross, a piece of St. John's cranium, and in a side chapel is shown a chair which we were told, reverentially and seriously, once belonged to St. Mark, but which appeared to us many hundred years younger. A stone was also shown us, which we were gravely told was the very stone on which John the Baptist was beheaded.

This cathedral, with its 500 marble columns (some so dirty that the marble was quite obscured), its marble altars, grand pictures and statuary, mosaic ceilings and floors, all looking very much in need of a "spring cleaning," whilst the mosaic floor of the nave has so sunk, and is so uneven, that it would convert a teetotaller into an apparent inebriate to walk over it. The high altar is of choice marble, with a verd antique canopy; and as it was Easter when we visited the cathedral, the place of holiness and honour was illuminated, and disclosed the magnificent silver and gold altar piece, studded with jewels. Behind is another altar, with alabaster columns, part of which, we were told, came

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from Solomon's temple—from one Solomon, a rich Jew of Constantinople, somebody suggested. The suggestion was irreverent, we must confess, and we do not endorse it, but only note it to show "how people will talk," and even joke, upon the most grave subjects. We should not forget, however, that tradition, like fiction, is so much like truth sometimes, that some minds adopt it for the "very truth."

The vast amount of wealth bestowed upon St. Mark's during the greatness and prosperity of Venice is incalculable; and the decadence of her power and wealth is evident in this building, even necessary repairs and cleansing of which are sadly and shamefully neglected. The exterior, so oriental and mosque-like, once so gorgeous in gilding, but now tarnished, although still rich in statuary, bronze, marble, and mosaics, and still magnificent as a whole, had a small portion under restoration during our visit, and workmen were removing the accumulated dirt from the inlaid marbles with which this wonderful building is cased. The four fine bronze horses, said to have once embellished the arch of Nero, which Napoleon carried off, and which had to be restored, like many others of his spoils, after 1815, look as if they had never been groomed since their restoration.

The Doges' Palace is approached through a court-yard, and thence up a flight of marble steps, at the top of which the Doges were crowned, to the corridor, where a letter box, or the mouth of one, under a maimed and chipped lion, is pointed out as the place where letters used to be dropped in, conveying secret information to the Council of Ten. The several rooms are decorated with frescoes and pictures by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Titians, and others of the Venetian School. In the Great Hall of the Great Council are the great pictures, leading off with "Paradise," by Tintoretto—the greatest in the world, so said the guide; but we informed him that "Paris during the Siege" had not been painted when he learnt his part to qualify him to be a guide. Walls and ceilings are covered with great pictures by the great names of the great school before mentioned. The adjoining hall and

the room of historic memory, the chamber of the "Council of Ten," the chamber of the "Three Inquisitors," the "Voting Hall," the "Museum," the celebrated library and the books, illustrated with Memling's fine miniatures, the "Chapel of the Doges," the "Senate Chamber,"—all remain much as they were in ducal times, and all adorned with such a great assemblage of great pictures of great value, that we cannot repeat the word "great" often enough to make our great wonder and admiration sufficiently expressive. Bronzes and ancient sculptures swell the wealth of this grand building; the palace of the once mighty Doges, rulers of the Adriatic and Mediterranean.

The "Bridge of Sighs"—although not a state criminal, we sighed as we passed over it: everybody does, and sighs to get back again, away from the wretched dungeons of Marino Faliero, Carmagnola Foscari—away from the stone at the end of the passage upon which the executioner's axe fell, the slab from which the blood drained into the canal, and the door through which their bodies were pitched into the narrow stream. All this was within hearing of the poor wretches waiting their turn—an ingenuity of torture not yet extinct.

Away from these horrors, however, and out into the square once more; free in the free air and sunlight! We walked round to the south front on the Molo, and endeavoured to realise Turner's picture in the reality. The chequered front of the palace poised on Gothic arches; the column with the winged lion of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice; and the twin column, with St. Theodore on the crocodile, patron saint of the Republic—Venice not having any direct authority for the said saint's patronage—we ought, perhaps, to say, the two columns bearing emblems of the two saints patronized by the early Venetians; the tall Campanile, standing alone, independent and erect as a seven foot guardsman in his niche at the Horse Guards; the grand canal, busy with unhired gondolas and impetuous gondoliers; the vane and gilt ball of the Dogana (Customs); the church of St. Salute, all in their proper places. But where are Turner's bright colours, where that

erratic chromatic sky? A voice whispered [in our ears, "My dear, sir, it is the end of April; stop till the summer or autumn for those effects."] We turned suddenly towards the voice; where was it? Echo answered where? It had no embodiment; whence came it? The voice of Turner, perhaps—his spiritual voice reproving us for our ignorance. We were sorry that we could not stop till summer and autumn to study those effects, for we did not think we could endure the heat, the smells, or the mosquitoes.

As we returned slowly to the square, a crowd gathered round the foot of the Campanile attracted our attention. The weekly lottery, so profitable to the State, was being drawn. Everything was conducted by government officials with all publicity and fairness. A boy, with bare arms, drew the numbers, which were immediately hoisted in a frame, drawing forth a low groan from the disappointed spectators who held unlucky numbers. Close by, numerous artists were at work painting St. Mark's from different points of view, in the open air, surrounded by the usual number of promiscuous critics.

The *Accademia delle Belle Arti* is on the Grand Canal, and occupies the corridors and apartments of a suppressed monastery. Besides the corridors there are about twenty rooms, some very large; the walls of which are covered with pictures, chiefly of the Venetian school, some being the *chefs d'œuvres* of the masters. In one room is Titian's finest picture (so called), "The Assumption"; also his first and last pictures, showing the dawn of the painter's genius, the full noonday of its power, and thence to the twilight when the light of genius appears to struggle with the shades of night. In the same room is one of Tintoretto's finest—"St. Mark Releasing a Condemned Slave." In another, the great picture of Paulo Veronese—"Christ in the House of Levi," which occupies the whole of one side of this large gallery. And so we go on, room after room, masterpiece after masterpiece, of such value, that an American—who had made a calculation, no doubt—observed, "The United States would sweep off the whole National Debt of Italy to secure them for New York."

The Franciscan ("Frari") church, near the Academy of Fine Arts, is crowded with more art treasures. The grand modern monument to the memory of Titian, completed about fifty years, is of immense size, and loaded with beautiful sculptures and reliefs. Opposite is Canova's monument, which, singularly enough, he designed himself for Titians, but was unsuccessful in that competition, and after his death it was selected for the monument to the memory of the great sculptor, and executed by some of his pupils. Carvings by Donatello, pictures by Titian, in one of which the painter had introduced his own portrait for Joseph, are made great points in the guide's rather rambling descriptions. As regards the latter, it was a common practice to introduce portraits of eminent and distinguished men into their sacred subjects; even the dead bodies of suicides, others anything but saints, served as models and studies for martyrs—"The Entombment," "Pieta," or any other subject in which "death" is represented. A Grand Mass was being performed, accompanied by an organ of such sweet tone that we were reminded of Friburg.

Behind the "Frari" is St. Rocco, which has several fine pictures by Titian and Tintoretto; and adjoining, is the beautiful façade of the Scuolo St. Rocco, which once belonged to a brotherhood. The council halls and grand staircase, ceilings and walls, are covered with such a number of compositions by the same two masters, that duly considering the number we had seen before attributed to the same hands, we marvelled at their industry. Tintoretto's masterpiece, "The Crucifixion," and Titian's "Ecce Homo" are there, but where all are great masterpieces, it is difficult to decide which is the greatest.

Days upon days might be very well spent in examining the number of interesting churches in Venice, containing valuable pictures and other works of art, a few of which we visited and briefly note.

St. Sebastiano contains many pictures by Paul Veronese and his tomb.

St. Giorgio Maggiore, with its campanile on a separate

island, which everyone knows, as it forms so prominent a centre in most views of the Grand Canal is very rich in pictures and carvings.

St. Salute, on the Grand Canal, another well-known treasury of pictures, contains some beautiful works by Palma Vecchia, Giardano, Titian, and others.

One more church, "St. Giovanni e Paulo," is next in magnificence to St. Mark's, and contains the sarcophagi and magnificent tombs of the Doges, embellished with bronzes and sculpture. In this church the funeral rites of the Doges were performed, and the splendid memorials which crowd the building weigh heavily on the poor dust beneath. May their souls not be so heavily burdened! If history, however, is correct, and their merits are measured by the marble and bronze night-mares resting on their crumbled bosoms, a few more tons ought to be superincumbent on some of them.

To find one's way back to the square of St. Mark through the labyrinth of narrow streets, varying in width from three to ten feet; crossing a canal by a step bridge every dozen paces; coming occasionally to an open space, where it is a relief to breathe a little sweeter air; this requires geographical aptitude, with which we believe ourselves to be generously gifted, cultivated in our youth by frequent visits to the "mazes" in public gardens, and earlier by working out picture puzzles.

Some good shops line most of the gorge-like streets (narrow passages between mountains of bricks and mortar), which afford a beautiful shade in summer, no doubt; but on cloudy days, if one entered a shop for a pair of gloves, there is a chance, when he gets to lighter regions, of his finding a pair of pantaloons instead. How they see, live, breathe, feed, and sleep in these "homes," puzzles the understanding. We do not refer to the effluvia, for as the men said at the ammonia works, "We never smell anything, because we are always in it."


Before returning, we tried to find the Rialto, and succeeded—that fine bridge of one arch across the Grand Canal, which in pictures looks so charming, so trim, so



clean and prettily coloured. We found it ruinous, dirty, dingy; a number of steps to ascend, and then a wide causeway between two rows of little dirty shops, descending a similar number of steps to an open space on the other side filled with vegetable stalls. On either side of the bridge there is a footway about six feet wide, overlooking the canal, ever-crowded with the busy population hurrying to and fro.

"And this is the Rialto," said we, musingly, as a tinge of Shakspeare came over us: we needed a tinge of something to put a better colour on the bilious surroundings; the very place to get any man's temper high enough to soundly "rate" a "Shylock." We became infected, and "soundly rated" a few fellows who rubbed against us in passing; but fortunately they did not understand *our* Italian, and we verily believe that they felt complimented as they walked on, looking anything but "rated." The solution is, that the Venetians (and the natives in all foreign show places) are so accustomed to see English and Americans mooning about, with eyes dilated, reflecting *their* wondrous suns of beauty, and with mouths wide open, apparently absorbing everything digestible and indigestible; assimilating the clean and the unclean alike, that when *they* come within range, *these* sons (and daughters) of beauty (?) believe that *they* are focussed in the optical field of admiration, and sun themselves accordingly. We are bound to conclude that *they* believe we dwell in huts at home, and though well dressed and made of gold, yea, of fine gold, to be scraped down to the proportions of *their* fine statuary, and the fine dust gathered into *their* pockets; yet *they* believe we dwell in globular huts, rolled up in fogs, and that we have never gazed on such skies, or seen such buildings and works of art before. We refer to the uneducated classes.

One moment more on the Rialto to glance at the fish market, a small affair on the bank of the canal. Perhaps it was not an official day, for we never saw such fish; sprats and herrings would be trout and salmon in comparison; but then there are not any good fish in the Adriatic or Mediterranean, if there are they were not caught when we



were in Italy, for we never tasted any at *table d'hôte*. Let us qualify our remarks about the fish market. It was Lent, and that is a fishy season for the Venetian appetite; the hour was twelve at noon, and the best fish might have been secured earlier in the morning.

Driving back into the narrow lanes to seek for the square of St. Marco, we pulled up before a butcher's shop. An Australian, who had walked with us from the Rialto, appeared interested.

"Very large beef and veal, and very small mutton and lamb," he remarked; "it's the same all over Italy, and when I first saw sheep, I thought they were lambs; and when I saw lambs, I thought they were rabbits."

"They must kill the lambs as soon as they are born," we observed.

"Some before, I should say, from the size of them," replied the Australian.

Driving away, we passed a barrack, which was once a monastery, and a furniture store once a church. The latter could very well be spared, as there were three others almost next door, and any number within a stone's throw.

What a number of canals we crossed by the foot bridges; canals which are the roads of Venice, as gondolas are the vehicles. The sides of the houses are washed by the water from the foundations to the front door steps, and the inhabitants step into a gondola to go for an airing, for calls, or for business. They go to the theatre in a gondola, to church in a gondola; to be christened, married, or buried, the same conveyance carries them down the stream, floating away. Close to the edges of some of the canals stand the tall campaniles of churches, some leaning very much, as if contemplating a bath in the water below.

The square of St. Marco being some distance away, and feeling fatigued, we hailed a gondola, and giving the name of our hotel to the gondolier, off he started on the noiseless way, taking us through such a number of canals, branching all ways, that it seemed as if we were never going to escape, and we wondered if he took us for a puri-

rying medium, for he appeared to be steering us through all the most impure veins, which reminded us less of Thetis than Cloacina. At last we escaped, and entered the grand canal, where the gondolier began to point out one place of note after another—Shylock's house, Lord Byron's, and a host of others. Reaching the steps of our hotel, we found that the journey had occupied one hour—legal fare, one lira, but somehow we had to pay fifty per cent. more.

The palaces are distinguished by poles, rising about ten feet above the water level, and running the whole length of the buildings, like boundary marks. They are all painted with the heraldic colours of the original owners. A good many are now hotels, and retain the poles, whilst the hotel gondoliers wear sashes of the colour heraldically proper. But delightful as "boating" is, gondola boating is funereal; a mourning carriage without the plumes—black, and all black, inside and out. A black law, passed some centuries ago, prohibited any other *colour* being used than black—for political reasons—hence it has been a black business ever since.

After *table d'hôte* that night, which finished with jelly, having a fine paragoric flavour, and prunes stewed with syrup of kreosote, it was announced that the canal would be illuminated with coloured fire from the steps of St. Salute opposite, and everyone rushed forth to see the blue and red lights dancing, waltzing, and pirouetting towards us by the tide. This was a ruse of a party of glee singers and others to get us out on the terrace, close to their gondolas, in the hope of relieving us of a little indigestion and paper money, which to us is very indigestible, at the same time. Soon after, some lady vocalists, with a piano, harp, and violin, came along in another gondola, and repeated the same experiment; and another, with a German band or Italian—no matter, the instruments were brass,—and bass enough. Acrobats, who never show their agility too near the edge of the boat, haunt the terraces, without invitation or welcome.

A trip on the Grand Canal by moonlight is another

speciality, and, if favoured by the right sort of moon, affords the ardent lover an opportunity for some light and tender touches on his beloved picture, leaving the shadows for a time deferred. The student, moreover, of soft and warm blue light, a blue in which the faint and tender warmth, which after sunset lingers lovingly, and with the moonlight mingles liquidly, its brightness making shadows more severe—darkness deeper and more opposed to light, together with all and every other ether and “Pether” effect for his next Academy picture, will find more than he can realise on his canvas next morning.

Some Germans had arrived at our hotel after *table d’hôte*, and dinner was being served for their special comfort, which they were disposing of in the usual German style, clutching knife and fork, midway between ivory and steel, both going into the mouth so far that we wondered if they were going to be included in the meal—included in the process of deglutition, and put into the bill. These were educated Germans of position. We had eyes, but saw not, as far as they knew, whilst we sipped our coffee.

A gentleman entered the room, and handed us the English newspaper, when one of the Germans who had finished his repast, rose from his seat slowly, and we wondered when he was going to stop rising, as he gradually rose to seven feet, with bulk in proportion. What a target for a long range, we thought. Hearing our language spoken, he addressed us in fair English.

“You are English, sir.”

“Quite right, sir.”

“I am very sorry for you,” patronisingly.

“Indeed! Why so?”

“Your fleet is destroyed, and Gallipoli is in the possession of the Russians.”

“That’s news; but where did the fleet come from to destroy ours?”

No reply to that. He continued with increased patronage.

“I am very sorry for you. England was once a great

power, she is now gone down," holding out the palm of his hand to face the floor, and gradually lowering it to express how low England had sunk. He would, no doubt, have lowered it to the ground, but that he was too tall to stoop.

"Don't extend your hand quite so much, sir"—an imaginary map floating before us—"and not quite so far north, or you will touch Germany."

"Germany, sir, I mean England."

"Quite right, England is as you say, down very low, as low as the Antipodes, and very far gone east, west, north, and south in both hemispheres. The British Isles are in their old place, and a few of our ships are in the right place to keep the Russians out of Constantinople; and we have a few more fleets ready for any duty, even as low down as the Antipodes, to protect their ports and shipping. We are afraid the Germans would not have gone to Paris if the English had gone there to keep them out; and, if so, *we* might now be sorry for *you*."

This was not an agreeable remark; but we felt that he deserved it for attacking us in a neutral port. The blood rushed to his face, his veins swelled, and we expected something serious, but he bounced out of the room, and left us in possession of—the newspaper. We rose to our highest (exactly five feet five and a-half inches), and should have performed chanticleer, but we were rather hoarse as it happened; and so sat down again to read about our "Foreign Relations."

The substance of this conversation is as true as anything we have written; and it was not the first time we had to repel similar unprovoked attacks from educated Germans during our tour.

In fifteen minutes a steamer glides over to Ledo and returns, repeating the trip several times in the day. Ledo is a long narrow sand island, which divides the Lagoon from the Adriatic, and forms a breakwater to the other islands. Baths and restaurants hold forth their inducements; but a quiet ramble over the sandy shore by the blue waters had more charms for us. From the Ledo some proceed by row-boat to the island St. Lazzaro, where Byron

remained some time for the purpose of study at the Armenian Monastery; but few visitors stay long enough to visit many of the islands.

Getting away from Venice is a small campaign. After having paid our bill at the bureau, which included charge for servants, we ascended to our room to see after the luggage, when the chambermaid opened the attack upon our pockets. Scarcely had we satisfied our conscience, more than the chambermaid, by dropping a couple of lire into her hands, when a flank attack, as we descended, was made by the waiters. Another couple of lire; and we were rushing to our gondola, when a grand charge in front was made by the hall porter, whom we vanquished at once with two more lire, and the poor departing victim escaped to the hearse-like gondola, thankfully ejaculating, "Now it's all over"; but wait. The charge for gondola was included in the bill, and just before we reached the station the boat suddenly stopped, and the gondoliers began pointing to their mouths to signify hunger and thirst—for the Englishman's money. Another lira, and we concluded that it must be all over; but no, again wait! The moment the boat touched the bank, down dropped a stick, with a nail at one end and a little old man at the other, who most diligently commenced to do nothing, for the boat did not require boat-hook or steadying; but as soon as we were out of the boat he began to do something, planting himself in our way, hat in hand, and there was no escape. Porters seized our luggage, marshalled by a man with a gold band to his hat, and the name of the hotel written on it. This incident relieved us of another couple of lire. Subsequently the officer who superintended the weighing of our luggage, exercised surprising energy in the process, conducting us to the pay desk and back again, and attending to everything which we were doing for ourselves. This gentleman relieved us of one more lira; and we rushed to the train, feeling very much relieved to escape at last.

One cannot get away from these pests, and they know it; there are only two ways out of Venice, the water-

way and the railway, and you must go over the former to reach the latter. It is different in other towns, one might regard the whole tribe with the indifference of a stoic; there's the *street* for a refuge, but from Venice you must either swim, be drowned, or pay. We chose the latter, for an ancient copybook reminded us that "Discretion is the better part of valour."

## TWENTY-THIRD STAGE.

PADUA—ENGLAND AND ITALY—THE SHRINE OF GOOD ST. ANTHONY  
—DIVINE SAINTS AND DIVINE ARTISTS—VERONA—ANCIENT AND  
MODERN ROADS DEFINED—MARKET—A FAMILY JOINT—AMPHI-  
THEATRE—MUSIC WITHOUT CHARMS—CHURCHES AGAIN—THE  
CAPULETS; ROMEO AND JULIET—BREAKFASTING IN CONCERT  
WITH A CONCERT PARTY BREAKFASTING—MILAN—A REVERIE  
INTERRUPTED—SHRINE OF BOBBOMELO—THE BRERA—"THE LAST  
SUPPER."

THE journey from Venice to Milan can be broken at Padua, where the traveller can spend four or five hours interestingly.

Padua is a curious old town with arcaded streets, and possessing some fine churches. It did not appear to us to occupy so much ground as an English town of 50,000. inhabitants would do, but in Italian towns the houses are higher, and arranged in "flats," by which means a good many families can be packed under one roof. Besides, they do not require to dwell in warmed and well-ventilated rooms, nor luxuriate in "English comforts," the "blue canopy" for a roof, the green sward for a couch, beneath the shade of vines and mulberry trees, sufficeth for them eight months out of the year at least, with maccaroni and fresh or dried fruits for a banquet. Italians, nevertheless, who *do* know anything of English comforts, appreciate them.

"Ah!" said one to us, "if you had our climate, England would be an elysium."

"And if you had our industry, Italy would be an El Dorado," we replied.

The chief attraction in Padua is "Il Santo," the basilica of St. Anthony, with seven domes, which give it externally



a Moorish character, like St. Mark's, the latter being the smaller of the two and the more wealthy. The interior has a great many chapels, and, as usual, crowds of pictures, carving, and sculptures, costly gold and silver treasures, and rare relics—amongst the latter, the tongue of St. Anthony; but why not permitted to moulder with his other remains, in the chapel dedicated to him, we were not informed. The shrine of St. Anthony is the chief ornament of the church. A large sarcophagus under the altar is said to contain his remains. Around these a great many devotees were kneeling, some satisfied by simply laying their hands upon the marble which enclosed the venerated dust, whilst others pressed their lips to it with varying degrees of fervour, as they passed. Fine reliefs in marble adorn the walls of this chapel, representing scenes from the life of St. Anthony:—"The saint restoring a dead child"; "Discovery of a stone instead of a heart in the body of a miser"; and several other kindred subjects.

In every town, it appeared to us, they had a saint and an artist to worship, besides the Virgin and Child. At Rome, St. Peter and Guido Reni; at Naples, St. Januarius and Salvator Rosa; at Venice, St. Mark, Titians, and Tintoretto; at Padua, St. Anthony and Petrarch; at Florence they appeared satisfied with the dust and reputation of Dante and Michael Angelo, without the traditional remains of a saint; for the absence of which, the "miraculous picture of the Virgin" at the Annunziata, perhaps, compensates. And lastly, as far as our observations were noted, at Milan they have St. Carlo Borromeo and Leonardo da Vinci. The "Virgin and Child," the saints, and the artists are worshipped everywhere, but God the Father nowhere. Joseph, the father, occupies a subordinate position, but the great God and Father of All has not any position whatever; but stop!—we have a faint recollection of having seen Him represented in one obscure church; but, even then, the "Virgin and Child" took the first position.

Leaving Padua, the line runs through a very pretty,

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well-cultivated country, dotted with mansions, homesteads, and farm buildings, more like English scenery than any we had previously seen in Italy.

Verona was reached in a few hours; and the long, narrow, dirty streets, as we rolled along in the 'bus, did not impress us with a favourable idea of the city.

"What's to be seen in Verona?" said one traveller to another.

"Oh! churches and—monuments—ruins—plenty of churches, you know," replied the other.

"I don't know," said the first, petulantly. "Churches, churches—everywhere churches! I have had enough of them to last my life. Money-boxes, too, everywhere in the churches, at the corners of the streets, under faded figures of the Virgin, for 'offerings to Mary.' I want to know how they spiritualise the money, and by what medium it is despatched to the intended recipient."

We did not listen to any more, but turned to look at the Adige, the wide and rapid river that we were then crossing. A number of boats, with water-wheels attached (something like those on the Rhine), were anchored down the stream, which turned the wheels, and ground the corn for the "staff of life."

Verona can be looked over in a day, and is, as a rule, by rapid tourists in that time, whilst by some it is "done" in less time, according to their stamina. There is ample to repay, however, for a longer stay, both in the town and its beautiful surroundings—charming drives shaded by trees, grand scenery, and fine roads to every prospect place; but where are there any bad roads in Italy?

"One of the best inheritances the Romans left their descendants was roads, and how to make them."

We said this aloud, and the stranger who first spoke in the 'bus took it up.

"Yes; but they were Imperial roads; now we have Royal roads, and I am one of a few engineers over from England to teach the Romans how to make *them*."

Fortunately, at this moment the vehicle stopped at the hotel.

*Table d'hôte* was soon announced, which included some roast beef *not boiled first*, being the only time we tasted the proper flavour of meat in Italy.

Like most of the Italian towns, the streets in Verona are narrow, the houses high, and the population packed. Some of the buildings are quaint, some modern ornate, and some covered with frescoes and gilded decorations. The market is held in a square surrounded by very picturesque buildings; and here for the first time we saw fowls *quartered* and exposed for sale. Fancy a family sitting down to dine off a quarter of fowl and bread sauce.

In the centre of another fine square (Piazza Vittoria) stands the ruined amphitheatre, of great dimensions, and well preserved. A modern theatre now occupies the arena, and the arcades are let for warehouses. Some authorities say that the columns of this structure, left in the rough by the ancient builders, were the models for the rusticated columns of the Renaissance. If that be true, we say, æsthetically, that it is to be regretted they were never finished. That these unfinished columns should have suggested the addition of *stumbling-blocks* on the shafts of the beautiful columns which Greek and Roman art had made so perfect, and which, from Augustus down to our times, remain *models*, is doubtful; but that they were no stumbling-blocks to the suggestive genius of archæologists is not in the least doubtful. After this, we wonder what those impecunious blocks, "left for carving" capitals, corbels, gurgoyles, &c., in our modern churches, will suggest to the archæological mind a few hundred years hence, if left unfinished. To us at the present time they suggest want of capital; blocks, where heads should be; and a good many unorthodox spouts.

At the corner of a side street, in an enclosed space, are some sarcophagi and sculptures of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, covered with lofty Gothic canopies. They are the tombs of the Della Scala family, Presidents of the Republic of Verona for more than a century.

Night had set in, and we found ourselves in the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. Hearing some peculiar sounds pro-

ceeding from a building, we ventured upon entering, and, found that it was the synagogue, and that a festival was being celebrated by a very scanty congregation. The priest was standing with his back to the worshippers, if there were any, robed in a white surplice, and on his head a brimless hat of the chimney-pot shape. A choir of men and boys were on his right hand, similarly appalled, giving vent, at the top of their voices, to the most unmusical and unearthly sounds it was ever our lot to listen to. A conductor stood facing them, score in hand, beating time. The small assembly consisted chiefly of strangers attracted by curiosity; our section of the visitors was soon satisfied.

The cathedral is a fine Gothic building, with a Romanesque west front, upon which figure "Roland and Oliver," the two knights-errant of Charlemagne. They were so much alike that the one was often taken for the other; but as their missions were alike, Roland did for Oliver and Oliver for Roland—Roland for Oliver: hence, "a Roland for an Oliver," now obsolete; "quid pro quo" being shorter and more refined. These learned derivations are *not* ours; they are derived from—well, we will not say from what source. We record them as nearly verbatim as our memory serves, and have no doubt that they are far fetched.

St. Anastasia is another fine Early Gothic church, adorned outside with some old sculptures and faded frescoes, and a good many of both inside in better preservation.

Other churches are worth visiting, if the tourist is an enthusiast; but that is a genus one meets only at the beginning of a tour; towards the end, enthusiasm lapses into utter indifference. Excess of anything dulls the appetite; and if, after doing Italy thoroughly, the appetite is not dulled, enthusiasm must be a disease—students studying and sketching for future adaptation not included!

The museum and picture gallery occupy the rooms of an old palace. The collections are small, and of no great

interest. The house of Capulet, Juliet's father, and the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, form part of the sight-seer's programme; but——

"Don't, Jack," said Annie, "disturb the faith of simple trusting people like myself."

We had finished Verona, and being rather late down to breakfast, next morning, there was not anyone in the *salle-à-manger* but ourselves. A huge dish of chops and fried potatoes was placed at the bottom of the table, when a good-looking little lady, with sharp black eyes, apparently about forty, plainly dressed in black, made her appearance and took her seat, followed by a tall gentleman in a grey tourist's suit. Directly afterwards, two young people like a newly-married couple, of the same party, entered and took their seats, and an attack upon the steaming chops was commenced forthwith.

"Look like Americans," we observed, in a whisper, to Annie.

"No; their accent is too pure," she whispered back.

"What are they talking about?"

"Anecdotes of travel, music, and singing."


"A concert party, perhaps."

"Possibly! I heard the lady with dark eyes humming just now, and I thought she could sing pretty well. They are nobodies; don't trouble about them."

It was raining in torrents, and we sauntered to the entrance to watch for a change. Soon after the other breakfast party came forth, the dark-eyed lady going to the front for the same purpose. At this moment some young men passed in the street, and stared at her, as we thought, rudely; but she was not at all discomposed—a particularly bright flash in the eyes for the moment indicating secret gratification—as we interpreted it—rather than displeasure.

"We can't go out this morning," she said to her party, "so we have nothing to do but to go to our room and sing"; and off she tripped up the stairs, trilling a few notes, followed by the others.

"She sings pretty well, and she knows it," said a middle-aged lady to another.



"I should think she did," replied the other. "Do you know who she is?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Read that," handing a small newspaper. (Reading)  
"Mademoiselle Patti, Signor Nicolini, and party arrived at the hotel *Torre di Londra* last evening from Germany *en route* for the London season."

"That Mademoiselle Patti!" we ejaculated, as visions of coloured photos, and a charming young face we once saw, the first and only time we heard her sing, played confusion in our brain.

That Patti! well, like ourselves, she is getting older. Her treasured voice is richer, and her treasury accompanies in very good time—getting richer too. Alas! of the former we only write from hearsay, for *our* treasury is many tones too low for her voice. We heard her, we will not say how many years ago, when she was not so *dear* to the public.

We entered the bureau for our bill. A lady was trilling a few notes to the clerk, in grievous tones, utterly unknown to music.

Some items in her bill were unsatisfactory, and her voice was in perfect harmony.

An old gentleman essayed to pacify her.

"Perhaps, madam, I have as much cause to complain as you have, but I don't even exercise my privilege as an Englishman to grumble. I bear it like a man!"

"And I, sir, will bear mine like a woman, and exercise the privilege belonging to my tongue."

And she did!

The omnibus soon after hurried us all off to the station, where we had evidence of the care taken by the officials to protect travellers' baggage from robbery. One of the trunks belonging to the last-named lady had been damaged, so that it might be easily opened; her attention was called to it, and a piece of tape was put over the cover and sealed with the company's seals. At the end of the journey she would have to verify that the seals were unbroken before delivery of her baggage. A very necessary precau-

tion. The system of registering all luggage adopted on the Continent is a safe one, and English companies would do well to adopt it. Reduce the fares for long journeys, and charge for every pound of luggage except hand luggage. The last journey from Paris to London our baggage was charged forty-two francs. We travelled nearly the same distance over an English railway, with the same luggage, without paying for an ounce. *Moral*—Who profits?

The journey to Milan occupies about five hours, through a pretty country, the first attraction being *Lago di Garda*, which is skirted for a few miles. It is the largest of the Italian lakes—a restless sheet of water, thirty-five miles long and ten broad, beautifully transparent and intensely blue, but treacherous as it is beautiful.

Then follows Brescia, at the foot of the Alps, a manufacturing town full of fine churches—churches again—and a picture gallery. There are also some ancient temples which recent excavations have exposed.

The next town of importance, about half the size of the former, is Bergamo, another busy manufacturing town, full of churches and pictures again. When will they cease to bear so heavily upon our pen.

There are two stations at Milan, the first on the east side appears quite close to the town, but we were not allowed to alight. After starting for the other station, we appeared to be going away from the city. However, after a short trip into the country, we were wound round, and landed at the remarkably fine station near the centre of Milan, the entrance to which is very prepossessing, the drive from the station being spacious—park-like. Flowers and shrubs variegated the green banks, and long avenues of fine trees diverge right and left. At the entrance to the first street is the “Dogano,” one being placed at the entrance to every town to collect the town dues; and it was the first we remember where the omnibus was stopped, and the passengers called upon to say that they had not any excisable articles stowed away in their portmanteaus, or, as in France, to declare that we had *rien à déclarer*. Milan, shall we say it? well, we will only say, Milan *is*, to our mind,

the finest city in Italy—clean, well paved, wide streets, fine buildings, and then the glory of all Italy—its grand cathedral, which one might easily believe descended from heaven piecemeal for material hands to put together. And so we thought, when we stood before this glorious building, with its forests of pinnacles, its bright thread-like central tower—up, up, up, until it appeared to pierce the cloudless blue of the Italian heaven, and then gradually lowering our wondering eyes to the body of the building, with its nests of niches sheltering two thousand marble saints. Then our wonder was challenged by the flowing tracery of the windows, by the vertical buttresses which scale the sides, and go flying over the roof, toothed with tiny pinnacles, like the weapon of the sword fish; then, up, up, the clerestory to the cobwebbed and pinnaced parapet—all, all marble, and every moulding or tiny leaf cut with the same delicacy of finish as the sculptured saints, and as smooth as if they were cut out of Cheddar cheese instead of hard tough marble. The labour and wealth bestowed upon this building we could not conceive, our arithmetic failed, not for the first time. We felt stunned as a penny-piece under the steam hammer; and it was some time before we could roll up the fragments into anything like a concentration of ideas. At last a few weak thoughts came pattering on the brain—premonitory of the coming shower, and we began to think aloud—a very bad habit.

“By what creative influence was this building first conceived?”

Aladdin’s palace suggested itself, but that soon vanished.

“Is it divine—are our spiritual eyes opened—are we in the flesh?”

Our knuckles came in contact with a sharp corner at that moment, and settled the question.

“Yes, it *is* material”; and *very* hard material too, we thought.

“This concentration of fabulous wealth and persistent labour, carried on from generation to generation unto the triumphant completion! Can it be the faith of this people,



which some say is full of error and superstition, that has produced such a magnificent temple?"

"Waal, I guess it can! And hasn't it made all the fine picters and statues, too, that I have come across the herrin pond to see?"

That voice, we thought (not aloud), instead of exercising its privileges to speak only through the mouth, came for the most part through the nose. Great countries, like great men, have peculiarities, and this must be an American.

We turned, and found that we were face to face with the one we met at Rome and Florence.

"Error and superstition," he continued. "Waal, what's that to you and me? What do you travel so far to see but the grand works created by error and superstition? Have the Puritans, who didn't speckylate in error and superstition, left anything to admire. No! and if they could have burnt the churches, whitewashed the pictures, and macadamized the statues in this country, they would have done so, and left nothing for *us* to admire and carry away to heaven in our memories. You have a few pretty good things too in your country, mister, worth looking at."

Thankful for the last admission, we silently acquiesced, and entered the cathedral with our fellow traveller by one of the three renaissance door-ways, which, to our mind, afflict the west front, for we should have preferred Gothic to accord with the rest of the building, like those beautiful doorways in the duomo of Florence.

The graceful proportions of the interior had scarcely burst upon our sight—no, they did not burst at all; our eyes nearly burst in focussing the lenses to reflect all before us at a glance, and to refract to our impatient brain. Begin again. The graceful proportions of the interior were scarcely realised, when an officious personage began in misunderstandable English to direct our attention to the ceiling, and the tracery panels between the groins. Of course, everyone, excepting those with practised eyes, says, "its carved," when he exultingly exclaims, "its sham," which vulgar word he has acquired correctly. For this effort, and the extraordinary information afforded, a fee is expected.

In the aisles and transepts there are some very fine chapels. In a glass case over the altar of one is the old wooden cross, which they say Carlo Borromeo carried with him during his visitations to the plague-stricken inhabitants of Milan, when he went about barefooted on his merciful mission in 1576. In the south aisle is the sarcophagus of a bishop, date 1045; and in the transept, a grand monument to two members of the Medici family. In this transept are the not overclean stairs which lead to the roof and tower, which ascent can be undertaken for twenty-five centimes. If it is a clear day the toiler is rewarded, but if not, he had better reserve his strength.

Turning towards the sacristy, one of the most remarkable pieces of statuary it ever fell to our lot to behold stood before us. St. Bartholomew, flayed alive, with the muscles exposed, and the stripped skin thrown over his shoulders, by "Marcus a Grate." What a great number of dead bodies he must have dissected for models to produce this ghastly figure.

The sacristy contains the valuable treasury, consisting of gold and silver ornaments, jewels, and two life-sized figures in *silver* of Ambrogio and Carlo Borromeo. The chapel of the last-named saint is in front of the high altar, and his remains repose in a beautiful silver coffin, richly robed and crowned with a silver and jewelled crown of costly Milanese work. For a fee of five francs the front of the sarcophagus is wound down, and the relics of the saint are exposed—a ghastly way of getting money. They were singing a service at the high altar, but that did not prevent a "sharp eye to business" and the fees, among the priests not solemnly engaged. The service was attended by a great many priests and four old ladies, all of whom took a little excursion round a part of the nave, at intervals advancing up the centre to the high altar again, headed by a monk carrying a crucifix. The four old ladies, with their hands folded over their stomachs, as if they had an "attack," still preceded the priests and monks, who kept singing a doleful strain, distorting their visages, which, even when undisturbed by efforts sepulchral, one

would not care to ask for a photo for their good looks' sake.

"What are those bare places on their heads, about the size of a penny; have they all got the ringworm," enquired Annie.

Now women, like children, put very puzzling questions sometimes, and we did not reply.

"If we were all priests, Jack," she continued, "there would be no love—and—and—no babies to love either."

"Annie! Annie! you are wandering."

The procession ascended to the sanctuary, the four old ladies being impolitely left standing at the foot of the steps. Poor old souls, they looked very serious, and as we saw them go aside to change their black garments for a kind of white shroud, we began to wonder if they were enjoying the pleasure of their funeral obsequies before departing; but we were told that they were being admitted to some religious order. Rather late; but, we will not repeat the proverb.

Before leaving the building by the north-west porch, we stopped for a few minutes to see a baptism, in which it appeared many mothers were interested, as all were straining their eyes to catch a sight of the central object. The font, once used for the "old dead," having been the sarcophagus of St. Dyonisius, is now used for the "new born," and was profusely decorated with flowers and lighted candles. In due time the baby's head was dipped into the water, some salt having been put on its tongue first, at which it made a great splutter, and that was the reason it forgot to cry when immersed. It made itself heard soon after, however; and we "made tracks" towards *Galleria Vittoria Emanuele*, opposite the cathedral. This is, we believe, the finest arcade in the world, of great length, width and height, in the form of a cross, with a central octagon, crowned with a frescoed dome, not quite so large as that over the Albert Hall. Lit up with thousands of gas jets at night, in addition to the glare from the fine shops, and filled with well-dressed promenaders, it is one of the gayest sights of Italy.

"There's nothing like that in America," said the Yankee.

"Nor in England," we replied.

The *Piazza della Scala* follows next in order, with a fine statue of Leonardo da Vinci in the centre, and the far-famed opera house, rarely used for performances, on the west side. *Della Scala* is open to the public inspection—fee, half a lira. It is a mighty building, with an immense stage, but seeing it by daylight is very much like seeing an actress off the boards; neither look so well without gas-light.

The *Brera* is near, formerly a Jesuits' College, now a library, museum, and picture gallery. The first room contains some early frescoes removed from churches, all scriptural or traditional subjects of course, with stiff-necked Marys and knock-kneed Josephs, lean saints and fat sinners; some are said to be fine examples of the style, but we could not bestow time to discover their merits.

The galleries contain incalculable wealth in pictures of the best Italian masters, and a few of the foreign schools. Leonardo da Vinci and Paolo Veronese are well represented; Raphael's "Nuptials of the Virgin" is considered the gem of the collection, but there are many more gems nevertheless. A "Pieta a tempera," by Montagna, struck us as being wonderfully good, the foreshortening of the dead Christ being the finest bit of drawing in the gallery.


After this we made our way through some long and fine streets, across some squares, through avenues and open spaces, garden-like, with shady trees and thick shrubs, passing and being passed by steam trams, to find the suppressed monastery, now barracks—*St. Maria della Grazie*, where, on the old refectory wall is the grand fresco, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, known all over the civilized world. Alas! it is now in a faded, chipped, and sad condition. Many copyists were at work; but, as in the case of Raphael's picture at Florence, no copyist has ever yet reproduced the divine art of this grand work, of which enough is still left to repay more than one visit.

There are many fine churches in Milan, some dating back to the seventh century; but we had resolved when we

entered that we would only "do" the cathedral, so very wearied had we become through staring at "art," day after day, that we had not any heart for more, but longed to be back to our old love—nature—in her home by the lakes, in the mountains, in the pale tints of the morning, and the glowing richness of sunset. For months we had been staring at frescoes and pictures until we were nearly colour blind; at sculptured saints, until we could worship no more, and sinfully turned away; at martyrs, until we realised what it was to be a martyr. We had seen St. Sebastians enough to harrow us; pictures by St. Luke, until we could look no more.

It is said Milan is not so hot in summer as Florence, hence endurable to English visitors; and people dress, too, according to the climate; besides they live out of doors, outside the cafés, under trees, or on the balconies—a luxury our climate denies except for a few hours of a few days in the year. The wonder is, therefore, not that so many English are abroad, but that there are so many at home who can afford to live away; but then, to use a stereotyped remark,—look at our English comforts.

Relaxing a little of our resolve, we started for another peep at the cathedral, if only to look at the beautiful mosaic floor and the stained glass. What a vast amount of wealth has been bestowed upon that building, and what wealth is still being lavished in additions and repairs. Standing in the centre of a fine square, surrounded by noble buildings, arcaded on the basement, it is to our mind the grandest picture, set in one of the brightest frames, the world has to show.



## TWENTY-FOURTH STAGE.

TO THE LAKES—MAGGIORE—A PLUCKY WOMAN—LUGANO—GERMANS  
AT CARDS AND ENGLISH AT CHURCH—THE HEAVENLY LAKE—  
BELLAGIO—MYSTERIES IN WINES AND SPIRITS—MENTAL RESOLVES  
—COMO—MAGENTA, AND A TRAVELLER'S STORY—TURIN—A  
LIGHTNING TRAVELLER—IMPROVERS OF SHAKSPERE—THROUGH  
THE TUNNEL TO FRANCO—MODANE—CULOZ—A WELCOME BOWL—  
BACK TO LAUSANNE.

If the visitor leaves Milan without doing the tour of the lakes he is regarded as a worn-out and satiated specimen of a tourist, or that he is demented. The railway company offers very favourable advantages for the tour by rail, steamboat, and diligence, and it is possible to whizz round the lakes in two days, whilst those who do not care to travel like sky-rockets take a longer time. Some go to Como, and finish at Arona on Lake Maggiore, and *vice versa*. We chose the latter, and found the steamer waiting close to the station, when we arrived at Arona, to take us up the beautiful lake.

Mountainous shores rise to various heights, occasionally disclosing a gorge, and then unfolding a wider break, with a beautifully green valley between, spangled with bright villas. Some of the shores slope gradually away into the woods, others take a longer stretch, and slope clean out of sight.

Not far from Arona, on a high rock stands a high pedestal, and still higher a figure of St. Carlo Borromeo, composed of copper and bronze, and altogether nearly 120 feet high. The Cardinal appears of lofty bearing, with one hand outstretched, and casting glances of pity down upon his admirers beneath; but the *simulacrum* does not appear to us to realise the self-sacrificing and saintly

archbishop, whose love and pity shed so much sunshine in many a dark, plague-stricken household, and smoothed the path of many a poor struggling soul to Paradise.

As we ascended the lake and neared Stresa, the grand regiment of Alps came within focus, overlooked and generalled by Monte Rosa; and then the Borromean Isles cropped up from the green waters, Isola Bella with its terraces, figures, and vases, lemon and orange trees, cypresses and oleanders, being the first to show; and from what we could see of the far-famed island and gardens, its reputation is overwrought. There are some fine hotels at Stresa, and further on at Baveno, the starting-place for the Simplon route into Switzerland.

The boat winds round to Pallanza, on the opposite shore, where there is one of the large palatial hotels for which the Italian lakes are celebrated. Opposite again, on the main shore, is Laveno, where there is a landing for the smaller lakes—Varese, &c. Luino, further on, is the starting-place for Lago Lugano by diligence; and at the top of the lake is Lucarno, the starting-point for the St. Gotthard Pass, into Switzerland.

We met a lady travelling alone to Lucarno, for the purpose of going over the Pass, commencing the journey at 10.30 p.m., hoping to reach the regions of snow, with the chance of avalanche, by sunrise. This arduous adventure she was anticipating with the warmest pleasure. Very plucky! for we were told all the passes were dangerous, it being only the 26th of April. When ladies, however, do make up their minds to do anything, barriers of snow, and the thunderings of avalanches, will not stop them. She had a lovely night for the journey, and we had a lovely sleep, awaking at daybreak on a fine clear morning. Casting our eyes towards the snow-peaks, from our warm nest, we heartily wished the lady all the warm pleasure she had anticipated from the vigorous exertions upward through the snow; then turned over, satisfied with having done our duty to common-sense and ourselves, and—slept again.

From Luino the diligence has to cross the mountain which divides Maggiore from Lugano—a good tug, and no

mistake, for the four horses. Soon after the frontier of Switzerland is reached, which stretches into Italy just at this point, and claims half of the Lake Lugano. Our baggage was "eyed," but not opened, and we were allowed to proceed to Tresa, where a small steamer was waiting. The shores and mountains of this lake are densely wooded, and sprinkled with towns and villas in the most picturesque situations. The colour of the water is a lovely deep forest green, but beauty has to surrender some of its charms to utility—a railway bridge, alas! cuts the lake in two, and spoils the poetic sentiment of the waters. We steamed on our way under the prosaic but useful obstruction, and reached the pier at Lugano, a most beautifully situated little town, surrounded by woods and heights wooded to the tops, with fine views of the lake and the snow-clad chains of some of the lower Alps. Here there is a very fine hotel surrounded by beautiful gardens—the favourite resort of Germans, who were playing cards, although it was Sunday, whilst the ladies occupied themselves with fancy-work. The English went to church. Tourists coming from Italy find it inconvenient if they have not French or Swiss money, but the hotel-keepers will take the Italian paper—of course at a liberal discount.

The steamer from Lugano proceeded up this most beautiful lake to Porlezza, when we were in Italy again, and had to endure the nuisance of having our baggage searched. This trial over, we proceeded by diligence to Menaggio, on the "heavenly lake" of Como. The hotel-keepers try their best to keep the tourists on their side of the lake, referring to grand villas open for inspection, and to other attractions, whilst the boatmen try *their* best to urge everyone "o'er the ferry" to the favourite Bellagio. Everyone for themselves; and so we waited for the steamer, the fare being included in our railway programme. Ten minutes sufficed to land us at the pier of that sumptuous hotel, the "Grande Bretagne," which is more like the palace of a Southern prince than an hotel, surrounded by beautiful gardens with terraces, statuary, fountains, and flowers, on the shore of the most enchanting of all the lakes. In the



rear are some woods, through which winding paths lead to a point of view whence all three arms of the lake are visible, and its romantic shores studded with the villas of wealthy Italians, snow-topped mountains rising at intervals to vary the back scene of clouds.

Bellagio is a small town, with ample hotel accommodation for all conditions of visitors. The new Grand Hotel, not long opened, cost two-and-a-half millions of francs, and the shares are at a fearful reduction. The hotel "Grande Bretagne" is the largest and most luxurious. The staircase is of marble, and wide enough to drive two carriages abreast, if it were needed; with a *salle à manger*, reading room, and *salon* fit for a palace.

In this lovely place the terms for a short stay are only ten francs a day for board and lodging; but, for a stay of two or three weeks, arrangements can be made as low as seven francs per day. We were told in Milan that the hotels are doing very badly, as there has not been a "rush" of visitors for several years; and it is the "rush" that pays—every bed occupied every night in the season.

Wine always used to be included with *table d'hôte*, now it is an extra; and a wine list, as big as a blue book and as difficult to understand, is thrust into one's hands for orders—wines varying in price from two to twelve francs, and often more.

The Americans are abstainers as a rule, and drink water: water with breakfast, and if they have a cup of coffee after dinner there is always a glass of water served with it. For our part, we always found the tea and coffee quite weak enough, without a blend of cold water. The Germans drink beer and French wines; the Russians, champagne; the poor English cannot afford their national "Bass," at three-and-a-half francs a bottle, and so content themselves with water and *vin ordinaire* at two francs a bottle, at which they make wry faces, indicating that there is something all awry within.

Brandy is another mystery. We have bought it from three-and-a-half to five francs a bottle, the lower figure often more preferable, but both *bad*; while on the hotel

lists it is quoted at from eight francs to sixteen francs a bottle. A gentleman told us that he had tried them all, and found no difference between the high and low priced; all were equally bad. We shall rise to the occasion, if we visit Italy again, and abstain.

Another mental resolve: never touch soup or bread pudding. Each has some connection with the previous day's *menu*. As for the bread, the rolls are cased with leather, and destroy weak teeth. We made a note in our diary thus:—"Mem.: When we venture abroad again, take a coffee mill to grind the bread, and spare our teeth."

Many of the villas belonging to the Italian nobility can be visited, but we did not take the trouble. A great many presenting various attractions are scattered on the borders of the lake, while the interstices are filled up with small fry, *pensions*, and villages. Villa d'Esté (now a *pension*) and Taglioni's villa, where she retired to rest her "poor feet," are opposite each other.

The views all down the lake are very fine, and not the least when approaching Como, the bright little town standing like a barrier to keep the water in its natural bed.

Como is soon looked over, the town-hall and cathedral attracting attention, the latter more particularly for its fine west front and porches. The interior contains many pictures, some by Guido Reni; and might have other attractions for some people, but we felt utterly "used up," as if we had seen churches enough for our lifetime, with a good instalment in hand for our posterity as well.

Proceeding to Turin, we passed a great many fields where the farmers had "cast the bread upon the waters," for they were rice fields.

Farther on we crossed the field of Magenta (1859), of sad memory to the Austrians. Many crosses mark the place of interment of those who fell in the eventful fight, and Napoleon the Third's monument to their memory is near the railway.

A lady returning from Turkey, who occupied a seat near us, said, with a sigh—"Ah! I have no doubt a good many

of those poor fellows who fell in that battle were buried before they were dead."

"Why do you think so, madam?"

"They don't give the dying time to die. They hurry them off to the pit, particularly if they fall into the hands of the hostile burying party. I *know* it is so in Turkey, and might have been so here."

"The Turks are fanatics, madam; but between more civilised nations such, we should hope, is not the case. Barbarity of this kind was suspected in the Franco-German War, but never proved."

"Some friends of mine, surgeons in the Turkish service, are my authorities," she replied. "They were looking after the wounded on the field near Bustchuk, and a Turkish burying-party were carrying off a Russian; but he vigorously resisted with the only power left him, his voice—shouting loudly for help."

"My friend rushed after them, and said, 'You are not going to bury that man? Don't you hear him say he is not dead?'"

"'Not dead!' was the reply. 'Who believes a Russian?'"

We give the story as we heard it, although by this time it might have got into the papers, and become old. It was new to us, and might be true.

Except some fine views of the distant Alps, there is not much to attract attention in the flat country between Milan and Turin. There is a remarkably fine tower to the church at Novara, and the town itself appeared to be very "pretty" and well built—a contrast to the towns in south Italy.

Turin is very beautifully situated, surrounded by good roads, sheltered with foliage and sparkling with chestnuts in full bloom at the proper season. Richly-wooded hills form a boundary on one side, at the base of which the "wandering Po" creeps slowly on to the Adriatic; and on the other side the grand Alpine chain, the majestic barrier between the two countries, looks down with a cold expression upon the plains beneath.

"There's nothing to see in Turin," said one tourist to another, who replied—

"Then I won't take the trouble to see it," throwing himself down upon the sofa, and arranging all about him for a *siesta*.

A few hours of the day remained, and we thought they might be occupied in the town, seeing—nothing.

Turin has the appearance of a newly-built city, and particularly clean. The streets are all at right angles to each other, and hence it is easy for the stranger to find his way. There is not much to see, and most people who arrive at night usually depart next morning. The hotel-keepers are alive to this, and charge accordingly.

The cathedral is of little interest, except that it contains a very handsome burial chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, in which a much-prized relic is treasured, the burial cloth of the Saviour, handed down to our time—by tradition.

The castle, in the centre of the town, has an armoury for inspection; and close by is the palace that was occupied by the late King Victor Emanuel. A museum, and a picture gallery containing a few good pictures and a good many copies, and we have named all the attractions. We should except, perhaps, a stroll in the Piazza Castello after dark, when it is crowded with promenaders; the bright eyes of the Piedmontese damsels sparkling in rivalry with the jewels displayed in the brilliantly lighted shops. Which is the purer and more genuine lustre we cannot determine, although gallantry suggests—let the ladies have it!

Returning to the hotel, we found a good many in the reading room—Germans, Americans, English, and two Australians. All were deeply engaged with the newspapers at one end of the room, except the two Australians and another person who occupied the other extreme end. The Australians were lolling upon a sofa, whilst the other, with his hands in his pockets, was pirouetting and positioning before them. He was an American, and a poor sample. Short, spare, red-haired, bare-faced, except a feeble silken growth on the upper lip, active as a monkey and as restless, changing his position with every word.

We must listen to the conversation before he is exhausted, we thought; and at once took a position near for the purpose.

"You must have been travelling a long time to have seen so much," said one of the Australians, at the same time giving the other a wink.

"Long time?—no. Had two months' leave to see Europe—seen it!—back again to *Newrk* in a fortnight. Man of business—can't spare time."

The Americans, as a rule, make *one* word of New York in their pronunciation, thus—*Newrk*; and this specimen of a man of business pronounced it so—to "spare time."

"Been to Naples?" said Australian No. 1.

"Ya-as—I—should think I—have. Went down from Rome, Saturday night—back again Monday morning—saw everything."

"What *could* you see in one day?" said Australian No. 2.

"Saw the bay!" answered the little man.

"That's the a—bay—see of that! If you have devoted as much time to all the sights of Europe, you will take back an A B C panorama."

"Knew all the sights before—from the picters. It's all jest the same."

Here the little American, by way of variety, executed a double shuffle.

"Then you found Rome where you expected, and Vesuvius and the 'bay' in the same place?" inquired Australian No. 1.

"Jes' there—jest the same as the picters. What's the use of wasting time to look at the real thing—when you can see it all in the picters at home? I have seen Europe—and I can jine in with the rest now in tall talk."

And the American stuck his hands deeper into his pockets.

"Seen England?" inquired Australian No. 1.

"Not yet—going 'through' to-morrow, to London—then to Liverpool. Drive round London—on to Liverpool

—look about—sail for *Newrk*—a good passage, and I guess I'll be there a fortnight to-day."

A giddy pirouette followed this programme.

"Is your father a manufacturer of fireworks?" inquired *Australian No. 2*.

"N—o" (indignantly, and positioning *Ajax* defying the lightning); "my father makes railway cars."

"All the same; neither could go off without combustion. Here, young squibs and springs, stop that toe-and-heel step one minute. Will you give my compliments to your father, and tell him that if he will send his cars to Melbourne, and guarantee them to run as fast as his son, and with as little friction, I'll make his fortune. What's his name?"

"Puffer, *Newrk*."

"And mine's String, Melbourne."

After this Mr. Puffer, jun., whizzed out of the room to make a business note, and to write up his journal of the day's adventures.

Self-satisfaction is a great comfort, we thought, passing to the other end of the room for the "*Times*," which at that moment was disengaged, and sat down to peruse its broadsheets, without noticing a gentleman on our right, who after a time began to read aloud in broken English, interspersed with his guttural vernacular, which was patently German. We turned around to survey the disturber to our "*Times*," and observed a respectable gentleman in spectacles perusing a copy of Shakespeare in English, who at the same moment lifted his eyes to survey us in return.

"Gut evenin'," said he.

"Good evening, sir. You read English?" said we.

"Yah; we learn it in our schools."

"You like Shakspere?"

"Yah; but Goëthe and Schiller are ze better."

"Oh, that, of course!"

"But Shakspere is ze better zince ve have translate him into German. Vø have improved him very much!"


"More improvers of Shakspere, abroad as well as at

home," we ejaculated, as we thought of Colley Cibber, Charles Kean, and Irving. The ghost of Shakspeare would scarcely recognise his own works, and would say, like Bloomfield, when he heard of one of his poems being translated into French, "In what new garb art dressed," that even the "own parent" does not know his child?

We arose early next morning, and called for our bill, which was adjusted, after several deductions which are expected. Some people must pay in full, without cavil, or the "bureau" would not take the trouble to overcharge.

Leaving Turin at nine in the morning, after having changed all our paper money into French gold or silver—at a loss, which varies according to one's sharpness and the temperature of the money-changer's honesty, we proceeded towards the Alps, over rivers and torrents, winding round huge rocks to which the road appeared to cling, now through gorges, and then striking across a plain high up in the mountains, leaving Susá in the valley on our right, crossing the valley of the Dora, a grey impetuous torrent hastening away to cool the plains far, far below; and we soon after reached Bardonecchia, the last Italian town leaving, and the first entering, Italy, 4127 feet up in the clouds. The tunnel is named after the old Mont Cenis route, but it does not pierce that mountain, which is nearly twenty miles away.

Fancy yourselves in a carriage of the London "Underground," travelling between Gower Street and King's Cross, with the time stretched out to about twenty-four minutes, and the run through the "Mont Cenis" is realised, except that the air is not so unpleasant, and that there are gas-lights in the tunnel as well as in the carriages. Considering that 4000 feet of solid rock hung over our heads, the twenty-four minutes' pressure was borne without effort to the nerves, after which we emerged on the side of a mountain, surrounded by others with white night-caps; and in the valley, a long way perpendicularly down, rested Modane, where Sterne laid the last scene of his "Sentimental Journey," and which is the first French town, looking about the size of a toy village, and its station like



a good-sized toy Noah's ark, all of which we appeared to be flying over and away from. Gradually, however, we wound down and round to the very spot we had seen from the heights above; and casting our eyes upwards we could just see the hole, from which we emerged a short time before, looking like a swallow's hole in a sand bank.

Everything good is to be obtained at the buffet by paying dearly for it. Passports and luggage are examined here, the English being absolved from both examinations. It amused us to see how closely some other passengers were overhauled and questioned, at which we remarked to another Englishman, "*That*, alone, is enough to make foreigners envy us as a favoured race."

The line from Modane runs through a charmingly picturesque district, with snow-clad mountains round and about, sometimes close, and sometimes melting into the horizon like far-off clouds.

Chambery passed, we reached Aix-les-Bains, a delightfully-situated little town, to which a great many English resort for its celebrated sulphur springs. Next, we reached the Lac du Bourget, and travelled for some miles along its beautiful shores. After that we followed a series of grand views till we reached Culoz, the "Clapham Junction" for everywhere, where all tourists change, and take the trains for their different destinations. For this, liberal time is allowed; and in the interval the buffet responds to the calls of appetite, but we must confess that we do not know his voice, although we have felt the fellow-feeling often; and amongst other favours, the privilege is enjoyed of drinking coffee from a large shallow bowl, with a spoon, like soup; and a very good bowl of it they give for twenty-five centimes.

From Culoz, a run of about four hours, through Geneva, brought us to Lausanne; and thankful we were to find the "Victoria" standing in its own beautiful grounds, teeming with foliage and flowers, and not ice and snow-bound as we left it, where we could rest after the restless days, without intermission, that we had had in Italy for nearly thirteen weeks.



## TWENTY-FIFTH STAGE.

**VIEW FROM THE JURA—THE FRONTIER AND THE FAVOURED ENGLISH  
—THREE HEADS TOGETHER BUT RATHER IN OPPOSITION—DIJON—  
FONTAINEBLEAU—THE FOREST—THE PALACE OF THE PEOPLE—A  
FETE IN THE GARDENS—PARIS ANGLICISED—PARIS ELECTRIFIED  
—PARIS IMPURIFIED—A MORAL—CHARING CROSS—ADIEU—AN  
ABRUPT CONCLUSION.**

It was a glorious morning when we left Lausanne for Dijon. The panorama of nature kept continually unfolding as we ascended the Jura, presenting changing scenes, tinted with many gradations of colour, brilliant in the sunshine, or subdued and deep in the shade.

Beyond Vallorbe, we crossed a fine gorge, into which a fall leapt and rushed in rapids away to the lake. Then we entered a valley, and followed the source of the fall along its rugged banks, embosomed by the heights of the Jura, bristling with firs and struggling walnut trees. Soon after we emerged near the brow of the mountain, and then the grandest and most extensive view of the valleys and lakes below, and the ranges of mountains beyond, were disclosed. Being one of the clearest of days, the Bernese Oberland and the Mont Blanc chain stood out clear and distinct, in purest whiteness, surrounded by the blue atmosphere. The four lakes were a deeper blue than the atmosphere, and their comparative sizes were as distinct as on a map—Neuchâtel like a large pond, and Lake Lemman like a wide river flowing away to Geneva.

At Pontalier, the frontier town, we were questioned, but the word "English" passed us and our baggage as usual, while Germans and Swiss had a worrying time, everything being turned out of their trunks, and their persons searched. We thought we observed an envious

scowl cast towards the group of English, and we were not surprised.

Continuing our journey to Dijon, the passengers, who were closely packed with "hand-luggage" and satchels to fill up the interstices, having no longer occasional peeps at the grand Swiss scenery to occupy their minds, drawing forth the only sound from their lips we had as yet heard, and that was a spasmodic O—o—h, began to interchange short sentences—first, where they had been, and where they were going, evincing the deepest interest in each other's concerns. Two ladies next to us paired off for conversation, and we could not avoid hearing what was said. One had been to Naples and up Vesuvius, and she was describing her adventures with a *chaise à porteur*. First one of the men slipped and fell, then the other; then they sank so deep in the ashes that they had to be dragged out; then they upset her; then she tried to walk; then she sank into the ashes; then she burnt her stockings; and then the subterranean thunder so unnerved her that she gave up the attempt. "The guide laughed at me, of course," she continued, "but I didn't mind *that*, and I told him so; and that I might feel ashamed if I were a gentleman. And then he gave me a little comfort, when he said gentlemen failed as well as ladies. The French tremble, said he, and run down before they get half way; the Germans get up, take a hurried peep, and run back as fast as they can; but the English are the boys, they go down into the crater."

This warmed up No. 2 to relate her experiences. She had also been to Italy.

"It's a dreadful country," she said; "I'll never go to Italy again. Fancy, madam, the men being chambermaids everywhere!"

"Hybrids again," we said, quietly, as we thought of the washerwomen Plymouth brethren at Geneva.

"When I reached Rome," she continued, "I thought they were a little more civilised, for there was *one* woman at the hotel to look after the chambers, of whom I ordered a bath to my room for the next morning. I rose to pre-

pare for my bath, unfastened the door, and rang the bell, when, to my astonishment, a man walked into the room with the bath over his head, and a can of hot water in his hand. Fancy that, madam, I, a maiden lady, in a foreign land, and a m—a—n in my room! I screamed, covered myself with a shawl—screamed again—when another peeped in, and grinned—another m—a—n! At last, after many gesticulations, they went away, and I sprang to fasten the door, and nearly fainted! It was always the same. I never went to my room but there was a man in it—making the bed, polishing the floor; oh, it really was dreadful!”

All this was uttered in a deeply outraged, indignant tone, attended by suitable facial accompaniments.

“A similar dilemma to Mr. Pickwick’s at Ipswich,” said No. 1.

“Oh, it was dreadful!” After a pause, and more complacently uttered, “They were nice-looking men, too; such nice eyes—all the Italians have nice eyes. Did you notice that?”

“Oh, yes,” replied No. 1. “Very good eyes for their fees.”

“I never give any, joined in another little lady,” whom we will call No. 3. “I never give money upon principle. I carry a number of tracts in English, French, and Italian, and distribute *them*. I gave away one thousand in Rome. I give servants and waiters tracts for their souls’ good; money is filthiness to the wealth I give; money stimulates extravagance, and leads on to drink. I never give it!”

“Very economical way of travelling by your system,” said No. 1. “I must attend your school.”

“For your soul’s sake do!” and here her satchel was opened, and a tract at sixpence the thousand was passed round to each.

“No, no,” said No. 1. “I didn’t mean for my soul’s sake, I meant for my pocket’s sake. I should have saved a good deal.”

“And not your soul! I *am* sorry for you.”

“I am afraid the souls were too ungrateful to be saved

by *your* papers. In Italy they prefer a gift of the *state* paper for the good of their bodies, even if they do leave their souls out of the question."

"He—e—e! he—e—e!" was tittered forth by an elderly lady from somewhere beneath a pair of green spectacles, who had been a silent listener. "He—e—e! he—e—e! I remember you at Florence, I was at the same hotel. You gave all the servants tracts, and they laughed. You gave some of the visitors tracts, and they laughed. You gave me one, and I laughed. But when you left—He—e—e! he—e—e—! and you only gave the servants tracts instead of a couple of lira each, they didn't laugh then; and if you had not been off so quick before they had recovered from their astonishment, you would have heard the opposite of a blessing asked for *your* soul. I am afraid that, although your tracts have saved *your* pocket, they have not saved one soul in Italy."

Somebody shouted "Dijon," which put an end to the conversation, and in a few minutes everybody was busy on the saving of their scattered packages, in a scramble which should get their own first. We thought of our fellow-traveller's remark when we first left Charing Cross Station: "It's a selfish world"—"Look out for the brigands"; and we had not any need to look far for either many times, as predicted; for there in that little world made up of a few of our own countrymen and women, was selfishness and downright brigandage, equal to any we had seen on our journey.

The lady brigand and her tracts was out first, and had first seat in the omnibus, and the others soon followed.

A great many excellent women are devoting their lives to the relief and enlightenment of the destitute and benighted, amongst whom tracts might possibly be a source of amusement, if not instruction; but to scatter these little epitomes of little good words, little good domestic histories, little good conversions, little good death-bed scenes, &c., many of doubtful authority, obtrusively over the tables at hotels and *pensions*—to force them upon strangers—to cast them broadcast,—we repeat it, if not insulting, is arrogating to


themselves a superior goodness and knowledge of what is good for others who are often better than their self-constituted benefactors, and better able to judge the way they should go themselves. But to give a trumpety tract, instead of a shilling, to servants for slight services and attentions, is simply refined brigandage.

Dijon retains no perceptible traces of the part it played in the last war. Germans, instead of holding the most commanding positions outside the capital of Burgundy, now submit to commands within the town as waiters at the hotels.

In a stroll round, we glanced at the shops of the watch-makers, and observed the great difference in the marked prices of watches above those charged by the Swiss. It is not surprising then that the officials are so extremely vigilant at the frontier, and that the Swiss and Germans are so carefully searched.

There are some fine and some interesting churches and buildings scattered about—one church, which we observed, was converted into a hay and straw store, being one too many perhaps; the old palace of the Duke of Burgundy, and the museum, with the monuments of the bold and fearless dukes (models of which are at South Kensington), will occupy and amuse one for a day, if the tourist is not in a hurry to get on.

It was late when we reached Fontainebleu, 160 miles distant from Dijon. We had a recollection of a day trip to the town many years ago; it was then about the middle of May, and lilac perfumed the air; but a smell, as opposed to lilac as putrid animal matter is opposed to lavender water, accompanied us to our lodgings, and attended us through the night. We were at a loss for a solution, until rising early the next morning, and lifting the window—oh!—it was soon closed again! The solution was in the gutter; a slug-gish matter was creeping along in prominent blue veins, which circulated in every street, and no deodorizing attempted. Such a state of things in any English town would have brought down the Board of Health and all their machinery to sweep it away. In some of the streets of



Fontainebleu the gutters are within a few feet of the door-steps; and it is usual to see families sitting outside of their doors enjoying the *fresh* air, after the day's labour.

When we recollect what we have seen and *felt* in foreign towns, we are inclined to doubt the diagnosis of fever.

The town is poor, but the suburbs are spotted with villas and gardens; then there is the palace and its extensive grounds, and the grand woods sixty miles in circumference, traversed by roads and paths as perplexing as a baby's first diagram drawn on a slate. The woods are announced to have all kinds of attractions to give employment to cabs and guides, and cabs guide to guides, and guides guide to the Vallée de Rochez, and show some curious rocks; to the Hermitage, the Twin Stones, the Old Oak of Charlemagne (1400 years old), and the Brothers' Oak, a little more juvenile (perhaps 100 years or so), the Eagles' Nests, and a variety of other places. At every sight there is someone to pay, or something to be bought, while diversions of blind and lame beggars, and men with snakes, lizards, frogs, and other living products of the forest fill up intermediate stages, and are so conveniently arranged to relieve the visitor of his money that he believes in a more practical interpretation of the word "conspiracy" for ever after.

The gardens of the palace, with their trimmed trees, squared, arched, and pointed like the trees in a box of toys, are well kept up and enjoyed as a park, and for *fêtes* and festivals, by the people.

On the side of the lake, opposite the palace, was an infantry camp, and in one of the grand avenues one of cavalry, with its accompaniment of litter and all things belonging to the stable. Everything formerly for regal use and enjoyment is now for the army and people. Of this change in the public atmosphere we had a very practical illustration, as we went through the state rooms of departed royalty in the palace, with a party consisting of labourers and persons of the working class, who, it was evident, felt that they had a life interest in the property. During the inspection they considered it a duty to carefully examine

the remains of former splendour, and we observed one not over-clean blouse in close proximity to the richly-brocaded covering of a sofa, the wearer feeling very much at his ease, no doubt contemplating the soothing influence of a prospective pipe and black coffee to complete the comfort of his regal position. Another threw himself into a gilt arm-chair, covered with brocaded velvet, as if he had the same right as the Napoleons had, while cotton-gowns rested occasionally on satin and velvet, where once, perhaps, Marie Antoinette or Josephine had sate. The official who conducted the party was one of the people—the palace belonged to the people, and the sovereign people had a perfect right to use the contents to contribute to their personal comfort during a short visit to inspect their joint-stock property.

Sunday was a *fête* day, and a fair was held in the gardens, with the usual accompaniments of indigestibles. In the afternoon there were boat races on the lake; at night the grounds set apart for the *fête* were illuminated, and the whole terminated appropriately with a sparkling, fizzy, flashy, noisy, smoky display of fireworks.

An excellent sermon was preached in the English church the same afternoon by a clergyman from Bath, to a congregation more attentive than overflowing, seven persons only being present—ourselves and the pew-opener included.

Paris exhibition was at the height of popularity; and hotel-keepers at the height of their charges, when we reached the fair city, and drove to our lodgings near the Arc de Triomphe.

The *affiches* of English spoken—"English chemist," "English grocer," English this and that—had increased in size and quantity since our last visit, and we began to think that, prejudiced to foreigners as the French are, English goods and everything English were as popular with Parisians, at last, as everything Parisian formerly was in England, where a French bonnet would realise double that of an English one of a better quality, and anything foreign was gulped down at any extravagant price. Railways and telegraphs, however, have universalized fashion, as they are gradually doing laws, customs, and language.

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People are wiser now, and know, as our experience has shown us, that there is not a better or so cheap a market in Europe as London; and foreigners know this better than ourselves. This love of things foreign has not yet quite died out; it still clings to the musical profession, and a piece of music composed by an Englishman must have a German name given to it to become popular, or an English singer must Italianise his name if he wishes it to go down. We are surprised that Mr. Sims Reeves did not come out at first as "Simeo Revo," because we can remember listening to him singing night after night in a provincial theatre, in the "Trovatore," "Lucia de Lammermoor," and many other operas, to £20 and £30 houses; and he has never sang better since when he has received as much as £20 or £30 for one song.

"What a lot of common English there are about!" said an Englishman to another, both evidently resident in Paris.

This remark might have been induced by seeing the "£5 there and back" personally-conducted processions of wondering British; or they might have heard the Englishman enquire, when he saw the Indian collection and presents, if they were "our Halbert Eddard's K'lection." There were, no doubt, a great many of the middle and working class of English in Paris at the time, and a greater number of the same class of provincial French, and both behaved equally well; although, about the same time, a correspondent of a leading London journal decried the hustling and jostling proclivities of his own countrymen. This is just like some Englishmen, who when they go abroad seem to leave their patriotism at home. How different to French and Germans in England, by whom "Our dear France" and the "Fatherland"—each dear and ever sacred—are never decried.

The Boulevards and Avenue de l'Opera were crowded every night with people who saw the electric light for the first time; people who saw the gas lights overcome and virtually extinguished in the brilliant light of Jablakoff's globes, and who carried back such brilliant reports to



London, that dismal doubts began to drive the holders of gas shares into panic, and thence into a belief that Luna had arrived near her apogee, and had better shut up as of no further use whatsoever. Some people began to think that, in a brief time, even the sun himself will be put out of countenance as well as out of gear, and be of no earthly use except as a chaufferette; so sudden was the apparition of the bright spectre, and so much farther in advance of gas; remembering, too, that the step from the old dingy oil lamps to trim and bright gas lamps was but one step, whilst here were hundreds in *one* bound.

The avenue of the *Champs Elysées* was filled with carriages and cabs rolling up and down, which viewed at night, with their lamps all lighted, from the *Arc de l'Etoile*, had the appearance of a torchlight procession graduating down the long line of the *Champs Elysées*. English people bought their "Telegraphs" and "Standards" at the *kiosks*, and strolling on to the Arc sat under the brilliant electric lights to read the home news.

Whilst, however, the most modern and attractive application of science to lighting, sheds its brilliance upon some of the main avenues to the delight of gay throngs, the modern applications of the science of drainage, in accordance with English notions of propriety, were painfully neglected, and apparent to the sensitive olfactories of all those who turned out of the *Champs Elysées* into any of the connecting streets, where the gaslight shed its dim rays upon the dark-grey fluid coursing along the gutters with obnoxious breath, and exhausters were engaged in performing their filthy work. In the street where we lodged six were drawn up before our door, and a leather hose was trailing through the ground floor to the back yard. Every morning the streets were swept, but the blue stains of what passed over them a few hours before remained to be seen and scented—a stain certainly upon the escutcheon of an enlightened people, so dazed with brilliance that the filth under their very eyes, and polluting the air in their houses, was disregarded. For ourselves, we can say that we slept upon the verge of a sewer, and inhaled its gas every night

of our stay of some months—in a fashionable quarter too, close to the *Champs Elysées*, in a large house, occupied by at least a hundred human beings every night, during which time we can positively affirm that not one case of serious illness occurred. What will the doctors say to that? Our experience of *supposed* insanatory appliances is opposed to their theories.

Leaving Paris to its splendour and prosperity, and to the care and consideration of its ædiles, which we cannot compare to those of ancient Rome, or our English Board of Health, we proceed to the opposite shores, not without noting, however, one more factor in the cost of foreign travel. We paid forty francs for our luggage to London in excess of the fares; whilst for the same distance on the other side of London we paid—nothing! *Moral*—The smaller the quantity of luggage one can travel with, the smaller the expense, as every pound is charged; but hand-luggage escapes, and two light twenty-four-inch Gladstone bags can be carried, and the trouble, cost, and annoyance of booking spared—not to mention the fees to porters.

“Charing Cross! Charing Cross!” Once more, ladies and gentlemen, we are in our own favoured land, and upon our own favourite platform.

Yes, yes, I hear you murmur at the climate; but remember, you have returned to English comforts, which you will now value the more.

Adieu! Go home to an appetising and well-cooked English dinner; to your cheerful firesides; to the sweet air of your dwellings; to the luxury of your own English beds. I am sorry to part from you. I hope you have enjoyed the trip; and if you have not added anything to your stock of knowledge, peradventure, you have been amused, which is all I promised when we started, and all I have attempted. Adieu!

“Now, Annie, thou hast been tolerably reticent of late, and I will restore unto thee thy purse, albeit, alas! it is so nearly empty; there is no fear of thy indulging in any extravagance.”

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"Don't talk like that, Jack ; do let us go to the hotel, for I am so hungry, and so tired."

"Then go thy way across the platform—there's the hotel door. Order what pleases thee best to satisfy thy hunger, and select a bed room wherein to enjoy an English bed. I will look after the luggage, and soon follow thee. Go !"

And she went.

Almost the same moment an elderly, bearded, and moustached gentleman brushed past in a very fussy hurry.

"Guard," said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Is this the train for Reigate? "

"Reigate! yes, sir. Which class, sir? First class? "

"First class!" said the old man, with a look of astonishment. "First class; no, third. Did you ever hear of a retired colonel travelling first class? *We* leave that class for retired tradesmen and retired guards."

"Do you?" answered the guard. "And suppose *we* guards never retire till we get smashed up? "





